

MODERN AMERICAN  
POETRY - 1933

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MODERN AMERICAN  
POETRY — 1933

EDITED BY  
*GERTA AISON*



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*For*  
SARA TEASDALE

The unwilling earth said:  
Burst out of me. Bud into being,  
into colour and light. But come back,  
come back even in your own time.

Yes, you knew the earth.  
You sang in its pain and glory.  
You wandered in quiet ways and saw  
autumn tumble down in a living jumble:  
red and orange and brown; the sea and the wind  
were your harp; all birds your voice.

In quiet ways  
you walked, and paused a moment to lift  
desolate things into sunlight; a moment to  
touch lightly the pain torn body of man; to heal.

Out of far hills  
the earth voice moaned:  
How long is your living holiday?  
So in a night too soon but in your own time,  
you went back. The autumn jumble is sere:  
earth, reclaiming you, weeps.

*Gerta Aison*



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### HIGHWAY SPRING-LURE

The budding elm holds evanescent shades  
Close up against a rain-washed, cobalt sky—  
The red-bud smoke is purpling through the glades;  
And scents from wild-plum seem to melt and fly  
From lone etched trees all clothed in bridal white  
Or spread from flowering thickets, miles in length,  
Along the ribboned road whose steel-blue light  
Is flanked by grass embankments new-green-strength,  
And wider selvedges of golden clay  
Adorn its edge—I see Spring follow hard  
On Winter's heel to find a rope or spray  
Of scarlet berries clinging, yet, unmarred. . .

Above the new-lit snowy May-haw's blooms  
The Sweet-gum branches wave their rose-hued plumes.

### BARE TREE IN THE RAIN

Your time of beauty waned this autumn day,  
And now, all spent, you face the wind—at bay—  
Devoid of coppered gold, and brown and red—  
The only thing unkept that nature fed;  
Provided even doubly her supply,  
Unclothed, and sketched on evening's clouded sky;  
An unprotected frame-work, unaware  
All winter long that none on earth will care.

The pouring rain seems hard of heart to dim  
And turn your silver bark on every limb,  
To iron colored, unattractive scales—  
(No wonder that the drops have turned to flails  
That whip unendingly across your breast,  
And you, the queen of nature, cannot rest!)

In vain your fallen leaves surround your feet,  
While ceaseless torrents drench and beat.

### THE TREE

Monarch of hillside and valley;  
King of the landscape, supreme.  
Up, up, green boughs ever reaching,  
Striving for Heaven, 'twould seem.

Braving the hot suns of summer;  
Mocking the winter's defy.  
A sentinel staunch and faithful;  
Haven of wild things that fly.

Seasons may dawn and may wither—  
Time but adds grace to your mold.  
Decades are naught in your reck'ning;  
Aged—yet you never grow old!

Oh, wonderful work of nature,  
Deep-rooted within the sod,  
What mortal can view your greatness  
And doubt still that there's a God?

### VITIATION

We tripped through life together, you and I,  
Content to let love guide our vagrant feet.  
Youth called to youth, nor did we question why,  
For right or wrong, we only knew 'twas sweet.  
Above the skies were smiling, cloudless, blue;  
Our hearts sang songs, melodious and gay.  
What else could matter then, for I had you?  
The world serene rolled on its blithesome way.

In dreams I meet that lass you used to be,  
And then you own that withered pow'r to thrill.  
The fragrance of those days drifts back to me;  
The sweetness of your kisses linger still.

Alas, those dreams but mock a love long dead,  
For like two stupid, blund'ring fools, we wed!

### THE LESSON OF LIFE

Oh captive bound, thy days are dark  
And shadows fall across thy way,  
Majestic rules the God on high,  
Faint not, nor fall, but ever try  
Upright to stand.

Oh captive bound, serene of face,  
Broad of brow and keen of eye,  
Thy soul aloft, learn to try  
To face the battle and the din  
Of clamors wild and wails of sin.

Oh face it all, thou captive one,  
Nor sigh, nor moan  
But to The Throne  
Raise thine eye  
And do and dare.

Learn the lesson set for thee,  
Then pure and holy thou shalt be  
If thus thy record, work right on,  
Impress thy seal of faith upon  
Thy life's true work, nor sigh, nor shirk:  
God's will be done.

### WINTER

Our front yard,  
It wears a white frock,  
So does every other yard  
All around the block.

While from the tip  
Of most every tree,  
Hang twigs as jewelled  
As ever they can be.

Guess Dame Nature  
Is servin' tea to-day;  
She's dressed so mighty lovely—  
Like our neighbors 'cross the way.

### NEEDS

We need the sun, the moon and stars  
That show the way by day and night.  
We need the trees and scented flow'rs  
That God has placed within our sight.

We need the rivers that gently flow  
Into lakes and seas rough and deep.  
We need the rain, the beautiful snow,  
Without which, no harvest we'll reap.

We need the hills, and mountains high,  
That pierce the clouds with their peaks.  
We need the grandeur of the sky  
Out of which it is God who speaks.

We need the richness of the soil  
To help the growing of earthen sod.  
We need the gardens in which to toil,  
But most of all, we need our GOD.

### PERSONS

Is the person who abstains from sin  
The person who is bound to win?  
Is the person who commits a crime  
The person who shall serve "some time?"

The person who commits a tort,  
Shall he be brought into court?  
Shall names of disturbers of the peace  
Be kept on record by the police?

When a wrong is committed with force,  
Does the law take it's proper course?  
God bless the person who lends a hand  
To uphold the law of this great land.

### THE CLOWN'S DEATH

Swung into Eternity on an elephant's trunk!  
Dropped into a circumspect heaven with a scatter of  
sawdust  
And a smell of horses!  
If certain promises hold true—  
Oh—your ring is unbounded now, clown;  
Hop through the golden hoop of the sun  
Ride bareback on the horses of the wind  
While the bearded saints eat celestial peanuts  
And applaud you!

### REQUIEM

The tall young trees of the forest  
Do not bury their dead;  
But a sound of gentle mourning  
Goes always overhead.

And round each ancient fallen trunk  
Young trees a circle make  
And stand in dark solemnity  
In one eternal wake.

### BONDAGE

The statues of the city park  
Crowd in on you and me.  
(The chalk cliffs of Dover  
Gleam white across the sea)  
The city sparrows peck away  
At statue eyes that stare.  
(The seagulls of Dover  
Draw circles of swift air)

### JUNE

I never see rain drenched fields of grain  
Without a pang of longing pain—  
Waving softly, new born grain  
Turning cool faced blades to the rain.  
I'll never know the thrilling feel  
Of grubby toes and calloused heel  
Splashing in the gutter while the rain beats tune—  
To childhood's—June—Oh happy June!

### THE WEAVER

Oh beloved;  
Like the sirens of the eastern seas,  
You have woven a golden thread for me  
In the tapestry of life.

In endless chain of thought, memories of you  
Are woven in my tapestry, like the blue  
In a peaceful sea or sky.

### FUTILITY

A menace in the crouching,  
Like seared arms of witchery  
Akin to hatred of a hag  
Whose race is run and stilled  
By reality beyond her sorcer's bag—  
A crouching tree standing out against the sand  
So white and dead, like crushed bleached bones  
Of a human head—  
Standing there, a mockery to man  
Whose little use was never strength enough  
To solve the mystery of wastes and stones  
And dead life's bones—  
Where life itself is dead—  
Where restless flesh  
Whose scientific mind of learned research  
Bends deep in worship—what futility!  
Since all life hides in earth's cold church.

### THE WIND IS BLOWING FROM THE WEST

The wind is blowing from the west  
The seeds or flowers for the spring;  
My soul is casting seeds of song  
For other souls to sing.

The wind blows likewise seeds of grass  
That April has a fault to show;  
My soul in casting seeds of song  
Casts seeds of grass also.

But one sweet flower warrants well  
An acre of the grass and weeds;  
One soul's pure song will parallel  
A thousand alien seeds.

### CONTAGION

Tonight the stars  
Look like far lilies needing rain,  
Or little sparks of pain  
Gnawing the night. . . .  
I wonder if earth's sickness can  
Spread from a man  
And catch a star;  
If crime can cross the universe  
And leave its scar. . . .  
Who knows? It might.

### THOUGHTS

Thoughts . . . persistent memories  
Of things in the past,  
Thoughts . . . consistent longings  
For things in the future.  
Thoughts! thoughts!  
Poisonous mosquitoes of the mind,  
Living parasites of the soul,  
Whole armies of thoughts  
Crowding in to remind you  
Of the atom that you are,  
Of the ideal you cannot be.

### DREAMS

Dreams . . . delicate, tender, frail  
Things woven together with the  
Fiber of imagination . . .  
They hold imprisoned in their  
Immortal sphere our ambitions  
Ideals and aspirations . . .  
At best we only have a  
Fleeting glimpse of Life,  
So why not let some dreams  
Come in?

### RED ASHES

A forsaken love  
Is like red ashes  
Dropped from a burning grate:  
The ashes no longer  
Burst into flames  
But the heat is there . . .  
A fire is never dead  
While the ashes are still red.

### A PENSIVE PILGRIM

I do not seek to tread this path again;  
Though priceless were the gifts laid at my feet:  
I knew sincere acclaim by fellow-men,  
And rapture of young love, so pure, so sweet;  
A childhood blessed with kindness was mine—  
Ah, this now seems the dream, most fair and strong,  
To lure me back to happiness divine  
And herald its glad dawn with raptest song.  
My senses thrill! Yet with a thought of it  
I grasp the fragment left of even-tide:  
With memories content, my way is lit;  
With dangerous abysses cast aside.  
For all too soon life's grim reality  
Lashed ceaselessly my toilsome, restless sea.

### IT'S WINTER NOW

It's winter now. . . The trees in mourning sigh  
Over their sleeping pasture-land. The road  
Unwinds its tangled thread of umber dye,  
Curling lonesomely by the warming fold.  
And the terrible cold is master now.  
All day a silken veil of gray is drawn,  
In gracious folds, about the troubled brow  
Of Nature, and the fickle sun is gone.

It's winter now. . . The day awakens late.  
The monarch of the wood is ermine robed.  
A cardinal sits on his castled gate  
And strums his song. Like dancing girls of old  
In dainty gowns, the snow-flowers reel and bow  
Over their satin bed of purity.  
And the sun pours down his richest gems, now  
Adoring . . . destroying . . . earth's sanctity.

### THE INITIAL TREE

For fifty years she stood as now,  
And never once has told  
The secrets that each limb and bough  
Could accurately unfold.

The green cape of her foliage  
Covers a world of truths  
Of happy days, of childhood tears  
And ardent loves of youths.

The carving of each hieroglyph,  
Each little scratch and mark  
Has meaningly attached itself  
To scarred old beechwood bark.

The sap that flows inside her trunk  
Has taken on in later years  
A sweetness due to happiness,  
A saltiness due to tears.

### THE FOG HORN

The thickening fog bedims the lighthouse flare;  
The fog horn blares and bellows out "Beware!"  
Beware the shallows and the rocks which lie  
Fog-ridden, and so hidden that no eye  
Can pierce the murk to where the watery swirl  
Is all intent, it seems, to rise and hurl  
The venturous ship upon the rending reef.  
Hoo-oo! hoo-oo! in accents stern and brief,—  
    Beware! Beware!  
    For death lurks there!

A saurian monster—how the creature blows,  
Groaning as in the agonizing throes  
Of death,—so to the landsman's listening ear,  
But, to the seaman, warning, danger's near!  
It is a Voice, translating word to deed,  
If but the voyagers will give good heed;—  
Hoo-oo! hoo-oo! hoo-oo! the darkness through,  
A Monitor who murmurs,—"This means you!"  
    Beware! Beware!  
    For death lurks there!

In fog and mist, in sleet and driving rain,  
A beast in torture, writhing in his pain?  
A new Prometheus Bound, as eagles shriek  
And gash the victim's heart with claw and beak?  
Well, no; it is the Watch, which never sleeps,  
But, tirelessly, a constant vigil keeps.  
To guard from danger and to guide to shore;  
Listen, and hear the fog horn's distant roar—  
    Beware! Beware!  
    For death lurks there!

Give heed! Give heed!  
—And so, God speed!

### SECRECIES

The stars have golden secracies  
They may not, cannot tell;  
They wink and blink and look so wise!  
But guard their secrets well.

The untamed sea holds mysteries  
Beneath its surge and swell,  
Untold, though the cajoling wind  
Is gay as marriage bell.

The dim wood holds forth shadowy hands  
And beckons me more near;  
And yet, I know her winning voice  
I only vaguely hear.  
Great Nature seems to veil herself  
As woman veils her heart;  
We think she tells us everything—  
She only tells a part.

### To A MUMMY

Oh thou dark semblance of our human life,  
Close-swathed in silent bonds of mystery,  
From out the many templed Past thou'st come,  
As moving slowly through the locks of time  
(Where centuries are closing gates of strength  
Enduring against the traveler's return  
Except in winged memory or dream).  
Thee would we touch with hands of brotherhood,  
For thou hast lived and loved and suffered too;  
Thy soul once reached forth searching, suppliant hands  
Within its shadow-circled consciousness;  
Once felt the thrill which comes to man alone  
When touching howe'er lightly the Divine,  
And knowing himself Divine in some dim way.  
With thee we fain would take our onward course,  
Twin mysteries of Life and Death awhile,  
Till somewhere down the ever changing way  
We too shall lie close wrapped and stilled like thee.

### NOVEMBER WOODS

The ghost of Summer lurks among the trees.  
I hear her quiet footfall on the leaves.  
Oh, West Wind that didst love her, sing a dirge;  
Sing softly like a sigh from one that grieves.

### BEACH WOODS

Like tall, gray monks, you stand at eventide,  
Beneath cathedral arches of new green,  
Listening while thrushes sing their evensong  
As the last glory of the setting sun  
Touche's your reverent heads with the pale glow  
Of altar candles when the day is done.

### THE STORM

Across the hills, I hear the hurrying wind  
With flying garments, coming with the rain.  
Up in the sky, it sounds as if there's war;  
And all the fallen angels have come back  
To make more trouble in their long lost heaven.  
The night is black and sullen till a sharp,  
White zig-zag tears and shrieks up through the sky;  
And broader flashes light the breathless earth  
And show the frightened trees swaying to and fro.  
Ah, . . . . . That terrific crash and blinding flash  
Mean that some dear loved tree has been struck down.  
. . . . . The silence, now, is almost terrible.  
. . . . Listen! . . . A rush of rain drops, on the roof!  
The storm is here . . . I'll lay me down to sleep.

### COME LINGER FOREVER WITH ME

O come, love, where Oregon pine-trees entwined,  
Shade trails that wind misty and lone;  
Where the music of water-falls sounds in our ears,  
And the soft winds sigh faintly and moan.

Where the tangled wild roses that bloom by the sea,  
Still smile when the clouds gloom o'er-head,  
And rain-drops, like tear-drops, fall for a-while,  
Till rainbow to sunshine is wed.

O come, love, to lone Ne-a-ka-nie's white sands,  
Where the mad waves crested with foam,  
Dash out their turbulent music in songs  
To wanderers lonely, who roam

Near the quaint rustic tavern, where dim lantern-glow  
Reveals a fireplace and many a nook,  
Where we'll sit by the window and watch the wild  
waves,  
Or rest by the fire, with a book.

O come, love, to Portland's Rose Garden of Dreams,  
Where the faint and elusive perfume,  
Floats upward on mists of illusion that veil  
The beauty of roses a-bloom.

For, roam where you will, love, the wide world all  
over,  
No place of enchantment you'll find,  
Save this fair land of roses, whose mystical bowers  
Hold the Goddess of Beauty enshrined.

So, love, search no more, for the Dream-land of lovers,  
I've found it out here by the sea,  
In this Oregon-land where the winged love-god hovers;  
Come, linger forever, with me.

## MOUNTAINS

High above the fertile plains of earth they rise,  
Majestic battlements that sweep eternal skies.  
Mountains—shining through the silver mists of rain  
Whose fingers draw thin, fragile, gossamer curtains  
Across the scenes of earth, green seas, and plains.  
Mountains, sleeping giants that lie in rest at eventide,  
Or robed in the stardust of a million glowing lights  
Where stars reflect themselves in glory at their feet.  
Mountains, above whose heads great clouds drift  
slowly by  
With white furled sails, like fleets of phantom ships.  
High above the fertile plains of earth they rise—  
Majestic battlements that sweep eternal skies.

## WANDERING WINDS

Down from the hills blow the winds of the world,  
Their music, their laughter and chatter are hurled  
With swiftness and happiness; gay winds of mirth.  
Gray winds that forlornly roam over the earth.  
Cold, wandering winds whose chill breath blows  
Down over mountain tops high capped with snows.  
Gay, wandering winds with which we once raced  
Down over the green hills at a maddening pace.  
Wild, wandering winds that breathed of romance  
'Neath great, white moons on strange foreign strands.  
Mad, wandering winds that whispering low,  
Tempted you, beckoned you, enticed you so.  
Wild, wandering winds that drew you away—  
Forever embarking on Adventure's road gay.  
Free, wandering winds—roam—roam ever on—  
Never can the gray earth imprison your song.

### OF BLINDNESS

When eyes have shown me my Gethsemane,  
And all the form and color they beheld  
Are locked against my silent sesame,  
And lesser views are evermore dispelled;  
When the black pall that shuts away my sight  
Is all too short to cover all of me,  
And I have come to know affliction's right  
Of seeing strangely more than others see;  
When melodies inscribe a hidden score,  
And only perfume builds a perfect flower,  
And savor teaches nectars lost before,  
And one face touched restores my sight's full power;  
Then I shall rise a mortal newly blessed,  
And walk in radiance only the blind have guessed.

### TREE RAIN

Rain comes dripping from a tree  
Long after clouds are dry:  
Showers on the eyelids here,  
There—a prismsed sky!

Gentle as an angel's tears,  
These drops upon my face.  
What memory of cruel storms  
Could hold against their grace?

Silver leaves will catch the sun  
Every raindrop knows,  
Clinging there to help a tree  
Make a thousand bows.

Let me feel the after-rain  
Dripping from a tree—  
In my soul a rainbow arch  
Flooding all of me!

### WHAT IS BEAUTY?

Beauty lies not in what the eye doth see;  
In gross, material shape and earthly form;  
But rather in that image there will be  
A lasting memory so deep and warm,  
An ethereal, mystic something that we prize.  
The many parts assembled as a whole  
But give the first impression. Beauty lies  
Deep in imagination and the soul.

### MY CREED

I know not what the future holds for me  
Of joy and sorrow, laughter, bitter tears,  
Of changing fortune, be it good to see,  
Or be it worse than any of my fears.

I care not what the years to come will bring  
For I can live but just from day to day.  
And while I live hosannas I will sing  
To Him who leadeth me along life's way.

For He will guide aright my erring feet  
If I but follow as He bids me go;  
And in that great Tomorrow I will meet  
The One who marked my pathway here below.

### ORIGINAL YOU

You can't pretend nor make believe;  
You would not even try;  
You do not care what others think;  
You're one who will get by.  
For life is short and sweet they say—  
There's always something new,  
But some folks get more fun than others  
And one of them is you.

You may swear a bit, smoke a bit  
And sometimes tell a lie;  
But there's nothing underneath it all;  
No one knows it more than I.  
You'll have your joke and even laugh  
When other folks only smile,  
And it's just your little humorous way  
That carries you many a mile.

### MY ONLY SIN

I always try to be so good  
For life just seems as if we should,  
Especially at the country side  
Where peace and quietness abide.

The mountain roads with flowers tall,  
The beautiful summer, spring, and fall,  
The sparrow and its mate chirp high  
While robin-red-breast flutters by.

All goodness seems within my soul,  
But there's a truth I must unfold:  
It's just a little hurt within;  
My love for you is my only sin.

### TRANQUILLITY

There is an ease of indolence,  
Mere drifting on a flowing tide  
With nothing to oppress the sense,  
All care and striving set aside.

But what of unperturbed repose—  
That miracle of peace 'mid stress?  
The calm that conquers stubborn foes,  
Compels reluctant ill to bless?

The moon shines clear in storm-wracked sky,  
While surcharged, riven clouds rush by.

And lo, the Christ on Calvary,  
Triumphant in his agony!

### STORMS

The rain begins reluctantly—  
Like tears that force their way—  
But soon becomes a raging power  
With winds that slash and flay.  
The river leaps beyond its bounds,  
A beast, with mouth afoam,  
It carries off a dam, a bridge,  
Some trees—a treasured home.

So tears may gather like the flood,  
A very bitter stream,  
And sweep away our plans and hopes,  
The joys of which we dream.

But homes of men are built again,  
Scarred hearts are healed of pain!

SIMILE

The bare  
Black limbs of trees  
Against the winter sky  
Are like these thoughts of mine, stripped bare  
Of hope.

PARADOX

Your love  
Has been to me  
The exquisite blending  
Of all things offered in Heaven  
And Hell.

THE OUTER PALE

You do not know the world I wander in,  
The motley throng of which I am a part,  
You would condemn the things I sometimes do,  
Because I must appease my restless heart.

I cannot live within your narrow world,  
Though I forego your safety, flirt with grief,  
I must forever venture just beyond—  
Where restless souls like I may find relief.

THERE WAS A NIGHT

There was a night of moon-shot mist,  
There was a song unsung,  
There was a moment when we kissed,  
When our hands met and clung.

There was the promise of a star,  
Bright hope of ecstasy,  
But I am I, and you are you,  
And some things cannot be.

THE WANDERING BARD  
*(On the death of Vachel Lindsay)*

Voice of the screaming, virile West,  
Now stilled, for the muted silence of death  
Doth rule his infinite eternal rest,  
And with bowed heads we mourn his dying breath.

Freedom's wings his shadow shield,  
He saw it all, and, seeing, put it into verse;  
Life as it is his pen did wield;  
He put its subtle harmony in rhythm terse.

So hail to Lindsay, "singing bard,"  
The first who in verse our own freedom expressed;  
The key of a nation, struggling hard,  
He held, who today 'neath the sod is at rest.

His soul has flown to distant lands,  
But his poetry lingers beyond race and world;  
Let us revere as his passing demands,  
Yet rejoice that this nation one poet unfurled.

THE CRITIC

Within the shadow of a lowering sun,  
Behind, the day, its rapid course now run—  
I stand, one tiny thought in embryo,  
A feeble note in God's fortissimo.  
Cast in the mold of men to mortal law,  
Seeking to find in fellowmen a flaw.

## HOME

I want a home in the hills  
Where summer winds among roses blow,  
Inspiring the birds to carnivals of song.  
Where autumn comes rich in colors bold  
Painting the trees, orange, red and gold.  
Where winter lingers with whistling winds  
And covers the earth with a white mantle.  
Where spring appears in garb of green,  
Rejoicing my soul, with the renewal of life.

## WERE I

Were I an artist with a magic touch  
I'd paint the sky in colors such  
As only the mellow autumn can show,  
In it's setting sun's rose-golden glow.

Were I a singer of notes so sweet  
That with the thrush I could compete  
I'd trill and sing in a thicket green,  
Where trodden paths may not be seen.

Were I a poet with a golden pen  
I'd dream on a hill-top, and when  
The new crescent moon rules the blue sky,  
My dreams would live—never to die.

Artist, singer, poet—no, not I,  
Just one of the throng passing by.  
Thanking my Master that I can be,  
Close to the wonders, He created for me.

### WEAK

You were like a light-twigg'd shrub  
Covered with beautiful airy blossoms  
That showered down  
If one but coughed beside it—  
Leaving it an empty . . . . thing. . . .

### SONATA PATHETIQUE

#### Prelude:

Spring crying: "Dream!"  
With a voice of brass  
Bringing its shrilling  
Close about my ears  
Pleading wildly that we  
Walk together—  
You and I—remember—  
Hand touching—  
Eyes searching—  
Lost one within the other—  
Remember——?

Spring crying—  
Ashes to ashes  
Dust to dust  
Love was pure gold  
But now it is rust.  
Oh spring is weeping  
Tears of blood  
That mixes with my sorrow  
As rain with mud.  
Spring is calling  
I cannot heed her cry  
My mind is full of death songs  
Luring me to die—.

## YOUTH

I know in deepening twilight, when the sweet  
First breath of Spring is magic on my brow  
As eager March and answering April meet,  
I know beyond all doubt or question how  
This love will hold me, heedless of the flight  
Of years that challenge lesser love with scorn;  
I know in quiet intervals of night,  
When through the fog the steamship's brooding horn  
Remotely seeks a pathway into space,  
I know as I know now, pierced by the sound  
Of storm-clouds clashing in their maddened race  
To shatter splendor on the arid ground.  
Through time transfixed, or ages that will go  
Their way forever, oh I know, I know!

## RAIN

How swiftly, virile spirit, you unfurl  
The shimmering mantle that the clouds encase,  
And from their clasp impetuously hurl  
Your swirling veil before the sun's hot face!  
Emboldened now, through brimming skies you fling  
Your heart upon the earth, from that domain  
Whence ardently to listening fields you sing  
Crescendo measures of your glad refrain.

Thus would I, from the fount within a heart  
That thirsts for lofty hill and flowered plain,  
Through songs invoke the torrent's counterpart  
In words as irresistible as rain,  
So glorifying all they touched upon  
That Nature thereby might be wooed and won.

### TRANSMIGRATION

The rising moon was a thin glass marble  
That rolled its light on the floor.  
Through the kitchen door,  
You talked to me—when you were four  
And remembered then  
The things that we forget when we are men.  
“I am a child of the moon,” you said to me,  
And laughed and hummed a little tune.  
I might have known.  
You watched the fire awhile,  
Then with a wise nod turned,  
“Child of the moon,” you said again  
And placed an elfin hand upon each knee—  
More crystal still the moon then shone  
To verify your words to me.

### WET TWILIGHT

After the rain, within the wood  
Dark and wet the tall pines stood;  
Banked in the dusk the pines lost form  
After a sudden April storm.

Out of their tombs, dead spirits burst  
Soothing a hot and stifling thirst;  
From their grave-bound feet the thick dust fell,  
Seared lips were cooled—souls crept from hell!

After the rain, the woods lay still;  
New night blew homeward over the hill;  
Freed souls hung white in the pine-thick gloom  
Where an hour before grew dogwood bloom.

## NOVEMBER

Where the heron nests by the river's rim  
'Mid dead brown leaves and mold,  
The slender trees stand stark and bare  
Stripped of their Autumn gold.

A brooding silence over all,  
A sullen, ominous light  
From low, gray clouds that idly drift  
As swallows in their flight.

Over the dunes the lowering mists  
White as a veil of dream  
Softly lie on the fading hills  
Lost in twilight's gleam.

The moaning sea with ceaseless sigh  
Breaks 'gainst the ledges near  
Echoing deep a requiem  
Sung for the dying year.

## THE SLEEPING CITY

The city sleeps! and I, alone, keep watch.  
So still and tranquil is the hour, I almost hear  
The heart-throbs of the sleepers as they dream,  
For lost in night's oblivion all seems  
Enwrapt in its deep silences.  
I look above, and there a waning moon, a crescent  
gleam  
Swings low to touch the pale earth's rim  
So vaguely seen, so weirdly dim—  
It lights with its ethereal glow  
The deep, dark distances below.  
Now flooding all with a celestial fire  
And crowning with a star cathedral spire;  
Spreads mid the gloom of quiet streets its ray,  
Where flickering tapers burn the hours away.

## LIFE

If I can stop one heart from aching;  
If I can ease one heart from pain;  
If I can cease one heart from sighing,  
Then I will not have lived in vain.

If I can smile when all about  
My friends let grief in their hearts reign;  
If I can sing midst pain and doubt,  
Then I will not have lived in vain.

If I can help the grasses grow,  
And let them ease my heart from pain;  
If I will seed and flower sow,  
Then I will not have lived in vain.

### ARTIST

The world is sad and beautiful.  
An old tree moans, and sobs with leaves.  
In hooded cloak, gray fog creeps down.  
On weary feet night climbs the hill.

My music, too, is beautiful:  
Sweet dreams fall sadly, like the leaves.  
I smile; and gild each somber sound  
With the gold-dust of my trill.

### I WISH NOT LIFE TO COME IN SUNS OF FLAME

I wish not life to come in suns of flame.  
Give me, instead, the twilight and its peace.  
I want the joy that comes from little things:  
A hermit-thrush, an old familiar field,  
A friendly chat, a bowl of curd at dusk.  
I want the thrill of unforgotten tunes,  
That bring me pictures at the close of day.  
Give me a meadow for my summer tour,  
And may old letters be my pleasure-books.  
And God—  
If I shall climb—oh, not a starry stair—  
For stars seem cold and very far away!  
If I shall sing, oh, may some tired heart  
Find comfort in the sweetness of my song!  
And may my life be ever as today,  
When leaves like pale green, paper saucers smile,  
And quiver with the wind as does my heart;  
When life is but a trembling, throbbing tree,  
And beauty seems too dear for me to touch.

### HOUSE WRECKERS

Horny hands, steel, and the great cranes  
Have pulled down hope and fear  
And longings  
Stone by stone;

Have torn the beams,  
So thoroughly permeated with doubt,  
So dried with golden dreams,  
So hardened with hate and ambition.

And all the mortar  
Fell through the wrecking  
Like little cries at a homecoming,  
Like little sweet moans in the darkness;  
Or sharply jangled and scraped  
Like the last bubble-break of the death rattle.

They have pried the joists,  
Loosing sobs  
And the muttering of old curses  
And the cruel agonized shriek of childbirth.

They have shattered into bits  
The last poor echo of passion.  
The last shadow has been broken on the rack;  
The last kiss lost in a hammer blow.

You who wreck houses,  
Do you know what it is you are handling?

### NAMELESS

How may I name a thing no man has named  
Or hope to capture what was never caught?  
How seek with words to net an unborn thought  
Upon a leash lead beauty all untamed?  
As well to hope that butterflies unmaimed  
Will soar from childish hands, or all untaught  
Rodin and Michaelangelo have wrought  
The marble men for which they're rightly famed.

No matter then how zealously I write,  
What words I use to trim and shape my rhyme,  
How dare I hope that any man will see  
The moon-green garden where I meet delight?  
For how can one who works with tools of time  
Fashion a cup to hold infinity?

### GOD'S SCARE-CROW

God is a farmer  
who sets up the scare-crow death  
before the gates of his heavenly garden  
lest some mortal,  
finding the fruits of this world too knubby and sour,  
rush in and help himself to the angel's apples—  
but occasionally some wise soul,  
knowing death for what he is,  
God's scare-crow,  
takes his life in his hands  
and pushing past death negligently  
opens the gate  
and shouldering aside the astonished angels  
helps himself to the reddest apple—

### I LOVE YOU BEST AT EVEN

I love you best at even,  
When twilight calls the dew  
From out the deeps of star space  
To rest, sweetheart, on you,  
And bless you with its meaning  
Of purity divine.  
Its message love will sweeten  
Adown the years of time.

I love you best at even  
When songbirds seek their nest,  
And childhood softly slumbers  
Pressed close to mother's breast.  
My heart then stirs with longing,  
My soul flies out to you,  
When twilight falls at even  
And love comes with the dew.

### IN YOUR EYES THE SUNSHINE LIES

Why do flowers with perfume rare  
Twine their fragrance in your hair,  
Why do roses bloom for you,  
Why the silver of the dew?  
Friendly moon once told to me,  
Whispering the mystery,  
Secret of the smiling skies:  
In your eyes, the sunshine lies.

In their crystal depths I see  
Fathomless infinity  
Glowing with sweet passion's fire  
Love-lit from the heart's desire;  
Lilting songs of Love's glad day,  
Bud and blossom of fair May  
Chime with Spring's crooned lullabies,  
In your eyes the sunshine lies.

## GARDEN CITY SWEET MILL

Giant claw-teeth  
Hooking, chewing  
Slick-backed sugar beets;  
Forcing them down  
Terrible tin throats  
Into murky, weedy, wash-water.  
Monstrous hack-saws  
Ripping, slicing  
Wet, white sugar-flesh.  
Huge, flat whale-jaws  
Grinding their shredded bodies  
Into a munched, mutilated mass.  
Mammoth hell-pots,  
Seething, steaming,  
Making of shredded sugar-flesh  
Lifeless, limpid liquid.  
Maddening fly-wheels,  
Dizzily turning,  
Pressing crystal sugar-drops  
Through copper screenings.  
Inexhaustible blowers,  
Puffing, panting,  
Lifting clinging moisture  
Into smelly, sugar-air.  
Gullible gunny-sacks,  
Open-mouthed, begging,  
Swallowing fine white sugar-grains;  
Satisfyingly submitting  
To slovenly sewing.  
Bony tug-carts,  
Groaning, wailing,  
Carrying dead white sugar-dust  
Into the dark necropolis.

### QUIESCENCY

How still it is . . .  
As if the wind had died  
Bequeathing hymn and lullaby  
To ebbing tide.

This quietude  
Is beautiful to own;  
Our lips shall breathe a chastened song  
In monotone.

No leaf or bud  
Dare stir . . . for God decreed  
One priceless hour of solitude  
To meet our need.

### IN A CHINESE GARDEN

There is a garden I can not forget  
And frequently I seek its teak-wood gate;  
The silent dawns are spiced with mignonette

And almond trees bend humbly with the weight  
Of petals lovely as a melody,  
Born of a mood both gay and desolate.

Its ancient temple bells have called to me . . .  
Invisible as wind my willing feet  
Have walked with mandarins in secrecy

And I have found the strange communion sweet.  
While prayers were mingled with the lotus-scent  
A hunger in my heart was made replete.  
Why should a day be warped with discontent  
When dreams may bear me to the Orient?

### LONELY FURROWS

I must follow my lonely furrow  
And you must follow yours,  
Tragic the pain that they should be  
So near and yet so far apart;  
That you should never understand  
Nor hear the cry of my eager heart.  
While I must look with longing eyes  
Where the far line meets the blue,  
Knowing our paths will never merge,  
That my dream will never come true,  
But each in his separate furrow  
Must follow the plow alone.

### HIS HANDS

His hands so big and strong  
Lay like young rosebuds  
In the hollows of mine own  
Not many years ago,  
Their very helplessness a power  
To take one's breath away;  
Their dimpled fragrance a sharpness  
Stinging my eyes to tears of joy.  
Now have they grown to muscle strength,  
Browned in the sun, eager and vibrant,  
Their manliness fair won.  
Oh, may they keep that force and beauty  
Free from the plunderings of a careless world,  
A world whose grasp too oft forgets  
The charm of chivalry and duty,  
Leaving truth's banner in the dust unfurled;  
To bear at last but haunting memories of pain.  
But his dear hands are strong and pure,  
And in their gentleness and strength  
My heart may rest secure.

### THE FOG SEA

Busy with hurrying to and fro,  
Loud with the din of the clattering street,  
Lay the great city down below  
In the valley under my feet.

But over the city deep and white  
A mist like the sea was spread,  
Whose billows rolled in the morning light  
And broke on a shore o'er the city's head.

Out of the east the brightening sun  
Looked over the mountain crest,  
And the waves of the fog sea fast did run  
To the shore where they might rest.

And the mist-surf broke on a wond'rous strand  
At the foot of a mountain old  
That stands like a sentinel over the land  
In the midst of the snow and cold.

But the sun's bright beams soon scattered the mist,  
And the sea soon melted away,  
While the city's towers all sun-kissed  
Pierced through to the light of day.

FOG IN THE SUN  
(*Impressions of San Francisco*)

Bright heights  
Stagger hills  
Hurry canyons  
Busy beauty style clean  
Cosmopolitan Self  
The City

Light fog pink light  
Illusive towers  
Seagulls circle float  
Bay is grey

Balconies escapes  
Oriental curves angles  
Chatter tongues  
Shuffle odours  
Laundry  
Dark shops jewels  
Markets strange  
Foods silks China

Wharfs and boats  
Shore-line  
Pier-battlemented  
Ships heads guns  
Defense

Rumble rumble  
Dragon roars  
Pour out people  
Stream destruction  
Make way  
Crowded ferry

### AN EVENING SONG

The fading sunset marks the close of day.  
Each dash of color, fading, faintly calls  
For all who toil to cast dull care away  
From fretted brow while twilight gently falls.

The dying light mounts up with flaming glow  
As wooded hills their evening vigils keep;  
The waning light ebbs out with measured flow,  
And dies in peace as love and beauty sleep.

The ling'ring light still holds the western sky  
While grieving Nature sheds her tears of dew;  
In death the sun has flung his colors high  
And graced his death in ever-changing hue.

In stately calm he meets the twilight hour,  
Seeks not in dread the dark abyss to shun,  
But he in darkness yields to that great power  
Which changes night from dark to morning sun.

### DESIRE

Floods of desire come welling and surging in  
Against the rocks of fate on the shores of time;  
Heroic, they challenge the hold of the shore  
And baffled, turn back to charge it once more.  
The hopes of youth mount the crest of the tide,  
Laughing and dancing as forward they ride,  
Till dashed by the rocks into maddening spray  
They're beaten and broken and wafted away.

### AT SUNDOWN

The negroes are returning  
With their baskets and their mule teams.  
They are bringing home the cotton  
For the long day's work is done.  
Through the old abandoned rice fields  
You can see their wagons winding  
Where the feathery plumes of wild rice  
Wave and glitter in the sun.

In the pools of shadowed water  
Grow the lotus and the lily.  
There are gleaming red-bronze mud-flats  
Where white herons nest and fly,  
And the blossoms of the wampee  
Are reflected in the shallows,  
The blossoms of the wampee  
That are bluer than the sky.

Now the eerie twilight settles  
In a white fog creeping inland,  
And you hear the harness rattle  
As the wagons go their way,  
And the singing of the negroes  
Floating back with haunting sweetness;  
Then the silence falls as gently  
As the daylight fades away.

### SHANGHAIED

She talks unceasingly, until  
I ship with her against my will,  
To sail the pebbly shallows of her mind;  
Though there are deeper channels I could find,  
I am her sullen captive still.

### THE VAGABOND TRAIL

When I'm weary of life in the cities  
And the walls of my home seem a jail,  
I yield to the call of adventure  
And follow the vagabond trail.

I wander to far distant places  
Just a vagabond gypsy am I,  
My home in the wide open spaces  
My bed 'neath a warm friendly sky.

As I sit in the glow of my campfire  
Under the moon's silvery beams,  
I'm healthy and carefree and happy  
Alone with my pipe and my dreams.

I may never find honor or riches  
And in many a duty may fail,  
But I find a sweet peace and contentment  
As I travel the vagabond trail.

### MY IDEAL

I dream of a girl who is lovely  
With honest blue eyes and soft hair,  
Lips that were meant for caresses,  
A face so bewitchingly fair.

I dream of a voice that is music  
A smile that is tender—divine,  
Cheeks with the soft blush of roses,  
A soul that is loyal and fine.

I dream of white hands that are gentle  
Small fingers my heart strings entwine;  
No other can ever quite equal  
This sweet little dream girl of mine..

### IN THE KIABAB FOREST

I have heard the hushing of spring winds  
in a forest of budding white birches,  
and the song of the red start at mating time.

I have seen the topaz-fire of full sun  
upon royal palms and red-flowered coral trees  
waiting . . . waiting in the stark silence.

And lindens standing afar, stiff and motionless  
seeming forged out of dark green metal  
save for the scent of wet leaves  
softly drifting by.

### In the Kiabab Forest

I know how the yellow pine aches to meet the sky  
and the groves of aspen quiver in the sudden winds  
and the deer wade knee-deep in lupin and fern and  
columbine.

### In the Kiabab Forest

I am bowed with the beauty  
of the silver-boled aspen marching up the mountainside  
while my soul marches with them  
and longs with the yellow pine  
to reach the sky and beyond . . . .

### CHOUCOON (HAITIAN LOVE SONG)

Behind a big cactus bush  
One day I met Choucoo,  
She smiled when she saw me.

I say Lord! What a pretty girl.  
I say Lord! What a pretty girl.  
I say Lord! What a pretty girl.

She said: "Do you think so, dear?"

In the brush the little birds were singing gaily.  
But since that day when I think about it,  
My heart is in sorrow,  
My two feet are in chains.

### A BASKET OF SONGS

I've a basket of songs from the marsh of the moon to sell.

Though I burnt my soul to get them, they're not dear,  
For my only price is a laugh like a porcelain bell.

I saw a star that preened itself in a well,  
And I knew the pathway studded with light was near.  
(I've a basket of songs from the marsh of the moon  
to sell.)

I teased the point of a star but it would not tell  
So I whispered a secret into its listening ear,  
And my only price was a laugh like a porcelain bell.

Then I put on a mask, like the sound of a funeral knell  
And the starbeams hid behind the moon in fear.

(I wanted the songs from the marsh of the moon to sell.)

Then I coaxed the stars and asked why they would not tell,

And I solemnly let fall a hypocritical tear;  
My price will be only a laugh like a porcelain bell.

Till one relented and told what I wished to hear.  
They lay in the muck of the well, so falsely clear.  
I've a basket of songs from the marsh of the moon to sell

And my only price is a laugh like a porcelain bell.

### RUT HOUSE

Blackened, hardened, side house,  
With your empty, leering face,  
Grinning with your toothless, barren lips,  
You are old, old in your youth.  
The snow lies in furrows on your crest  
And soothes you gently, slushingly.  
You are a silvery haired old man  
With a yellowed, sodden face.

## LOVE LIKE SOME FAIR ENCHANTED LAND

Love like some fair enchanted land  
Retains its mystic power and  
'Tis better not to understand.

## THE MARNE

At night I stood beside the river Marne  
And wondered there upon that lonely shore,  
If it too longed for those brave men who'd gone  
To battle and had died there, long before.

I wondered if the blood of hearts so brave,  
The blood which flowed so freely on that shore,  
Did purify the souls of those who gave  
And bring them welcome peace forevermore.

I wondered if the river Marne still heard  
The guns, the marching feet, the cannon's roar,  
The whistle of a bomb so like a bird,  
The soldier's songs, which are a part of war.

This thought into my troubled heart came then:  
I wondered if the mournful river grieved  
For all the dead, or only for those men  
Whose country later victory achieved.

And then I saw before me slowly rise  
White mists that while I watched became transformed.  
They seemed like soldiers marching toward the skies  
And not a single one was uniformed.

My puzzled, indecisive mood was gone.  
I thought I heard a far off bugle call,  
And knew the swiftly flowing river Marne  
Did grieve not for a chosen few, but all.

### A THOUGHT

"Are you afraid of the darkness, little chap?"  
In a pretended shocked voice, queried I:  
"Oh no," he bravely said, slipping from my lap,  
But there was a frightened look in his eye.

Then I recalled my young fear of unlit gloom,  
And I became possessed of a kind whim.  
Before he mounted the stairs to his small room,  
I went up, and turned on the light for him.

### APRIL RAIN

Suddenly born; as swiftly dead, April showers;  
Pattering wistfully on my lonely roof;  
Do you think, when you fall, only of the flowers?  
Or are you sad because I am so aloof?

Each year, do I swear my undying love for you,  
As you serenade me with your tearful song;  
Bright, silver-clad; petulantly do you woo;  
But patience—we shall be together ere long—

Will come an April, when I shall be of the earth—  
Then, will you to me your sweet sustenance bring,  
And we shall wed, with the ground as our marriage  
berth

While the May flowers will be our loved offspring.

### SPRING THOUGHT

Budding trees, reawakening from your winter's sleep!  
Bright sunlight your resplendent, blossoming glory  
does steep!

Happy birds herald your rebirth as they gaily sing!  
All is joyously, freshly green, for already again 'tis  
Spring.

You are like me, O mighty tree, from a small seed  
sprung,

I, too, am in the Springtime of life; I am young, young.

### MY FRIEND

Your friendship makes me the equal of kings.  
I love you well and for so many things—  
No indulging in righteous temper,  
No silly talk of “amici semper”—  
No pretences and no jealousies,  
No trite or humble endeavor to please,  
No asking, no taking—a great deal of giving—  
A comrade you are, in the joy of living.  
I found you a sharer in all that I'd do  
And that's why, dear, I married you.

### STARDUST

Stardust is the stuff of dreams,  
Of all that is not what it seems,  
A phantom joy, a sweet illusion,  
A vague and roseate confusion,  
A few glimmering grains of light  
Falling from a small star bright  
For you alone, or so it seems.  
Stardust is the stuff of dreams.

### FREEDOM

I greet each day with head held high  
Arousing envy as I pass by.  
Men stop to sigh and stare at me,  
Saying, “There goes one who's free!”  
And free I am to live as I choose,  
To take all chances with nothing to lose.  
I go where I will and I laugh as I go—  
I laugh to think that men envy me so.  
For at night, all alone, where no one sees  
My constant prayer is; “Dear God, please,  
Let someone have such need of me  
That I shall never, as long as I live, be free.”

### MY WISH

I would possess a little house  
    That I have seen;  
And—yes,—repair it; for it  
    Has lost its sheen.

I would make more windows,  
    That it might see  
God's beauty all around  
    In sky and bird and tree.

I would make more doors  
    To open wide,  
That the bright sun's glow  
    Could steal inside.

I would paint it richly  
    In colors bright,  
To cheer its lonely soul  
    And give delight;  
It is so bleak and lonely now  
    Without a smile—

I fain would make it mine,  
    To cheer awhile;  
I'd plant a hedge of laughter  
    All about its walls;

And just a row of glistening tears,  
    For constant laughter palls;  
And a tree of understanding  
    It would have;  
And every day a shower of love,  
    To make it brave.

This little house—Oh, can't you guess?  
    It is your heart I would possess!

### WHOLE EXISTENCE

You said you were disappointed in me,  
But I at the time did not care;  
Smiling, I turned to go and said:  
"Kind of you to wreck the snare!"

We parted just a short while ago,  
And with many others I tarried—  
Thinking in such wise to forget;  
But God! how my plans miscarried.

'A fool there was . . .' but one penitent,  
Whose eyes are now opened wide,  
Asking the greatest boon of all:  
To stay forever at your side.

### RESUME

I could have done  
So many things  
With just a little time. . .  
It could not wait.  
I could have seen  
So many places  
While in my prime. . .  
Gone is that state.  
I could have been  
Without these sighs  
And lived a life sublime. . .  
Useless to prate.

### TRAIN IN THE NIGHT

They cannot tell me, O man-made thing,  
Puffing your way alike through darkness and day,  
Impervious to wind and rain,  
Strong in your strength,  
Great in your grandeur,  
That you have no life, no thoughts, and no comprehension  
Do not rejoice in your victory over the elements.

I have heard your long, weird cry of triumph  
When you have traversed, undaunted,  
The hazardous journey they set for you.  
I have heard you challenge the night,  
And the darkness as black as yourself;  
Dare them to frighten you  
Who ventured so boldly,  
Dare them to silence you, dare them to hold;  
And they cannot tell me, O man-made thing,  
That you have no soul.

### SKY DUST

Have you seen the snow falling at night,  
A thick, black night when there was no wind,  
Falling, layer on layer, through the darkness?

Often you must have found black stones with patches  
of mica in them.  
I think the sky is like that—a great vault of blue stone,  
Dotted with patches of silver—the legion of stars.

Maybe God wants the silver for something in Heaven  
And he's cutting away the stone.

How careless of him to let the dust of it fall on the  
earth!

### COUNTRY GARDENS (PERCY GRAINGER)

Here is a lightsome melody that brings  
A haunting glimpse of a sweet dream, long dead,  
To agitate love's bright and limpid springs  
With all the fragrance that young romance shed.  
The pale verbenas clustered near the wall  
Consort with pansies, thyme, and feverfew,  
The amorous roses, loveliest of all  
Bloom regally, hard by an ancient yew.

With rosemary, the morning glories twine  
In happy unconcern; sweet mignonette  
Is foil for heliotrope; the ivy vine  
Has compromised the lowly "bouncing-bet".  
Quaint modulations stress a gentle theme  
Where all the old-world flowers nod and dream.

### WINTER IN THE HILLS

It is a lingering season, from the time  
The first reluctant snowflakes idly fall  
Upon a chilling earth, until the call  
Of wild geese marks the sun's northerly climb;  
Familiar fields assume an empty stare,  
The range looms vaguely through the drifting snow  
That lies, wind-sculptured, row on serried row,  
As if all Springs lay whitely buried there.

Throughout the briefened days, the cold comes down  
From that eternal stronghold on the heights,  
Binding the blue-black river as it wills  
Beneath the frosty pines; the sunset's crown  
Is not more splendid than the crystal nights  
Of the long winter season in the hills.

### A PLENTY FAR WOOD

Ef I had money I'd not git,  
Fine fixin's or a passle clo'es with hit;  
Wood I'd have cut an' stacked so high,  
Hit would be mighty nigh ter blue o' sky.  
Yer want ter know why I'd do this?  
Well folks, fer sartin I'd be full o' bliss,  
Jest knowin' fetched thar at the door,  
I had a plenty far wood five year more.

The wood-lan's out a little ways,  
A plenty far wood thar ter do our days;  
Hit tuckers me out jest like sin,  
Ter try ter git the wood from thar fetched in.  
The fall days come an' fall days they go,  
An' winter hits here, thar's the ice an' snow;  
Ole man says, "Tildy I'll go soon."  
Hit's allers everlastin' same ole tune.

A freezin' cold an' snow so deep,  
I'm worried so o' nights I jest can't sleep;  
The far wood's gone, the last lone stick,  
A-sittin' thar am I rale down right sick.  
At last he goes an' gits the wood,  
Awhile a plenty have we, like folks should;  
The weather's fine, no snow, no ice,  
I beg him go fer more wood now hits nice.

Wait allers ontill hits so bad,  
He's thar a-sayin' then, "I wish I had"  
The same week in, the same week out,  
Fer me a big cross haint a bit o' doubt,  
I'd riches like fer what I yearn,  
A plenty far wood allers here ter burn;  
For hit I'd daily hard han's send,  
A plenty far wood have o' hit, no end.

### MORNING

When creep the dawn's first rosy glows  
Upon the purple shadows of the hills,  
The slow-revealing gleams disclose  
Unfolding glories; then my heart, so eager, thrills  
As clouds roll out of lower rift  
And swathe in somber tatters  
The naked crags, and drift  
Above the darkly wooded slopes of firs:  
They smoke in stormy trails  
Across the upper snows, and hide  
The tow'ring summit which impales  
The masses grey and black that ride  
In triumph, till their wasting edge,  
So vainly striving 'gainst the beat of day,  
Retreat from peak and rocky ledge,  
And into nothingness dissolve away.  
'Tis then the newly-wakened bird  
Is heard in song both far and near,  
And quiet leaves in motion stirred,  
For morning comes apace—*no! morning's here!*

### QUAKING ASPEN

O stately groves, with silvered trunks,  
And restless glimmering of leaves;  
Your quiv'ring leaves are never still,  
But move to every fitful breeze.  
You shade the twisting trail,  
And grassy plots be-starred with flowers;  
Your aspect changes with the shifting light  
Of all the passing hours  
You are the youthful friends  
Of rugged pines, so gaunt and old,  
And changing seasons take your tints of green  
And make them beacons bright aflame with gold.

BETRAYAL  
To A. L. O.

Our friendship was as beautiful and calm  
As midnight star-shine on a desert palm;

But when you sought to steal his love from me,  
The bonds splintered like wreckage out at sea.

Noon-day sun on the palm coated with dust  
Resembles closely friendship gone to rust.

NIGHT THOUGHT

Dawn will steal into our quiet garden,  
Rustling silken iris panels,  
Parting the fairy lace of drooping lilacs,  
And caressing the plush of larkspur.  
When Dawn rings the bluebells in our garden,  
You will have gone far over that indigo ridge,  
And . . . . for remembrance, I shall hold only  
A cluster of wisteria dripping with the silver  
Of last night's honey-colored moon.

MORNING SONG  
To K. M. C.

Today is a long silver mirror,  
A reflected chain of jewelled stars.  
Today is the ghost of other days—  
The memory of sobbing bells  
Over low dreamy roofs at dawn.  
Today is the shadow of endless days  
Laced with panels of slow grey rain.  
Today revolves like a shining sphere,  
Bathing our world with haunting perfume  
Of dew-drenched April violets.  
Today is only a prophet of night—  
Drifting darkness and blue-white moonlight.

### YOU SMILED AT ME

Days were dark, and skies were gray,  
Happiness had slipped away,  
Life was dragging, drearily—  
Then you came, and smiled at me.

Now I sing a happy song;  
Life skips joyfully along,  
My days all ring with melody—  
Because you came, and smiled at me.

You brought a smile, made life worth while,  
And dried my every tear.  
You've flung behind my worried mind,  
And in its place, your loving face  
Looks into mine, and whispers, "Dear."

### YOUR LOVE FOR ME

Heav'n was dark above,  
Shone no ray of light—  
'Til your love for me  
Illumined the night;  
'Til your tender smile  
Shone on my sadness;  
Making life worth while—  
Full of gladness.

O smile on me!  
My joyful moment lies  
In that dear tenderness  
That trembles in your eyes.  
Life's only comfort  
While this world I see  
Is my love for you—  
And your love for me.

### Proud Exit

When I shall die let me not drop a prey  
To fearsome skulker, old decay;  
Prevent my limbs from slinking to the ground  
In mesh of palsy slyly bound;  
Proclaim my going with no sullen bell  
Sonorous, numbering a knell;  
Lover, mourn not for me in weeping greys.

But rather bid me halt my little stay,  
As autumn leaves that wanton slay  
Their brief existence in a madding round  
Of color. In a splendid mound  
They fling themselves; that bright, enraptured spell  
In sibilance no griefs retell.

Let me go down in such a scarlet blaze!

### Fall Flight

Always it is November when she leaves her natal town  
(Hurrying, scurrying over the rustling leaves);  
We often ask her why it is each fall she likes to go;  
She says she has the wanderlust, and yet her eyes cry,  
"No."

Every brown, bleak autumn she puts on her Sunday  
gown  
(Lingering, fingering among the whispering leaves),  
And goes away to warmer climes where leaves can  
never fall,  
And where she chances not to pass an old brown house  
at all.

Again this year she started off when leaves came tum-  
bling down  
(Harrying, burying, ever the secret leaves);  
Three mounds she left upon the slope under the hem-  
lock trees;  
Is it the mounds that send her forth, mounds and  
memories?

### WHERE THE WHIPPOORWILL SINGS

There's a cabin in the valley  
Where the whippoorwill sings,  
And I'm often longing for it  
And the happiness it brings;  
A strange and mystic happiness  
Where the whippoorwill sings.

There's a lake beside the cabin  
Where the whippoorwill sings,  
And the moonlight on the water  
To my memory ever clings;  
Ever clings in ceaseless splendor  
Where the whippoorwill sings.

There are trees close by the cabin  
Where the whippoorwill sings,  
And their graceful branches hanging  
Make a canopy for kings;  
A cool and shady canopy  
Where the whippoorwill sings.

There is peace within that cabin  
Where the whippoorwill sings,  
And from its cozy fireside  
A gay welcome always rings;  
Rings for friend or stranger  
Where the whippoorwill sings.

### DEAD DREAMS

I have dreamed dreams  
And watched them die,  
And laid them tenderly away,  
When you passed by.  
Shards of my soul  
I placed upon the bier,  
And when you pass this way again,  
You'll know my dreams lie here.

### DAYBREAK

The pale white moon,  
Slipped silently away,  
And dawn came silver robed  
To meet the day.

The sun rose in splendor,  
After a nights repose,  
And drank the dew that morning  
Left upon the rose.

### COUNTING

When you are gone I count the hours,  
As God counts the sleeping flowers.

Night comes again and then I say,  
That's one day less he'll be away.

But the days pass so slow so slow,  
It seems that they will never go.

And I wonder when you're not here,  
If you are counting too, my dear.

### WIND UNDER WINGS

Two gulls ride the wind upward over the cliff  
And hang balancing on steady wings.  
The sea breaks upon the split granite beneath them  
And withdraws, leaving the sea-weed dripping,  
And suddenly surges in again, lifting the sea-weed  
And pouring over the rocks, booming in hollow places.  
High, with the fog above them, the white gulls balance,  
And the wind whistles as it is let through their wings.  
Then suddenly they tilt, and scud back,  
Sweeping over the cypress trees swiftly; and check;  
And ride up into the wind again, slowly,  
On still wings, balancing, forward, forward.  
High above the cliff again they break,  
And curve back over the cypress trees  
And over the far cliff, and are gone.  
God! that is glorious motion,  
Gulls playing with wind!

### LAKE TAHOE

There is no way we breathless infinitesimals may know  
What being of most beautiful propensity  
Meditating stooped  
And with hands of slow, rude immensity  
Heavily scooped  
This timeless, silent well  
Between the blades of granite thrust through snow,  
And breaking inter-stellar density  
Let in the endless, cold, blue flow.

### LIFE AND DEATH

An irate sea beat upon a helpless shore.  
A dying child's cry pierced the night.  
A farmer's lad went about his chore.  
And darkness changed into light.

### SLEEP

My thoughts, composed of queerly  
Woven fabric, stretch out upon a  
Sea of impulses, Some vague, others clear;  
And all merely a plaything  
Of my subconscious mind.

### FOR MYSELF

Mark me down as one of those,  
Who ever sought to find repose  
In a creed, outworn in barbaric days.  
Yet one that flays  
Conventions vain, relentless ways.

### To GOD

I have no plea  
To make to thee,  
Although my life is done.  
Life to me has been free of prayer;  
And a very unhappy one.

### REMNANTS

Well go on, now I am dead.  
All men are free to say what they will;  
I care not so long as my head  
Is pillow'd on the earth's cool breast,  
And Byron's fever ridden brow  
Looms before my eyes,  
While Keats extends a helping hand,  
And others grouped around  
Seem at last to understand.

### THE POET

She stands among her sisters like a hill,  
With other hills, all sloping, green and fair.  
Like them she spreads the daisies at her feet,  
And tangles clover sweetness through her hair.  
But in her heart alone a spring is hid  
With voice that murmurs when the shadows rest,  
And once the stars slipped hooded from the sky  
And slept among the grasses on her breast.

### THE GHOUL

The night wind hurls at the shutters,  
Lashes the tree,  
Trumpets his call where the marshland  
Slumps to the sea,  
Whirling in comber-mad dances,  
Vikingly free.

The flame of me surges to greet him,  
Swept by the plea  
That breaks with the passion of being,  
Breathlessly.  
I fly to the snow-rimmed window  
Only to see  
The skull of the white moon shaken  
Ghoulishly.

### ESTRANGEMENT

I must not grieve for you, though I have gone  
Too far to touch your hands or to embrace  
With love again the look upon your face.

I must not grieve, but sing, for I have known  
Upon my path, entwining star with star,  
Your love as generous as a fern-cupped spring  
Where deserts are.

### FEAR

I have one fear alone in life. . . .  
Fear someday coming home to me  
You'll see me only as your wife,  
The mender of your socks you see  
At any time, and now no more  
Need play to her the troubadour.

### STABILITY

His cool grey eyes and night black hair  
Are all of him that I recall,  
And yet I met him in the spring,  
And knew him till the last of fall.

We swam by night and rode by day,  
And swore there was no love like ours;  
We gave each other all our thoughts,  
And picked a meadow full of flowers.

I met him in the early spring,  
And knew him till the last of fall,  
Yet his grey eyes and night black hair  
Are all of him that I recall.

### CLAIR DE LUNE

I had a little space beside my walk  
To make a flower bed. (The dead old folks  
Who lived here first had planted artichokes  
And peas, and something with a tall, hard stalk.)  
But I, I planted there beside the walk  
My soft-faced pansies, marigolds, heartsease,  
And on the other side, two small rose trees  
Where summer evenings they could nod and talk  
When winds came by. One moonlit night quite late  
When all my flowers were in bloom, I rose,  
And looking out I saw beside the gate  
An old man bending low with rakes and hoes,  
And he was hoeing artichokes quite tall  
Along the walk, beside the old stone wall!

### FLAMINGOES

God must have used dawn-tinted snow  
To form these lovely birds;  
Then tucked a rose of sunrise glow  
Too beautiful for words  
Beneath each wing.

Like fragile statuettes, or flowers  
Upheld by slender stem,  
They wear the cool of dawning hours;  
For God breathed into them  
Eternal spring.

### BEETHOVEN

The heartaches of this lonely man, denied,  
Playtime and love, could not be eased by tears,  
But through his fingertips the empty years  
Were moulded into forms and glorified.  
Each day of burning disappointment cried  
In melodies that stilled the bitter jeers  
Of fate, and for a time relieved his fears,  
And soothed the ache of love unsatisfied.

Did jealous gods of music take away  
Each thing he loved in order to possess  
His soul, to make of his the willing hands  
Through which immortal symphonies could play?  
If so, with naught but sorrow for caress,  
Was deafness needed to complete their plans.

### ROBE OF YOUTH

Hillsides  
Are clothed in youth  
Each spring; man wears it once  
Then changes it reluctantly  
For Age.

### TO A LADY IN A PORTRAIT

Piquant, sweet and dainty,  
Lovely little lady  
Hanging on my wall,  
Good morning!  
Who made your little bonnet  
With the ribbons on it  
And your little frilled and lacy gown?  
You've such dainty little fingers  
And there's such a romance lingers  
All around.  
And that parrot on your shoulder  
Makes me grow a trifle bolder  
For I'd be after asking what he whispers  
In your ear.

### CLAY AND STONE

My heart was like a lump of clay  
That molded to his touch  
In just the way he patterned it—  
It loved so very much.

But now my heart is like a stone  
Immovable and dead,  
No more can sculptor model it—  
It was the things he said.

### ALONE

Alone I wend my lengthy way  
Along life's tricky shore  
And pray for strength to keep the pace—  
I will not ask for more.

Alone, the goal lies straight ahead  
In unobstructed view,  
Alone—but oh, the sacrilege,—  
The way was meant for two.

### THE DREAM OF SEN-I-YAN

Upon this dainty ivory fan  
Is painted the dream of Sen-i-Yan;  
Purple grass 'neath a pale green sky  
Where flashes of white cranes go zigzagging by—  
All of golden bamboo in a cool willow glen,  
A rose-trellised love-nest was builded by Sen,  
Over-shadowed by cherry blooms wet with dew,  
Pearl-pink as a seashell he paints in Yat-Su:  
A bulbul sings by a yellow sea,  
Sings, "Sen-i-Yan, Sen-i-Yan, kiss-i-me?";  
Steals hydromels sweet from the lips of Yat-Su,  
Singing, "Sen-i-Yan, Sen-i-Yan, kiss-i-you?"

### 2

Upon this dainty ivory fan  
Fades the dream of Sen-i-Yan;  
Purple-green smudges strew the sky  
Where linked cranes once zigzagged by—  
From the rose-trellised love-nest of golden  
bamboo,  
The fleeting years have stolen Yat-Su—  
But the dream—did it ever, or, never come true?  
For this aging fan is but the scroll  
Of the secret quest of a lover's soul.

### L'envoi

Wells a wondrous cantata from bulbul and sea—  
(Can joys vibrate on from *what used to be?*)  
Are these faint whisper'd flutings "Kiss-i-me,  
kiss-i-you"  
The musical mem'ries of things they once knew  
When Sen-i-Yan's lips met the lips of Yat-Su?

## LOVE'S FUNERAL PILE

Our love is like a funeral pile,  
High-topped with many a twig and brier.  
For years we've piled it up, unknowingly,  
Yet, always we have sensed  
The thing unseen. Dreary withal,  
And empty-handed, I stagger away,  
Blinded by the bitter smoke engulfing me.  
Like the poor dumb beast that whimpers  
Along the same trodden path;  
Or lies down beside me,—there to die.  
At times my soul is lifted; I feel more gay,  
But those, my bitter moments,  
Serve only to heel my wound.  
Thus more bitterly, and thus more sweet  
Do I grope blindly around love's funeral pile.

## SONNET

I walk amid the brakes and ferns and leaves,  
And feel the soddy pathway under foot;  
I climb the hill, and break the bark from trees,  
And pluck the weed, and nibble wintergreen.  
My ear is tuned to softly sighing breeze,—  
The cowbird and the jayhawk are astir.  
I push my way through tangled underbrush,  
And feel the spider's web across my face.

But most of all I feel a mighty power  
Go in and out, across and over wood.  
Green crickets rasp at butterflies on wing,—  
Frogs croak in ponds, green, slimy, and unseen.  
No matter 'bout the world, or what it brings,  
There is a perfect harmony in things.

### AVOWAL

When I am old and broken like a reed,  
And sun-sets spill no more the ruby wine  
That bacchanal the birds; too spent to heed  
The genesis of spring in sod and vine;  
When the silver tongue of maple trees are mute  
To this almost insensate shell of me,  
And April breathes upon a broken lute  
And silence fills the old affinity,  
Then, as I leaf the page on fading page  
Of intermittent memory, I'll live—  
Despite this bold and truculent pillage—  
As fully, having all that life can give:  
And I vow, I swear! it shall be ever new,  
My love, the old, old love I bring to you!

### TREES

Wide marked with fallow graves is patient earth  
Where peasants, scheming rogues and palsied kings  
Crept to the teeming womb that gave them birth  
To boast a brief dominion over things.  
She watched them fashion crowns from her best gold;  
And from her ore, hot gyves and blades of war;  
And saw them scratch papyrus with the bold  
And childish letters, *lord* and *avatar*.  
She laves her wounds from rain spun from her seas,  
And drops a seed upon the shrinking scars,  
Then rhythmic beauty dances to the breeze  
With arms of silver waving at the stars—  
Through centuries her liquid finger mulls  
Her nectar in the crater of their skulls!

### HEIGHT

They boast of their tower-glories,  
Each than the last more high,  
Nor know that a hundred stories  
Are no more near the sky  
Than any river-violet,  
Or than a basement seems  
That holds a lad whose eyes are wet  
With dreams.

### STRANGE EARTH

Though there may be gladness  
In every other star,  
I think a moon of madness  
Lights earth where we are.  
I think those beings, winging  
Over such a town,  
Must falter from their singing  
When, looking far down,  
They see how many, rooming  
In dark cities stay,  
While up the stream are blooming  
Violets in May.

### RUPERT BROOKE IN SCYROS

This is the Aegean; this is that quiet mere  
Where Rupert stirs in sleep,  
Where vigil for his soul, that is not here,  
Time shall forever keep.

There came an end of ardour and of toil,  
While yet his youth was strong,  
This is the corner of a foreign soil  
That is, forever, song.

Sheer loveliness is on this slope  
Where quiet tides have met;  
I leave my laurel-leaf of hope  
To hear his singing yet.

### TEARS

Tears there must always be:  
And I—who can not weep, while  
Each new sorrow comes—I smile,  
And others weep for me.

### BROKEN THINGS

Broken shells on the seashore,  
Broken stems after a rain,  
Broken wings of wee birdlings,  
Never are whole again.

Broken faith after a promise,  
Broken hopes after the years,  
Broken lives at the sunset;  
God heals these things with tears.

### CAREER

As, down the mountain-side between the crags  
Of jutting cliffs and beetling, threatening, rock  
The rushing torrent dashes, and zigzags  
Its crooked course, and seems to mock  
All things of nature, stones, and earth, and air;  
Obeying nothing, dashing wildly on  
To fling abroad the challenge, "Who would dare  
To check my mad career?" And thereupon  
Continues on its way with furious pace  
Until, enlarged by brooklets, one by one,  
The stream becomes a river, and the race  
Of dashing, crashing, joy at last is done:

So Youth flings wide its arms in mirth and rage  
And soon is Youth no longer, but Old Age.

### NOVEMBER

O, naked brown November hills!  
Ah, wealth of leaves upon the ground,  
That once were green on every bough,  
Now dark and dead they lie around.

And drizzling rain from weeping sky,  
Falls sadly, softly over all  
As if to bid a sad good-bye  
To every little leaf that fall.

### FOREVERMORE

When that day comes,  
And I shall lie  
As cold gray stone  
Beneath the sky,  
No earthly pain  
Or hope or fear  
Will touch the spirit  
Gone from here.

Things will change  
But I shan't know  
Though seething tide  
Beside me go.  
Aeroplanes  
Above may roar,  
And progress  
To new heights may soar,  
But I shall sleep  
Forevermore.

### REMEMBER

And all the wealth of love  
That human heart can hold,  
Thou couldst not replace  
With cold, hard, yellow gold.

### BLOODLESS NIGHT

From the hills the sun is run down,  
Bleached without light lie the bones  
Whitened and mildewed the stones;  
From my veins the sun is run down,  
Dripping from my finger tips  
Pale the hills, paler my lips.

### VARIATIONS ON A THEME

I am a slight and mole-running laugh  
Begun at all crossroads,  
Ending at no fusing of metallic mind;  
I am a pure and fluid sap  
Flung forever in a quaint orbit  
Through tedious veins of artificial mystery.  
Unexplained and resourceful,  
Buttoned to no creed  
Yet somewhat laced to love,  
I stand in the doorway and wonder  
Why I am come.

Who am I to live?  
Beat down the tall sheaves  
And swing the censor in the market place.  
From under my feet they have taken the cool earth.  
Swifter than the blown cloud is the wraith of smoke  
And the thorns crackle under the pot.

Or who am I to die?  
For me there can be no last shadow,  
No broken darkness, no clean morning,  
I stand year-long in white light,  
No music, no verse shade my eyes  
Or cool the soles of my feet.

### FRUGALITY

She hoarded grief.  
It was the dividend  
That fate apportioned  
As direct returns  
Upon the scant investment  
That she had made  
In clownish life.  
Shallow grief,  
Notes of self-pity  
Long attuned  
With half-imagined ills.

Grief, her scare-crow,  
And she dressed him well. . . .

### SUPPLICANTS

Lift your arms high, tall tree,  
Reach to the blue of the sky,  
Rooted to earth you must be  
Even as I.

Chant your lament on the wind,  
Leashed to the dust are we;  
From hunger like unto ours  
Springs liberty.

Welcome the storm that breaks  
Tearing away your breath,  
Freedom's requital, the price  
Reckoned as death.

### BARREN THINGS

All barren things are beautiful to me. . . .  
Straight naked cliffs along an ashen sea,  
The gaunt old frame of yonder sailing mast,  
A broken desert shrub with roots upcast,  
Deserted fields and late unbudded springs—  
I find a shredded joy in barren things.

### Moon Candy

I think the moon  
An old lady with grey hair  
Making divinity fudge.

I see her put cups of scintillating stars  
In her sky bowl,  
Pour in silver liquid,  
Add a pinch of forest-pine flavor,  
Stir and stir and stir  
With a spoon of evening breeze.

Then I see her pour the silver candy  
On the platter  
Of the still blue-black lake.

Now from my boat  
I gaze on the silver candy-lake  
Happy  
To see a night bird  
Dart down  
Stealing a taste of moon-candy  
And I,  
Like the night bird,  
Dip in my oars  
Stealing my share of the silver fudge.

### The Moon Is A Silver Carp

I caught a star  
And threw it in the lily pond.

I hoped to see  
A shiny fish nibble the star-bait.

A silver carp  
Swam from out the water-lilies  
And swallowed my star.

### HATE

How thick and so black, are the mists of hate.  
The bright light of Heaven cannot shine through.  
So clammy and cold, hate creeps over you  
And makes you shiver, and shrink from your fate.  
The thrills of music, you can never hear;  
Beauty of flowers can never be seen;  
You wallow in slime—shunned by all men—  
You'll live in distress, and die in despair.  
Amid scenes of hate, your life would be vain.  
For what could you do in darkness and sin?  
Cast away hate, let forgiveness come in!  
Don't wander alone in hatred and pain.  
Let love dissolve hate, see sunshine again;  
Strive to be happy and live not in vain.

### HAPPY HOURS

Happy hours, now passed and gone,  
When love o'er any pathway shone

The days were fair,

The nights were clear,

Sorrows seemed forever gone.

Hopes shone bright as stars above;

Sweet the air with ardent love.

Too soon love fled—

My hopes are dead.

With aching heart, I sadly rove.

Back my lover comes no more.

A hero's death, I deplore.

To country's call

He gave his all—

He sleeps on a foreign shore.

But true love will death survive,

In Eden, again will live.

We'll meet some day

So far away,

Where sleeping love will revive.

### MY ART GALLERY

I have a gallery of art,  
Belonging unto me—  
And no one can go in but me,  
For only I possess the key.

And hanging in my gallery  
Are views of every kind.  
The pictures are all landscapes  
And the gallery is my mind.

### "O SNOW-WHITE CLOUDS"

O snow-white clouds in yon fleecy sky,  
What purity you do signify!  
Even so do *we* in our true selves express  
That same purity and that same whiteness.  
Not a spot nor a stain does your brightness know.  
Not of wrong nor of ill,  
But with light all aglow  
Is our *perfect self* which knows no sin,  
Nor matter, with ills contained therein;  
And with Love all aglow  
Like the clouds in the sky,  
We praise *His* name,  
And *Him* magnify!

### TE DEUM GRATULAMUR

Dear God, I thank Thee: Thou hast made me know  
It is Thy will that henceforth I should go  
Singing to all men that Thou hast made Life fair;  
How veiled in pain of Thy face hanging there  
Shines, like the sun of winter through the snow,  
The Peace and Gladness that are Thine to show  
To those who know.

Dear God, I thank Thee: Thou hast made me see  
Through the strong years that were and are to be  
That bright intensity of springing Life  
Shines through the blood that flows from thorns of  
Strife  
Making the struggle worth the agony;  
For this deep secret Thou hast shown to me—  
This Life that flowed from Thy pierced side, with  
blood  
Washing Mankind with Thine eternity  
Of the Life-Spirit—"Life, even in death, is good."

### TIME'S WEAPONS

The Armory of Time is stocked with Years,  
In two great rooms the ordered shaft-sheafs lie—  
The Darts in one have spent their full careers;  
Those in the other room have yet to fly  
From the great Archer's sun-forged, flame-bright bow,  
Across Eternity's blue-vaulted dome:  
Swiftly they soar, as new-fledged eagles go,  
And yet with ever-lessening speed come home.  
Those that have reached the Armorer's hand once  
more  
Are scarred and scrawled with deeply graven tales;  
So each Year bears the imprint of its score—  
The Past's wealth; and the Accountant never fails.  
The Forger models after bolts thus spent  
The Arrows that for the Future's store are meant.

### MY SHADOW

"I have a little shadow  
That goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him"  
You very soon will see.

If I cross the street, he's with me;  
If I just run in next door:  
When I sweep, he's right behind me,  
When I sew, he's on the floor.

"Don't go downstairs without me,"  
"Tell me when you're going out,"  
"Can I help you, Mother Darling?"  
So he follows me about.

May God in Heaven bless him,  
My shadow, my dear son.  
And guide his feet in the right way,  
When my life's work is done.

### WHY

When I'm in need, God on High,  
I kneel to Thee, with piteous cry;  
But when the road is smooth and fair,  
Then I forget that You are there.

Why do I wait for trials and tears,  
To make me know, through all the years  
That You are waiting there for me,  
My staff, my rock, my hope to be.

### THE LONELY WAY

I shall not take the crowded thoroughfare. . .  
The chattering and the jostling of the crowd  
That rushes after gold and fame drowns out  
The whisperings of the spirit, not so loud.

The whisperings of the spirit *not so loud*  
But full of solace through each pain-fraught day.  
Alas, I lost so much while with the throng  
That I must hurry back this lonely way.

That I must hurry back this lonely way  
With, here and there, a straggler by my side.  
Much easier to press on with the mob?  
It does no good to try to stem the tide?

It does no good to try to stem the tide  
(At least it does no good that I can know)  
But, if a Friend waits on the Lonely Way  
And calls and calls, I find I have to go!

### THAT INCONVENIENT PRECEDENT

I did a little service for my love  
At cost of my convenience and my time:  
His face was radiant as he made a move  
To stay me from the sacrifice. Sublime  
Was my reaction to his murmured thanks.  
Another day, at greater cost to me,  
The service was repeated. O, what pranks  
One's own may play! For, with dull apathy  
Did he accept the sacrifice. And, on  
Another day when I had not a chance  
To do this thing for him, stared with cold eyes  
That pierced my heart like a two-edged lance  
*Demanding justice . . . which was hardly wise.*

To all good wives I'd say: be not intent  
On establishing an inconvenient precedent!

### PRAYER

Oh, let me not grow old as they have grown,  
Like zinnias standing stiff and dried, stalk-high  
Against a blackened fence when spring is gone,  
To drop to seed and all unnoticed lie,  
Identified with earth and moulding things.  
Oh, never let my laughter take the sound  
That wind through grasses parched by summer brings,  
Or rustling leaves that autumn left aground.  
They are too weary, and their step too slow  
To run with April through the scented rain.  
Too late to catch the showered blossom-snow,  
And watch Spring sadly, through their window pane.

Oh, time my going with the summer rose  
That drops its petals when their beauty goes.

### THE HOUR GLASS

Oh even this bright grain of sand will pass  
Into oblivion against the gleam  
Of all the many in the bottom glass  
That went before to feed the endless stream.  
And never can we make our fingers hold  
Back one swift sand to break the stream's smooth flow,  
Nor touch again those dropped into the mold.  
We need not weep to watch the bright mound grow,  
But turn to catch the now descending grain  
And hold it up to feel the light before  
It loses its identity again  
To fill the bottom glass a little more.  
  
And yet however swift their passage be,  
The upper sands will last as long as we.

### To A.

You blustered and swaggered wherever you went,  
Your money and youth like a prodigal spent;  
You cold-shouldered Duty and catered to Joy.—  
But your eyes were the eyes of a hurt little boy.

So, though I outgrew you these many years gone,  
The wistful, weak charm of you still lingers on.  
And I'd lay down my body again and again  
To cover your grave from this merciless rain.

### RESTORATION

A summer wind had wooed the green-clad trees  
To dancing ecstasy. And golden light  
Of moonbeam bathed the earth in radiance.—  
We shared the beauty of the scented night.

Tonight the icy wind howled mournfully;  
The bare trees wept, nor cared to dance and smile;  
The earth lay dark and chill. And then you came,  
And brought back summer for a little while.

### DREAMS

I said, "I will not dream again. Though dreams  
Should stab like swift stilettos on my heart,  
I'll raise a shield against each painful dart."  
This vow I made—and kept it, too, it seems.  
Not even that beauty which through passion gleams  
Could shake me. Long I played the saner part  
Of one who stands amused and calm, from start  
To finish of Life's game, the world that teems  
With loveliness unheeded. Then you came.—  
You walked in beauty like a god of old—  
The young Apollo never was so fair.  
And in this breathless hour I call your name  
My shield is cast aside, only to hold  
You close; my heart to dreams again I bare.



### RAINBOW

I dreamed I stole a rainbow from the sky,  
Drawing the iridescent threads; and twirled  
Them flauntingly in circles round the world,  
Leaping upon the red as it flew by.  
Mad, breathless rapture sought to terrify,  
When orange slowly caught my flight and hurled  
Me into yellow sun; from green I whirled  
Through blue into death's purple lullaby.

When I awoke and found it was a dream,  
Fatigued and dizzy for a while, I lay  
In thankfulness for earth's rich color scheme  
Which in its radiance holds the night and day.  
Else like the paintless houses by life's streum,  
Our roofs and cornices would rot away.

### WAITING FOR RAIN

The limp day,  
burdened, dull,  
envelopes me,  
smothers me,  
seeps me up  
as a jellyfish  
seeps up its prey.  
I am nothing today,  
nothing can I write.  
I am waiting  
for rain.

### ARABY

Ha! Incense smoke rises, and what do I see?  
Small, henna stained fingers that beckon to me;  
The eyes of an houri; a sweet, haunting face;  
A slim form of liquidly blood-firing grace,  
That tempts beneath shimmering, transparent folds  
Made of rainbow pastels, and espangled with gold.  
Now she's dancing before me, her skirts whirling wide;  
Her anklets! They tinkle with each step and glide  
To the musical wails in a high minor strain.  
Allah, bring me her warmth next my body again!  
Ai! Hot is the brass urn I keep by my bed—  
But the ashes within it, though perfumed, are dead.

### EGYPTIAN NIGHT

There is no twilight,  
There is no dawn;  
Night sleeps in your arms—  
And then day is come.

### I LOVE A PICKET FENCE

I love a picket fence.

A face pressed close against its pales will see  
Quaint, speckled tiger lilies nodding there,  
A worn flag walk, a shaggy, needled tree,  
A still house basking in the sunny air;  
The bench, with scalded milk crocks, sentinel  
On short, square legs beside the kitchen door;  
Mud pies, inspired by eager, pudgy hands,  
Have made that shallow hole in earth's rough floor.

I love a picket fence.

### THE TROTH

We pledged our troth, 'twas in my den  
Although we did not have the right,  
Your flushed cheeks paled, you trembled when  
We pledged our troth, 'twas in my den.  
That night, our night, we loved.—Till then  
You were a star, elusive, bright.  
We pledged our troth, 'twas in my den  
Although we did not have the right.

### DISCOVERY

Beloved  
Your luscious lips  
Were sweet, my dream divine  
Until my blinded eyes saw your  
Deceit.

### FLAMING YOUTH

Flaming youth like wild fire raging  
Flares then rushes madly on,  
Only calms down under pressure  
When life's milestones halt the throng.

Flaming youth with passion burning  
Lives in grandeur, seeming strong,  
But tomorrow finds the ashes  
Of the burned that's passed along.

Flaming youth when aged is tortured  
By the fire of smoldering thought,  
Though the blackened cinders crumble  
Marks are left that youth had wrought.

Flaming youth with only memory  
Drinks from life's pure water jars,  
But the charred remains will linger  
Only God can heal the scars.

### INEVITABLE

Moonlight silvers along the sand,  
Small waves run up the shore  
Two voices ripple back and forth  
High on the tide of life.  
Two humans who will be no more,  
When still the sea will beat  
Upon that shore.

### COLORLESS

A little gray sidewalk leads up to  
the narrow gray house  
A narrow gray man is painting the  
house more gray  
Two gray lives creep down those  
gray steps each day  
To a narrow gray routine  
I wish that scarlet and gold could  
be splashed  
All over those two gray lives  
Living in the narrow gray house.

### INDIVIDUALITY

I think those clear-cut shadows  
Would break  
Like black glass bottles  
Broken on white stones  
That they would ring  
With silvery tones  
As the thinnest glasses do  
If one but touched them.

Day deepens softly into dusk  
Melting black glasses  
Into indistinguishable masses.

### BELIEF

Some unbelievers took an idol's clay,  
Shaped in a form of God, and in one day,  
Destroyed it, leaving pieces crushed and bent  
To prove *that* god was not omnipotent!

But in their ignorance, they could not know,  
Those righteous who convince by faith or blow,  
That breaking man-made images can't kill  
A god who lives within his people still.

### THOUGHTS

In the formless world of ether  
That surrounds our tiny planet,  
Nameless, countless Thoughts are surging—  
Joining—growing—for expression.  
As the mind is, so the thought springs,  
Whether noble, mean or shallow;  
And degree of concentration  
Makes the new thought strong or feeble.  
If our minds could only tune in  
On the messages so broadcast—  
What a bedlam of confusion—  
What a deafening roar of static!  
But if one could have the wisdom  
To reduce such strange confusion . . .  
Separate bad thoughts from good ones,  
Modify—enlarge—and tune them . . .  
By the time they reached to Heaven,  
Only pure thoughts upward winging,  
On God's ears would fall the music  
Of a Choir's harmonious singing.

## UPPRESSION

The Ages come, the Ages go,  
The same old struggles keep on though:

And each one finds himself the scene  
Of every conflict that's ever been.

But forces of good are ever on high  
To those who will let no other come nigh.  
So the one sure way to come out on top  
Is to keep right on pressing right on up.

## LOVE OF GOD

Love of God, so I am told  
Envelopes us as in a cloud,  
As mother-arms a child enfold:  
A sweet protective gentle shroud.

All this is true for I do know  
His presence, peace and power,  
The Light and Love that for me glow  
As when sun shines, so when storms glower.

But dears, this secret, have you known?  
What is it breathes this joyous air?  
What draws Him nigh unto His own,  
And having drawn, what keeps Him there?

Not only that great Love of His,  
The Love He showers on cherubim.  
Its Love of God, of course it is,  
Love of God: OUR LOVE FOR HIM!

### RESTRAINT

Dignity from indignity arose  
And came with armored stiffness to his call  
And there remained with him in silence cold  
Aloof, disdainful in appearance to  
Conceal an attitude assumed and shamed  
Pretentiously to hide the fragile truth  
That Strength—the strength of strong is but a cloak  
That shelters seething, boiling heat beneath  
Its coat of mail where straining refugees  
The fiery flames of heated anger burn  
Unquenched with cogent power to efface  
The strongest steel in fury that consumes  
And leaves him molten, quivering in rage  
The while the torrent pent up surges to  
Release and quell the source from which arose  
The chill of dignity that would stamp out  
Indignities as with a master stroke  
Of vengeance long sought to avenge a wound  
Inflicted by a stupid mortal's tongue.

### UNFULFILLED DESIRE

The whole of you is longing unfulfilled,  
And though the years roll by your fires are not  
Yet quenched; and you, in silence mourn the rot  
Of moldered ruin which dry decay has spilled  
Upon desire so hopelessly unstilled.  
Your wistful smile is but a token got  
From hopes that were but fading marked the spot  
With tender smiles that never can be killed.  
And thus, a memory lingers of a love  
Undying, ever faithful to the end.  
With hopeless hope, love's bitterest reward,  
That smolders ever on to swirl above  
The pit of darkest gloom on wings that send  
A naked, uncrushed breast to face the sword.

### EVENING WISH

The stars bloom one by one from darkling blue.  
Moon holds a fan of leaves before her face  
And mystic shadows swoop and dart and race.  
From gabled eaves above a bat just flew  
To feast on moths the lamp's pale flicker drew.  
A jasmined breath drifts from the webby lace  
Of vines that screen my dusky hiding place.  
The bullfrog clears his throat to sing anew.

What was today? I cannot half recall  
The things I did, some mist sets them apart.  
Tomorrow? Present minutes bind my heart.  
I ask of life no other gift at all  
Than that this twilight linger, and the tide  
Of years sweep back and bring you to my side.

### STAR-WISDOM

Stars look so cool  
Like diamonds flashing blue  
Across the night.  
I had forgotten  
They were flaming suns.  
I reached to touch  
A star one evening.  
I burnt my fingers!

### RAINY TALK

Slanting strokes of rain  
Speak to me from the window—  
Mysterious code.

My eyes can not read  
The silver dots and dashes,  
Wind-flung, but my heart—

### WIND AND FIRE

The wind is a blustering fellow;  
It puffs out its cheeks and blows;  
It howls about our house;  
It roars down our chimney;  
It says, "What ho! See who's here!  
Now aren't you scared?"  
It is like a small boy showing off—  
A futile thing, the wind!

The fire leaps high in the fire-place;  
It crackles; it pounces on the wood  
And consumes great logs in glee;  
It disgorges great piles of ashes;  
Its beauty cheers us;  
Its warmth permeates our bodies;  
It is not futile; it is a glorious spend-thrift,  
Pouring itself out for others.

### KEEPSAKES

A smile—the lighting of your eyes—  
A winging word or two—  
These are the keepsakes that I hold  
In memory of you.

As flash of blue seen through the clouds,  
As sun-flecked waves at sea,  
So swift, so vivid, came and went  
Those days you spent with me.

And now my heart can know no rest;  
A memory poignant, sweet,  
Lies deep within. Till you return  
Life ne'er will be complete.

### WHITE IRIS

Like the night beautiful  
Wisdom you hold;  
Stately majestical  
Haughtily cold,  
Slenderly regal,  
Stonily pure.  
White flower of beauty,  
Ghost of a lure.

### INHERITANCE

I am heir to all beauty of the earth,  
To sadness, and the eyes of those who smile  
At pain. To tears born of my learning while  
I hear the message of the rain. The worth  
Of toil. The great, gray swamp of life. The dearth  
Of hours of ease. The gay, glad days my dial  
Bequeaths. Slim trees that shade the longest mile,  
The passion of the souls that gave me birth.

All this is mine, look where I will. The street  
Cries out its song of life in every face.  
I feel their pain. I hear their restless feet  
That must move on, and in each life I trace  
My kin to them, my anguished wings that beat  
With theirs, upon the door that ends the race.

### RONDEAU

Love has made of me a slave,  
Terrible in all his driving;  
I so timid, once so brave  
Scarce have mind to keep a thriving.  
I, who laughed at such as this,  
Where is now my scornful laughter?  
Bartered freedom for a kiss—  
Slavery after.

### HER FADING ROSE

Wind, ever changing in force and trend,  
Working wonders, good or ill—  
Blowing new fortune to all enroute,  
May its courses change at will.  
Gently the breezes, as roses bloom,  
In a moment come and go;  
Changes, too come in *their* force and trend  
But the why we may not know.

Love, at a moment too lightly held  
As in gold-hued meshes caught;  
Years of contrition for that mistake  
Has a life of dolor brought.  
Trivial, now, do the reasons seem  
As the weights on her heart impose;  
Tears of remorse blind her troubled eyes  
As she fades with her fading rose.

Back in her memory's tomb of dreams  
Is a wee but well guarded gate;  
Locked in that place are the pictured scenes  
Of the rose and its tragic fate.  
Years and the rosebud together fade,  
But the scenes the more vivid wax;  
Time covers none of the poignant hurts,  
Nor do memory's grips relax.

### THE VACANT HOUSE

The faded print  
Of the old sign  
"For Rent",  
Cobwebbed and torn,  
Would scarce invite  
An inquiry  
From passer-by,  
Yet in the yard  
The flowers bloom  
And grasses green,  
For neighbors  
Lack the heart  
To see them die. . .  
So the ghost  
Of another springtime  
Lingers still.

### LONE WOMAN

There was one of whom the adults spoke  
With voices hushed and low,  
As though it were not right to speak of her  
With whom they would not go,  
Yet seemed to think no wrong of leaving her,  
Lone, and friendless and old. . . .  
What hungry longing must have haunted her  
With all the neighbors cold!

Alone she lived, alone she died,  
In death still maiden-named,  
Life victim of the tongues that plied  
The rumors through the town. . . .  
So long had folks avoided her,  
As she lay dying on her bed  
She must have worried, wondering—  
Who would bury her when dead?

### SELENE'S KISS

From High Olympus nightly crept  
Selene, Goddess of the Moon,  
To kiss Endymion as he slept  
And in his ear softly to croon.

So, Spring descends from out the sky—  
The earth puts on its new green dress;  
Birds sing, brooks gurgle, breezes sigh—  
All life is thrilled with her caress.

Her kiss wakes the anemones,  
Wood violets show the heaven's blue  
Where they smile 'neath the burgeoning trees—  
Buds of hepatica laugh, too.

We hear the grasses' whisperings,  
The patter of the rain-cloud's tears,  
The whistling redbird as he sings—  
For, Spring once more croons in our ears.

### RESURGENCE

When I am dead,  
And gone where everyone must go;  
And o'er my head  
Lie winter's chilling rains and snow;  
There in my bed  
I'll sleep, and neither care nor know.

But, in the spring,  
When gorgeous blossoms fill the trees,  
And bird-songs ring,  
And fragrant newness scents each breeze,  
I'll want to fling  
The earthy coverlet off my knees.

### BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH

We are made in the womb of our mother—  
One half of her, and one half of another—  
And when we are born, she bears the pain  
And all only that she may gain  
A tender new life which, as part of God's will,  
He gives to this earth and to life's grist mill.  
Then we spend a few short years of childhood  
Sharing those things which are both bad and good,  
And grow up to become women and men,  
To fight life's battle, to lose or to win.  
We will know moments of contentment and delight,  
Then like a flash, the peace is shattered: we must fight,  
Fight the grim odds of life. And we will tire  
And grow weary with trying to keep out of the mire,  
The fog of life—life which God willed as ours;  
But too soon the sweetness of it fades and sours,  
And we become just another being in the human litter  
Fighting among themselves for life; and we're bitter  
Because we find that life isn't for us alone,  
But all, interdependent though each has his own  
Little path on life's endless broad road  
And each has his style, his passions, his mode.  
And, foolish we are, too often we scorn  
Another though we in the same manner are born  
And must fight, as he, our own little fight  
Hard though it be. And that which is right  
We must strive to keep right as can be,  
Though your battle's for you and mine for me.  
Life is only birth, childhood, and then youth,  
Middle age and with it the dawning of truth,  
The twilight of living and the fear of death,  
Few smiles, many heartaches—and one last gaping  
breath.

### A PICTURE (FRAMED BY THE WINDOW)

The dusk rose and the open blue  
Of the lake. . . .  
A boat tranquilly gliding by  
Barely seeming to move.  
Soft screening of smoke  
From chimneys along the shore.  
Dark silhouetted houses  
Dotted with lights. . . .  
Just a few more seconds  
And night's darkening cloak  
Will hide it from view.

### A LIFE FOR SALE

Not a life with  
An artistically  
Woven pattern—  
But a hectic  
Conglomeration of knotted threads  
And holes—  
No mends—  
For in the race  
To live  
No time was allotted  
To go back.  
Many loose ends  
Are left—  
Not gloriously waving,  
Merely hanging on  
To be shaped  
By Time's irony  
With the rest.

### REFLECTION

The Moon's an awful jester  
And makes himself too free;  
I find that he is never  
Where he appears to be.

The Moon is full of magic  
To play such tricks on me;  
To-night, he smiled *down*, from the skies,  
Then smiled *up*—from the sea.

### NIGHTFALL

The trees stand gaunt against the sky;  
The purple tints are falling fast;  
Deep falls the gloom, and deeper still—  
But Heaven's stars shine out, at last.

Nightfall of life in time must come—  
The day shall pass as night creeps on;  
But though the darkness claims us all,  
Beyond the night, there is a DAWN.

### DEATH

Like children, we are frightened at that name  
Which holds strange fables of eternal fires;  
A dream of darkness with fictitious flame  
That scorches and corrupts, as life expires.  
The spirit cannot die, but life repeat—  
In some more glorious form itself declare,  
Until each enemy it shall defeat  
And love becomes fulfillment to all prayer.

I hold all things are altered—nothing dies.  
This so-called death is but a journey—West;  
The soul encounters sin, yet sin defies,  
Until of evil it is dispossessed.  
The Inner-Man shall conquer time and space  
To find a fuller joy—in some far place.

### THE VOICE

I've heard the voice of Beauty unexpressed,  
And now I'll turn and go my lonely way,  
And take my tools and build a thing of clay,  
And labor till the silent voice's at rest.

I've heard the voice of Beauty unexpressed,  
And now though Love is beautiful and still,  
The wind goes mousing by a distant hill;  
The stars are rising near a mountain crest.

And I must up and labor, best to best,  
Like one whom midnight dreams forever keep,  
Until the dream is done, and men have guessed,  
And Beauty speaks and I may go to sleep.

### STRANGE AWAKENING

This is Thoth. Arise, ye weary dead.  
Behold, the day hath come; Osiris waits.  
Up from thy chamber! the night winds whine and  
shake,  
The hour is heavy, the gloom of time is great.

This is Thoth. All past and wond'rous things,  
All goad of fears, and shell of human powers  
Shall fall again to thee . . . the monstrous hours  
Have come: Arise and greet the King of kings.

The vague and ghastly shadows flick and flair.  
This is thy call:—one reads the secret scroll . . .  
Anubis, Jackal god, will lead thee there  
Dead soul, arise, the tomb has paid its toll.

This is Thoth. The ages blown away,  
Osiris waits within the shadowy tomb.  
Isis has chosen thee; return to day.  
This is Thoth. On Earth the flowers bloom.

### A CINQUAIN FOR SMOKE

Slow smoke  
Floating from pipes,  
Drifting from cottage roofs,  
Rising from factory funnels,  
Means peace.

### FOR A MAN WITHOUT A JOB

I have seen many faces,  
Beautiful, radiant, compelling;  
Yet long after I have forgotten them and they are dust,  
Long after I myself am dust,  
I shall remember your face.

I shall remember your face—  
The sallow skin stretched tightly across the sharp  
bones;  
The sad, colorless mouth;  
The gentle, fevered eyes shining through the heavy  
goggles.

I may forget my lover's lips and eyes,  
But like a sin, like a hope,  
Your face will follow me to my grave.

Surely here is proof of the immortal soul!  
Your belly is shrunken with hunger,  
Yet in a soft voice you speak rapturously  
Regarding the high destiny of the people.

### SPRING

Tall, white  
Gladiolas  
Lifting their heads to the  
April sun are like young choir boys  
Singing.

### PARADOX

I shall live in a shanty,  
Far away on a hill,  
So I can see the sun-up  
From my window sill.

I'll bake a jar of cookies  
To give away each day,  
And maybe love will wander by  
On his weary way.

I shall die in a shanty,  
Far away on a hill,  
Watching for my lover  
From my window sill.

### HOPELESS

Love is a tramp in shabby clothes;  
Where he abides, nobody knows.  
I dream of him when I rest my head,  
Desire him—in my lonely bed.  
He may be a beggar, prince or a king,  
But I'd love him if  
He were any old thing!

### LIKELY

I thought the world had atrophied—  
Things grew indistinct and still,  
Yet, I could be moved at will.  
You were life, the atmosphere—  
Fragrance seemed to grace the air,  
When your love was only fair.  
Yesterday I walked about:  
I found the world was just the same—  
It was so big and full of quips,  
I bought another hundred chips!

### YOUR CHOSEN WAY

I followed you across the hill  
And waited there watching a while,  
Watching each crag and winding rill—  
I begged for just one cheery smile.

Along the path in other years,  
Your tender words had been so kind  
They healed my heart and dried my tears,  
And gave me wonderous peace of mind.

You walked so fast upon the crest  
That I was lost in forest brush;  
Calling, I did my yearning best  
To stop your urgent, onward rush.

Then, in the midst of silence deep,  
The ache of sorrow killed my soul,  
No one was left to hear me weep,  
As you went on to reach your goal.

Now, as I listen to your voice  
And hear you say, so tenderly,  
“Sweetheart, you’ve always been my choice,”  
There’s no responding joy in me.

The only answer I can give  
Is, “On that hill of pain, that day,  
The love within me ceased to live —  
As you went on your chosen way.”

### THE MOCKINGBIRD

The summer night hangs like a gown  
Down through the air; the starry crown  
Sends through the dark its golden beams.  
Wake up, my darling from your dreams!  
Awake to beauty, love and glee,  
And listen to the melody,  
The burst of passion, pure delight,  
A medley flowing through the night.

It is the mockingbird I hear;  
His silvery notes are deep and clear;  
They mingle with the sweet perfume  
Shed by the orange grove in bloom.  
Tonight love stirs his heart and brains,  
And flows from him in liquid strains.  
The lover sings unto his mate!  
Wake up, my dear, ere it's too late.

### MYSTERY

I see the sunset and bright star,  
And I hear moanings of the bar;  
I see the mountain, bay and glen,  
What do they offer dying men?

Is faith deceptive, made to cheer  
The dying and unthinking here?  
Is it the useless thought of love  
That wants to meet dear ones above?

The tide flows in and ebbs away,  
And man is born and dies to-day.  
Where does he go, where is his home?  
Does he end like the ocean's foam?

These may not be revealed to men;  
Perhaps they are too deep for ken.  
Why try invade the realm of seer?  
Our world needs us, our work is here.

### TRIANGLE

He took Martha to wife, thinking a man can mate  
At will, choosing his woman coolly, laughing at fate—  
Mere superstition! And so the other came too late.

He was bewildered, who believed his made-world sane,  
As one, late-waking to the glory of high noon  
Out of cool dreams, illumined only by the moon,  
Who dreads to open dazzled eyes and see day plain.

Silent, to Martha he gave all that honor denied  
To him, its seeming, flesh for spirit. With wifely pride,  
She told that other, "We still are groom and bride."

Once to the forbidden threshold of her room he came,  
Bitten and goaded by unquenchable hot flame,  
And whispered there the syllables that made her name.

She, hearing from the farther boundary of sleep  
His voice, descended, stirred, and sighed, and woke  
Reluctantly, thinking she only dreamed he spoke,  
And craving end of endless pain in endless sleep.

Shuddering, she drew her covers but slept no more,  
Stifled her tears, heard nothing when he left her door,  
And watched the gradual daylight creep along the floor.

On the morning they came to say that he was dead,  
Telling her Martha needed to be comforted,  
And left her dressing, "She is very cool," they said.

And she stood with Martha in that awesome place,  
Gazing with burning eyes, wondering if he guessed,  
Being now free of flesh, what fire she had suppressed,  
Martha said, "Suffering has not marked his face.

"Still—I cannot stay here in this room. Oh, how  
Death changes everything! I would not touch him  
now,"

And left them. Then she stooped and kissed the vacant  
brow.

### JESTERS

We are jesters  
We fools who fling  
Dainty songs, unreckoning,  
At heads of staunch and godly men  
Hoping to gain a recompense.

### HE WHO WOULD LIVE

He who would live must love, and love  
Only because no other thing  
Within, without, below, above  
Can break his heart or make him sing.

### YES, I HEAR YOUR LAUGHTER

Yes, I hear your laughter  
Under April skies,  
And I *see* the laughter  
Dancing in your eyes.

I've no time for thinking  
Why you laugh, or why  
Such a charming vision  
Has been born to die.

Spring in all its glory  
Binds my heart today,  
Slave to mortal beauty  
That must fade away.

For I hear your laughter  
Rippling, silver clear;  
And though pain is somewhere  
It has no welcome here.

### THE POET

Imagination coupled with the man,  
And local culture with a restless soul,  
See on every mountainside a Pan,  
And in the field, a spirit in the mole.  
As Nature spreads with heavenly luster  
A seeming landscape o'er his eye: the winds  
Scatter far and wide his rhythmic bluster,  
And bring back fame and sophomania.

### MY LITTLE BOY LAUGHS

My little boy laughs. Should I envy him?  
Though his life is bright and mine grows dim:  
There's many a bump 'waits his curly head  
That I vainly wish on mine instead.  
So I toss a torch to light the ways  
I stumbled along in bygone days,  
And give him a smile to cheer him through;  
For I know he dreams,—I once dreamed too.  
So now, when he laughs, I never sigh:  
I'll not let him know how dreams can die.

### TO A VAGRANT THOUGHT

Lost! Lost forever! Coward, sluggard, knave,  
All that's good and noble in me  
Now rises up and bids my heart be brave  
Ere the surging tide rolls o'er me.  
Now faintly sparkling on the wave lapped beach,  
Tingling my soul when it appears,  
Then shimmering, fading, beyond my reach;  
Despairing eyes I lave with tears  
Till blind despair blasts all my cherished hopes.  
No. It grows brighter now. It gleams.  
My trembling fingers in the twilight grope  
To find if it is all it seems.  
I clasp it tight; my heart o'erflows with pride.  
But no—it's gone. My dream has died.

### No GOD, THEY SAY?

Then they have not looked at leaves  
Nor drunk the deep perfume of a rose,  
Nor traced its whorl of petals, deep  
Dipped in dawn to make them glow.  
They do not feel the thrill of lifting up  
To catch the voice of God in music,  
Even as a tree uprears its head and rustles,  
"Thank you, God," with all its leaves.

### DAY

I saw Day in her breathless youngness  
Throw long shadows from her hand,  
While dew like a lacy cobweb  
Lay threaded on the grass;  
And the wind blew gently in her hair  
To the tune of a bird's sweet note.

I saw, in the splendors of sunset,  
Day descend from the sky; then,  
Like a rider bespangled and glorious,  
With a last magnificent gesture  
Fold a star-hung tent behind her,  
Leading mortals to their rest.

### SONG OF THE FIRE

I dance and flutter and flicker and flare;  
I sing of the wind in the boughs.  
The warmth and glow of the sun are mine.  
Blue of the night and green of the leaves  
Hide in my golden dancing blaze;  
I only unlock the song of the trees  
Hidden here through all the years.

### IN THE CATHEDRAL

The soft light fell aslant sad Mary's face,  
And touched her gown of her own shade of blue.  
It seemed as though the Child, caught by her grace  
And winsomeness, stirred in her arms to sue  
For some small token of her love. I knelt  
Bewildered, tossed and torn by doubts and fears.  
My heart was conscious only that it felt  
A need for peace. It might have been for years  
I knelt there, so outside of Time I seemed.  
I found no words would come; I could not pray.  
Across the marble altar, late light streamed,  
And people came and went their silent way.  
I rose with questionings unstilled, unsaid.  
Yet I was some way, strangely comforted.

### BEAUTY

I cannot think of hollyhocks so gay,  
Of pines against an endless azure sky,  
Of purple dusk, of apple trees in May,  
Of lilac shadows on a mountain high,  
Save with a thankfulness that beauty's power  
Can make so vivid all these memories.  
I can re-live the rapture of an hour,  
Recapture once again the ecstacies  
That filled me with a joyous throbbing pain  
Which seared away my little silly fears,  
And made my soul to stand erect again  
And feel itself at one with all the spheres  
Only a god would know that He must give  
Beauty on earth, that we might dare to live.

### MAN DESTINY

Yea, thou shalt dissipate like winter snows  
Beneath the pressure of the warm spring sun  
Of some more vital life: the unbegun  
Shall bury thee in voids where all life goes.  
When weariness, the sceptic poison flows  
Into the course that hardihood has won  
And faith kept potent: thy desire has run  
Thee to ineptitude, a need of woes.

Thy splendid form, unparalleled design,  
Shall find the depths, abysm of the world,  
And Time, whose womb so slowly wrought thee, curled  
In intricate repose, cannot repine:  
Eternal pregnancy that strives to cast  
On fields of space the pattern that will last.

### STRICKEN

The earth's crust shifts and heaves in tidal throes  
While, bulging to the moon, the rotten sphere  
Careens through crystal and the vacant year.  
Through scattered voids that drift in bleak repose,  
The vibratory lash of light and those  
Obscurer waves that crack orb-cores come sheer:  
Matter disintegrates as rays assail the near  
Planets, and earth is pierced by splitting blows.

Exacting compensation for its birth,  
The moon drags tides around the core-racked earth,  
And through the lucid steel of night come rays  
That crumble stone and number earthly days.  
This is the firm foundation then, man's place,  
A palsied globe corrupting into space.

### INDIAN TO THE FETISH

Little god of red man,  
Bring me hunting skill.  
Fill the woods with big caboose,  
With deer for me to kill.

Little god of red man,  
Send us Harvest Moon.  
Send his golden light  
For Black Dog dances soon.

Little god of red man,  
Guard me from all wrath  
Of every man and beast  
I meet upon my path.

Little god of red man,  
Little god of love,  
Little god of hunter,  
God of spirits above,  
Here in my breast I shall keep you,  
Here in my breast I shall seek you,  
God of peace, god of war,  
God of Indian man.

### SONNET

Long have I feared the day when we must part  
And go our sep'rate ways, not turning back  
To hold our love between us, heart to heart,  
Draining our cup, that we may never lack.  
That constant fear of separation binds  
Us closer, making love seem bittersweet,  
An evergrowing band of fire that winds  
About our souls and burns us with its heat.  
That flame will eat away this earthly part  
And only leave two souls to melt as one;  
Metal alloy to sell in common mart,  
Phaeton and Icarus burned by mid-day sun;  
And none will ever find us on that day;  
We shall have lived our hour, gone our way.

KEALOHA (FOR NORMA)

Kealoha, last night the moon  
Shone bright on yon white peak;  
Pale, tender stars  
Caressed  
By Night's soft air  
Broke through the clouds.

Kealoha,  
Last night my dreams  
Were of those stars,  
And you.

This morn,  
The sun bathed Heaven  
And the western plain;  
And the scent  
That wandered through  
The clinging air  
Was a jewelled word:  
Kealoha!

DEFINITION

Trees  
Leaning in the breeze  
Like little children,  
Lifting their arms  
To gather charms  
Which God bestows.

TO ONE GONE (FOR LOU)

Yesterday  
You left our little home.  
Today  
Time hangs heavy  
As the silken curtain  
On our white window-sill.

## WORSHIP

Through the chapel's irised windows  
Sunlight laves the altar:  
*O, purple is the silla now  
Beside the roads of Malta!*

The measured hymn is sung; intoned,  
The solemn litany:  
*Thick are the masted ships along  
The quays of Brittany.*

A prayer is said; the organ utters  
Rich profundities:  
*Cliff-high, the breakers crash against  
The craggy Hebrides.*

The anthem's largo flows like lyric  
Tides of golden lava:  
*Chords of color blaze atop  
The jungled boughs of Java.*

The sermon wings its worded way  
From leaf to fronded star:  
*Above the blue lagoon slow sway  
The palms of Malabar.*

The benediction softly falls  
Like silver mist at morn:  
*Moon-white above the cloven clouds  
Lifts the Matterhorn.*

## WATER

The beautiful water, the rippling water,  
It flows on so softly in rhythmical rhyme.  
The wind in the tree tops, the green leafy tree tops,  
With glorious music is keeping in time.

Sunbeams on the mountains, releasing new fountains;  
New fountains of water to sustain the flow.  
On, on to the ocean, with rhythmical motion,  
It flows from the highlands to valleys below.

Green meadow more fertile, wild flowers more fragrant,  
Because of the brooklet that flows in the dell.  
On low hanging branches that hang o'er the water  
A stage for the robin his love notes to tell.

## How I TELL

Spring is here, how can I tell?  
By the little buds that swell,  
By the hum of busy bees,  
By the grass beneath the trees,  
By the croaking from the bogs,  
Loving notes of mating frogs;  
Everywhere the skylarks sing,  
That is how I tell it's spring.  
In the meadows cattle roam,  
Lovers talk about a home.  
Boys play marbles in the lane,  
Robins chirp and chirp for rain.  
Flowers spring up here and there  
Spreading fragrance everywhere.  
All the world begins to sing,  
That is how I tell it's spring.

### DOWN AT THE OLD HOMEPLACE

It never was a place for pomp and show,  
Rather common as places go,  
The walls were dark; its rooms were few;  
Nothing in it was really new;  
It was just the old homeplace.

In summer, days were long and skies were bright.  
To us, the daily tasks were light;  
We kept busy, happy, and gay.  
It just seemed right to be that way  
Down at the old homeplace.

With winter came the cold and drifting snow,  
But we kept warm by the firelight's glow.  
The house was filled with joy and fun  
And all were safe when the day was done,  
Down at the old homeplace.

I found to-day as I wandered on and on  
The things that made it home were gone;  
The trees no longer green but bare;  
It hurt, for I found just strangers there,  
Down at the old homeplace.

### GUINEVERE

Guinevere is young and fair,  
Shell-pink cheeks and starry eyes  
Shining with a glad surmise;  
Soft her dusky hair.

Half a wondering child she seems,  
Half a woman, sweet and gay;  
Changeful, she, as skies of May,  
Guileless as her dreams.

She is bonny; she is dear.  
Glimpsing all her winsome wiles,  
Plodding earth a moment smiles,  
Loving Guinevere.

### FARM EVENING

I see it still,  
That scene of childhood's long ago;  
The undulating wheat field's distant show,  
The path from hill to hill;  
And straightly in between,  
A narrow flow, a rippling sheen  
Of water through lush grasses.

The sun's rim dips and passes.

The green grows dark on orchard-matted grade,  
And oak and linden stand in dull and slatey shade  
Upon the tree-tall crest;  
Wheeling swallows fly  
Beneath the dim and paling sky,  
And flutter to the nest;  
The stars are late;  
Milk cows low beyond the pasture gate,  
And blinking fireflies all the meadows fill.

Night hovers brook and hill.

### THE CONQUEROR

The hatred of the narrow, narrow mind  
Is loss to upward, onward, forward trend,  
For all the good, the true, the fair, the kind  
Are broken, torn. We cannot always mend  
The hurt, the break, but bruise and often blind  
The vision that could bright and cloudless be;  
And leave the path of progress clear and free  
With thoughts and deeds in simple truth designed.

The glory of the broader, clearer view  
Is seen in patterns, oft observed in life,  
Whose daily steps are closely guarded, when  
With many high lights ever shining through  
The softer, silver clouds and lines of strife,  
We find the conquering, noble souls of men.

### TWILIGHT

He whistled,  
and the sound  
was echoed through the forest,  
through the deep ravine.  
Great quiet  
rested  
upon the twilight forest,  
like strains of beauty.  
The sounds  
of the world's distant strife  
faded into solitude,  
and it was Night.

### WHERE THE WHISTLES BLOW

I love to lie in a shady nook,  
A trickling brook rushing by my side,  
Some moss to feel with my bare, brown feet;  
Oh, for some lonely pines,  
Their needles like those of a porcupine.  
Rest! but how can one be happy with only play?  
I must leave this peaceful spot,  
I am going to go where whistles blow—  
I am off for the crowded town.

### A ROSE

Full blown it stands by the garden wall  
Bathed by the dew, kissed by the sun;  
Blown by the soft and gentle breeze,  
Losing its petals one by one.

The rose may on the morrow wilt  
Petals shattered, color gone,  
But in my heart its fragrance blooms—  
A memory lasting long.

### SPRING

“Spring has come! Oh spring has come!”  
The solemn pine tree said,  
“How do you know?” the maple asked  
And raised her drowsy head.

“Robin Red Breast told me so,  
I asked him how he knew,  
He said he looked into the sky  
And found it turquoise blue.”

And so they passed it on and on  
Until the village knew  
That Robin Red Breast said 'twas spring  
Because the sky was blue.

### CHARWOMAN

It may be that those knotted, patient hands  
Harsh from unending struggle with decay,  
Hold in their grasp some fixity, that stands  
Secure, cleansed from the dingy thumbings of today;

Or that the weary challenge of that frame,  
Bent stubbornly against the weight of skies  
Heavy with silences, shall claim  
Answer—and quittance—for the groping eyes.

### BIRTHRIGHT

Citizen of no mean empery am I—  
Fief to the wind  
And vassal of the sky.

Paternal acres range to the last planet;  
My mother's heritage:  
Honey—and granite.

Wrapped in a cloak of singing flesh  
My winging thoughts  
Escape its mesh.

Who shall command them: Go, or stay?  
Not Esau's pottage feeds me  
Night or day.

### EVE PONDERS

Of an old twisted tree  
That in lost Eden blows,  
Joy was the thorn  
And Pain was the rose.

Is it tears make me see  
The fang as the flower—  
Keeping joy's hurt with me  
After grief's fading hour?

### DUSK IN THE CITY

The evening star flutters in a criss-cross of wires,  
Like a white moth caught in a spider web.

### A SONG OF WINTER'S ENDING

The snow is slushy and dingy,  
In grimy blobs every place;  
The landscape is streaked and messy,  
Like a brat with a dirty face.

The trees are chafing their reins  
Of confining winter and cold;  
They will soon break loose and cavort  
In an outburst of green and gold.

For three months I've hibernated  
Like a grizzly bear in its cave;  
Till now I am ready to murder  
And bang on the floor and rave.

I've been done up in blankets all winter;  
I've lived on dry beans and mush.  
I want to go out and eat grass,  
And crash through the underbrush.

### ROMANCE

With his cloak of gold and scarlet streaming out from  
his brawny shoulders in the rush of his headlong  
gait,  
And his rawboned face aflame with vigor and desire,  
Day strides to the opal garden where, with deception  
lurking in her slanting eyes,  
Blackhaired Night sits delicately on a bench of pearl,  
Embroidering silver stars on pale blue silk.

### HE BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS LOVE

Down by the river  
Where it is dark  
And underfoot are pebbles  
And bits of withered bark,  
Where over small things whispering  
That are not seen  
Silence holds  
A velvet screen,  
Down by the murmur  
I will go and walk;  
Because I am tired of you  
And of your talk.

### AMNESIA

I wish I could forget  
(Just as if I washed a slate)  
Every single thing I know,  
Every name and face and date.

Every single thing at all  
That my faculties retain,  
I would melt away complete,  
Like a snowball in the rain.

And with empty, empty mind  
Knowing not a thing at all,  
I would stand before your door  
In the dark of the hall;

And with vacant mind containing  
Not a name or face or date,  
Infinitely hungering,  
I would press your bell and wait.

### ADRIFT ON THE OCEAN OF YOUR SMILE

Just drifting along many a weary mile,  
A wayworn wanderer, fearing to perish,  
Sudden a radiance, one there to cherish,  
I'm adrift on the ocean of your smile.

Transfigured the sky, life's pattern a different style,  
Your arms now enfolding and rapture bestowing,  
Happiness beholding, glimpses of Heaven showing  
I'm adrift on the ocean of your smile.

### LADDERS TO HEAVEN

I will choose trees,  
Ladders to Heaven.  
Trailing finger tips  
Soothing my weary heart  
With healing, and surcease  
For all Life's tumult.

Like myself, the swaying winds  
Blow them almost where they will,  
But firm within their Mother earth  
They stand emplanted, while I  
Am by Life's caprice  
Torn into ribbons.

But I shall ever watch their foliate pattern  
Exultant in the heavens,  
As rapturous they welcome tiny rustling breezes,  
Or cyclonic storms  
That crashing in sullen splendor  
Seek to overwhelm their dauntless courage.

My spirit after death will float  
In ecstasy, amid their glamorous glory  
Freed by their restful satisfaction.  
For even then I will find perfect healing  
Dwelling close bound to Heaven,  
Within the shadow of their arms.

### SLEEP

The stars are sleeping, the wind's lament is still;  
The flower has folded, the bird has sought its nest;  
The tide that pulses the ocean's changeless will  
Is now the quieted heaving of its breast.  
From ancient moorings the anchored spirits lift;  
On drowsy billows their barks resistless roll;  
Through lands untenanted of the living drift  
The lost and wandering phantoms of the soul.  
The passion slumbers, the guilty hand is stayed;  
The gifts of darkness are one for man and beast;  
Before the table with sweet nepenthe laid  
The monarch dwindles and shares the peasant's  
feast.  
The hosts of hunger, the hearts that fastings keep,  
Now from rich trenches are fed and filled with sleep.

### CAPTIVES

Not alone, poor prisoner, you languish;  
Not alone for you the clang ing gate.  
All the world must share your bitter bondage,  
All the proud your long atonement wait;  
All the free, with unseen shackles laden,  
Know the thralldom of the captive's fate.  
Tho unceasingly they guard the secret,  
Tho the garb of glory they have worn,  
From the spirit in an hour revealing  
Unawares the inner veil is torn.  
Then I hear the blinded bird of Pharaoh  
Singing in its cage of gold and jet.  
Then I see the Monte Carlo gardens  
Flaunt their flowers beneath a silken net.

### JUNE ARTS

Sultry-still this night of June! A strange force  
    quiescent  
Holds, arrested, mundane life in a noose of heat,  
Till it seems of all Earth's moods, changing,  
    evanescent,  
This phase has been crystalized, immobile, complete.

In the east a copper disk bars of cloud is climbing,  
Paling as it mounts the staff, 'twill play a silver tune;  
Fireflies, like commas bright, point the moonlight's  
    rhyming,

Never any poet could write better verse than June.

Stars remote and blossoms near blend in mute  
    harmonic;  
Music in the lily's bells spills, as fragrance, out.  
Hark! The breathless hush is rent by a sound sardonic:  
Oo-oo, oo-oo. Oo-oo, oo-ooah! hear the hoot owl  
    shout.

### AS HILLMEN DESIRE THEIR HILLS

The ash leaves fall. The shapely tree that stood  
Blocking our gaze in density of green—  
A shade too solid to the carping mood,  
Like comely matron of abundant mien—  
Is garbed no longer. Bare boughs reach and sway  
Against the windy sky, silver and slate,  
And luminous with promise of some ray  
Withheld as yet from painted hills that wait.  
“Thalassa!” hailed the Greeks, and we: “The  
    hills!”

As range on range their contours lie revealed,  
Sweeping in rhythmic beauty unconcealed  
Along the rim of Earth. Their quiet stills  
Rancor, discouragement, and petty woes.  
Renewal from that lovely margin flows.

### PUT DOWN YOUR FACE

Put down your face.  
Lean closer in the stillness, let me hear  
the quick sounds of your racing heart,  
O my dear . . .  
Like moonfeet on the sands no man may trace  
(a rendezvous of moonlight with the sea).  
Let all your turbulence flood over me  
who waits upon the vastness of the shore,  
anticipating all you know—and more,  
your tide sweeps over me, and now  
beneath the moon our shapes are not, somehow;  
because those lightening feet I cannot see,  
and arms that hold me close, have stolen me  
from worlds (always) and things I would erase;  
put down your face. . . .

### MUSICIANSHIP

Quite lost one night in sudden dream,  
a strain of music crept—  
up through the very soul of me,  
a song to flower, leapt.

And then became a violin,  
a rare musician played;  
upon the taut enchanted strings,  
his witching fingers strayed:

A moment with so light a touch,  
on strings too sensitive,  
they sounded to my breathless heart,  
a thing ordained to live.

Waking, the dream turned back to me,  
your voice spread me as wine—  
the songs of your designing, made  
the waking . . . as divine. . . .

### COUNTRY DUSK

The hills against the saffron sky  
Are amethyst and lilac,  
Shading to misty blue and purple  
As the saffron deepens to orange and rose.  
A star, pale gold in the gathering twilight,  
Glimmers above the indolent palm trees,  
Mocked by a twinkle of lights on the highway.

### FUNERAL

Silence . . .  
Heavy perfume  
From stiff, formal flowers . . .  
Unbreathed prayers for the soul of one  
Gone on.

### PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Slender,  
Immaculate,  
With cool blue eyes and a small  
Red mouth that says what it was taught  
To say.

### TRAILS

#### Hot Springs National Park

### DOG-WOOD

Have you ever walked on a pine needle carpet  
Under a canopy of early dog-wood  
Where soft white fragrance blends with the pine tang  
And pungent odor of rotted stump-wood?

### SUNSET

The lingering sun is patiently waiting—  
Loitering behind scudding clouds,  
Marshalling a celestial pageant  
Of colors unknown to city crowds.

### GOAT ROCK

Early morning—and a shepherd  
Winding, climbing to barren rock—  
Always alert for swooping birds,  
A silent guardian of his flock.

### ANGEL FLIGHT

Autumn, climbing a rocky path,  
Stumbled and let her colors spill—  
Purple, yellow, red-gold, and bronze  
Recklessly splashing down the hill.

### DEAD CHIEF

They came, blazing a winding trail, Chief Diana—  
Old and bent, carried by loyal sons and daughters.  
Braves of old—seeking a mystic mountain  
And its magic health-giving waters.

### THE COMET

This wond'rous light,  
In its ordained flight,  
We feeble groveling  
Creatures see  
And try to measure  
Its infinity.  
A message in the sky  
Is hung!  
God's searchlight on the earth  
Is flung!

### MY SOLDIER

In far-off France my lover lies,  
Under the sod and a low white cross,  
He cannot hear my mournful cries,  
Nor can he know my grief and loss.

Perhaps, when rain falls overhead,  
He'll see the tears my sad eyes shed.  
When o'er his grave the shadows creep,  
He'll know I'm near his bed so deep.

Perhaps, when soft winds move the grass,  
He'll feel my footsteps gently pass,  
And when the sweet dews fall so light,  
He'll hear my voice, "Dear Love, good night."

### THE TIMELOCK OF THE SEA

I buried my heart in the sea one day  
With all the thoughts that were in it . . .  
Close by the shore where the breakers play,  
And never are still for a minute.

And when the restless tide goes out  
It leaves my thoughts go free,  
(And this is why I say my heart  
Is timelocked by the sea)

For when the tide flows in again  
It covers them from sight,  
And none may have my thoughts at all . . .  
The sea locks them so tight.

I often wish the tide would stay  
Far out and leave thoughts ever . . .  
Be free just like the sea-gulls are . . .  
And be imprisoned . . . . . never.

I buried my heart in the sea one day  
With all the thoughts that were in it . . .  
Close by the shore where the breakers play,  
And never are still for a minute.

### PEACE

Many times she would return to where  
A few remembered still her wistful face,  
And something now they found was dwelling there,  
Something that seemed to whisper of a place

Where snow-capped peaks rose grandly to the sky,  
And sunlight lived days here when skies were gray,  
Where golden poppies grew in valleys high,  
And thoughts could find a heart wherein to stay,

A place where were no thoughts at all of death,  
Or anything that hurt and worried so,  
But only happiness within the breath  
Of orange blossoms 'neath the hills of snow.

### THE HOUSE OF THE SOUL

How shall I build me a house that my soul can occupy?  
What of gables and rafters wide to encompass the sky?  
Windows of opals to filter the rays of a star  
Effulgently flashing its white wings afar.

How shall I rear on the frontiers of earth for a day  
An abode fit for my dwelling from inanimate clay?  
Slate roof or shingle to cradle the gold of the sun  
While my feet in Cosmic spend-drift dabble and run?

How fashion a prison without the Science of God;  
Model a Temple of Beauty from earth's indurate clod?  
How paint the blue of my Being in pigments that  
cannot die

When my soul swings with the rainbow across the  
summer sky?

Where shall I dwell in the morning? What tavern  
find at night,

When my viewless itinerary touches the Infinite  
Circle where the Pleiades and Andromeda play  
In orbits of light fully a trillion miles away?

### WHEN WINDS BLOW OUT OF THE WEST

When winds blow out of the West  
What are the sounds I hear?  
Whispering carillons faery borne  
Through the Veils of the Astral Fear:  
Souls in exile nearer yet, and dear,  
Beating their wings forlorn,  
Urging and merging in the sea of Life—  
Little fingers in the patterning rain  
Tapping upon my window pane—  
Lilting and loving and touching now  
With intimate Spirit Hands.  
Throbbing vapors that meet the quest  
Of some ardent earthly band.

### A PRAYER

A horror of old age is on me  
Heaven send I go to rest,  
Long before my body weakens  
And my chin sinks on my breast.

While I have my health and spirit  
Life can very pleasant be,  
But I hope it will be ended  
When these two have gone from me.

Give me now full meed of pleasure,  
Hours full of work and play;  
Let the end come very quickly  
As the sunlight leaves the day.

### DANCING DERVISHES

The Dervishes dance to a silent tune  
In the stifling heat of the afternoon.  
Their Master walks between each row  
And urges them on; they go too slow.  
White pleated skirts on tawny sheiks,  
The sweat runs down their bearded cheeks.  
Five hundred years ago they came  
From Turkey, and remain the same.  
Their office went from sire to son,  
But now that's all to be undone.  
For Egypt rudely has decreed  
It costs too much these men to feed!  
A bell rings on the breathless heat  
And stops the pat of weary feet;  
The men religious leave the room,  
Rest shortly, and their dance resume.  
They'll dance and dance and dare not stop  
Till in a fit at last they drop.  
No better aim in life have they,  
Than thus to end their working day.  
I think with Egypt you'll agree,—  
That Dervishes should cease to be!

### NOCTURN

Purring with modulations soft and low,  
Like wind-thrummed harp on Evening's restful lap,  
Strange echoes answering the fluttering rap  
Of zephyrs on trembling boughs where streamlets flow,  
As chipper insects chirp, the stars below,  
And drowsy trees release their viscous sap—  
Night gently creeps on daytime's after glow,  
And sun-spent clouds earth's pensive outlines map.

Then episodes of ghostly dreams pervade  
The mind, recounting fortune's favors and smile  
Of sweet contentment, or failure's sad parade  
Of scenes reproachful, that memory revile,  
Whilst overtones still soothingly persuade  
The soul to heed fair hope though fear beguile.

### WOMAN

Her locks disheveled and flushed her hectic cheeks,  
The slave and fondled toy of centuries  
Across the sands of time casts eager eyes  
To glimpse with timid hope the distant peaks  
That aught to her of yearned-for freedom speaks;  
Then sighing like a wounded fawn she flies,  
Back driven by Man's brutal blows, and cries:  
“I saw, nor fainted, far Freedom's shimmering peaks!”

Anon, her strength renewed, and seizing staff  
She ventures forth again with bated breath,  
Nor halts as on she clambers but doth laugh  
That e'er she feared in liberty were death.  
For now afoot upon the dizzying heights,  
She fears no more but longs for loftier flights.

### PLEA IN A HOSPITAL ROOM

Oh, move my bed beside the window, nurse,  
That I may soothe my harrassed soul with stars.  
Then if tomorrow find my body worse,  
I will have learned to put by calendars.

### GETHSEMANE

God, you have known Gethsemane;  
Yet in your role  
Lay purpose of divinity.  
But why in soul  
Of pigmy size in puppet me  
Rises dole,  
Rages demon agony?

### LET ME GO DOWN TO DUST

Let me go down to dust believing this—  
That loveliness created in the curves  
Of apple blossoms shall not go amiss  
Though petal after feckless petal swerves  
To earth; that melodies of harp and lute,  
And pinetree symphonies yet punctuate  
Staid Time though trees be hewn, though strings be  
mute;  
That ecstacies of Spring intoxicate  
The soul beyond the winter of the flesh;  
That sun and moon and stars and clear blue sky  
Weave Beauty's warp and woof into a mesh  
To hold the heart eternally on high;  
That there is love beyond this passing show;  
Let me go down to dust believing so.

### TEACH THEM TO KNOW

I say to you  
Who are their guide:  
Teach them to know,  
With common pride,

They should not have  
To live in fear,  
For life goes well  
Though trouble is near.

Children must learn  
That's how they grow.  
I say to you:  
Teach them to know.

### IMMORTAL SOUL

Her heart was calm;  
The end drew near.  
"Immortal soul,  
The Earth is dear!"

God spoke to her:  
"Thy race is run  
Immortal soul;  
It was well done!"

### Mood

There are nights, like this,  
When it is better to escape  
Into the ebony and silver  
Of the rain-washed chasm of the dark.

### FLINTSPARK

Bodies are not adequate  
Temples for the mind:  
The quasi-infinite cannot  
Be carnally confined.

### THE BRIDGE

Words leaped with facile eloquence  
Across the chasm that we knew was there.  
They made a fragile swaying bridge;  
But, ah, I never was the one to dare:  
I knew how little weight the bridge could bear.

### A WOMAN ALONE

She hears the unremembered voices of  
The furtive rain that whispers at her door.  
She who now waits has never lacked before  
The solace of some new unlasting love.  
Like some once over-trafficked hall now void  
And lifeless, silent with a thousand ghosts  
Of unforgiving years that, undestroyed,  
Now are her merciless, accusing hosts,  
She listens mutely to the virgin rain.  
This is her ultimate reward: new pain.  
And yet for all those futile, unchaste years  
Her sole repentance is a few brief tears.  
She knows that thieving time cannot deprive  
Her of these memories newly alive.

## DAWN

A morning glory vine  
Flowers on the trellis of the east.  
The buds untwist with delicate precision.  
Of a sudden the sky is pearly luminous;  
Age-old snow, rose-silver as a dove's breast.

Dark takes refuge in a dense-needed hemlock.

## THE CANYON OF THE SKAGIT

### I. HIGH NOON

Noon walks with a torch in the canyon.  
Sun beats on an anvil of ice . . .  
The canyon—limpid amber space  
Between two tall mountains,  
Kulshan, white, seamed with crevasses;  
Black Shuksan, glacier-scarred.  
Space, walled with silence,  
Buttressed with rocks and the shadows of rocks;  
Scarved with water, wind-blown . . .  
In its ultimate depths—the Skagit,  
A molten trickle in moss of hemlocks.

### II. DUSK

Rocks pour ewers of shadows into the canyon—  
Shadows, misty as a fox's brush;  
Softly silken as pussywillows;  
Blue as lupin, as wild larkspur, as camass . . .  
Lilac . . . lavender . . . plum-purple . . .  
(Words—impotencies for ineffableness.)

Coolness ascends on the wings of dark;  
A vial of pristine perfume is shattered . . .  
Water embroiders a pattern on silence . . .

“INTO THE UNKNOWN”

An angel stirs within a rugged wall,  
The pure light of her beauty naught can stay  
Though she be held by barriers grim and tall.  
With suppliant strength, braced for the mallet's play  
Unwavering, intense, with no dismay  
Her forward look sweeps slowly yielding rock  
As into The Unknown she cuts her way,  
Stroke on stroke, the future to unlock,  
Where nature may no more oppose, forbid, or mock.  
  
And we had thought that wings meant light and space,  
Accompanied by such peace as floods the soul  
When work is done, and weariness gives place  
To exaltation as one nears a goal.  
Yet here, an angel stirs sure hands to roll  
Away all darkness, while her spirit dares  
To pierce the mystery demanding toll,  
For wisdom comes to her as courage flares—  
And into The Unknown an aureole she wears.

“AS IN A ROSE JAR”

I found within a rose jar, old and sweet  
With treasured rose leaves from some fragrant  
place,  
A crumpled paper, breathing words of grace  
And thoughts of roses in a far retreat.  
The faded lines were eloquent, replete  
With memories and longing to retrace  
Dim pathways in a garden for a space,  
Where petals dropped unbidden at the feet.  
  
Unknown the hands that laid the sonnet there,  
Now worn and yellow from the dust of time  
And rose leaves, but its message brought the smart  
Of tears, the vision of a face, a rare  
And vibrant echo of a voice sublime.  
“As in a rose jar, so within my heart.”

## THE DIVINE THOUGHT

Being is a mystery  
That finite mind of Man cannot  
Explain, nor ever hope to see  
Its answer, its solution find;  
Yet we are heir to reason's flare,  
And Reason is the same in kind  
In God, in Man, and everywhere.  
And Reason tells us there is naught—  
Though world, or sun, or fragrant flower—  
That did not first exist in thought.  
Thought was the first creating Power,  
'Fore ever there was anything,  
In aeons lost in deeps of Time,  
The sun, the earth, aye, everything,  
Existed in the Thought Divine.

In silent majesty upon  
The Great Deep, silent, stark and chill,  
The Thought of God, long ages gone,  
Through stagnant Chaos sent a thrill;  
And, brooding o'er the rimless Deep.  
The Archetypal Thought Divine  
Potential Being wooed from sleep,  
And soon great suns began to shine.  
From systems great, and galaxies,  
To smallest flower that blushing grows,  
And oceans wide, and playful breeze,  
The aster sweet, the fragrant rose,  
Are Thoughts of God in beauty dressed,  
In form that we can understand—  
Thought materially expressed—  
In form overt, at Thought's command,  
And this, perhaps, the nearest we  
The Great Enigma may unfold.

## INSPIRATION

O little one, with faith your gaze aglow,  
Your tender handclasp lingers firm and warm  
Within my faltering one. You yearn to show  
How strong your knowledge that I hold a charm  
To loose cascades of beauty from my pen.  
Each purple twilight, every blushing rose,  
The fragrance of lilac, songs of wren,  
Within my bosom now must find repose  
Awaiting their rebirth in humble story.  
Although there is no need of paint or rime  
For eyes that see like yours, in all their glory,  
The wonder of small things, and those sublime,  
Ambitious shafts of flame are kindled bright.  
The torch has caught! My spirit is alight!

## FRONTENAC: LOOKING EAST AT DAWN

O violet night, like dewy petals dark,  
This chilling hour in mystery you surround,  
Ere wakes the dawn and hastens to embark  
With day's fresh clarity of sight and sound.  
In strange upheaval stars their blinking cease,  
While misty veils are spread before their rest;  
For one brief breath, heaven and earth at peace,  
Our sleeping by celestials shared and blest.  
To pearly gray your purple pales, projects  
Majestic cliffs in jagged, proud repose.  
The shimmering lake from eager depths reflects  
Clear shafts of gold, of lavender, of rose.  
Her matin carol warbling welcome fair,  
The cardinal streaks a scarlet warmth in air.

### PROGRESS

I've ridden out on Life's high sea;  
I've known the terror it is to see  
The shore line's false security  
Fading from sight.

Lured on was I by this mystery  
Which seemed to whisper of something free—  
A new outlook on life for me  
Promising light.

I've felt the deepening misery,  
That first great sickness of the sea,  
And the prison of clutching fear o'er me  
Sealing my plight.

On sturdy seaman's legs, now free,  
I revel in the symphony  
Of the strong, reverberating sea,  
Feeling my might.

### SONNET OF PARTING

The time has come, my dear, for us to part;  
My erstwhile love, it is the only way  
To keep in memory the bright hey-day  
Of our romance, when love sprang from the heart,  
Set off by all the trimmings that enhance  
Such things. You did not have a single glance  
For anyone—no more had I, for we  
Were both so sure; but we were also young;  
Now many years have passed; the phrases wrung  
From your lips, duty bound, do not fool me  
Into delight—nor do they make me blue;  
For life apart has changed us both. And you  
May safely feign the grief a parting brings;  
It is a woman's place to know such things.

### COUNSEL

Poor heart, seek not to keep  
Your eyes turned down upon a futile grief:  
Let your warm pulses leap  
To join the frolic on emotion's reef.

You shall dance nimbly . . . gay!  
Pray there may be no day,  
And flirt with low-hung stars on summer nights.  
When you will tumble, shattered, from your  
heights.

### HOLIDAY

I run barelegged and with sandalled feet,  
Through grass whose tears the rising sun is drying.  
An oriole sings in a high tree . . .  
I fling wide my arms to gather the winsome notes . . .  
To lock them swiftly in my mind and heart:  
To gather the rosy coolness . . . the mingled  
fragrance . . .  
Hoarding it away to remember in some distant city,  
When an errant breeze strays into the narrow street.  
I sit cross-legged beside a scolding stream;  
Kissed by the golden sun . . . caressed by the amorous  
breeze . . .  
That, growing suddenly Puckish, snatches petals from  
blossoms,  
And carries them, whirling and curtsying, into my hair.

### MOODS

Here is my favorite book spread open  
At Browning's "Home Thoughts From The Sea;"  
My sewing things are strewed on the table,  
The Dresden cups spread out for tea.

There are your "Lives" by Plutarch,  
Your "Blackstone," that old leather chair—  
Dear God, how I love all these—  
That "Legros", the sensuous curve of that stair!

Who will dust this room a century hence,  
These things made precious because they are ours,  
That vase of your mother's for instance,  
Stuffed full of delphinium flowers?

Who will sit as we now sit,  
Upon some future Summer's day,  
Happy as we are happy,  
And talk a whole sweet afternoon away?

Who will sip from these old teacups,  
As they laugh, speak, laugh again, are spoken to,  
With the table only between them,  
And smile as I now smile at you?

Who will sit with his feet on the fender,  
While the mountains there are wrapped in snow,  
And who will watch the light across the river  
Pop out like stars, and watch them go?

Whose breast again, will rise and fall  
At the sound of a familiar tread?  
Whose head will rest upon whose bosom,  
In'the darkness here, when we are dead?

## PAST AND GONE

What of the things that are past and gone?  
If they were right, or if they were wrong?  
What of the unkind words once said?  
What if our hearts were torn and bled?  
What if our joy in the bud was killed?  
A loved one in the art of deceit was skilled?  
These were sad, 'tis true, yet,  
Why lose a moment in sad regret?

There is much beauty and joy in life,  
Don't waste time with thoughts of strife.  
When you are drifting in memory's realm,  
Go with Tolerance at the helm.  
Let the years that softly glide  
Blot out that o'er which we cried.  
Forget that someone acted mean,  
Remembering only the pleasant scene.  
Let just these in memory stay,  
Like beacon lights along the way.

## MUSIC

O music! thou gossamer web of gold  
In which all beauty and loveliness are told.  
Thou, who driveth sorrow from the heart,  
And placeth one in a heaven apart  
From mere mortal, earthly schemes  
Into the opal realm of dreams.  
Thou art but the rustle of Angel's wings,  
Inspiring us on to better things.  
Thou, with thy blending, ethereal tones  
Creep into our very bones,  
Return loved faces in vision broad—  
Thou, the very Whispering of God.

### THE GREAT DIVIDE

We climb the uplands to the gathering ground  
Of rivers in the making. Here the pine  
Clings to a crag, and on the vast incline  
We, deeply moved, in wonder look around,  
Amazed to see the ground so gently rise  
And then slope gently down,—this East; that, West,—  
Where destiny decrees with stern behest  
The fate of each rain-drop from God's blue skies.  
The genesis of things is passing strange;  
One falleth here and in the end shall be  
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea;  
Another drifteth down the other side,  
Without the semblance of momentous change,  
And in a peaceful ocean doth abide.

### IN THE YELLOWSTONE CANYON

Who fashioned those great battlements, which stand  
Like sentinels upon the rocky walls  
That gird a mighty deep? With those high falls,  
The canyon rings, and by a skillful hand  
Adorned to fit the whole stupendous plan,  
In colors so sublime an awe-struck world  
Stands mute with wonder as it sees unfurled  
The far-flung canvas,—challenging to man.  
Here on a crag the osprey builds her nest,  
And Beauty reigns supreme. The throbbing heart  
Is strangely stirred by such consummate art,  
Which feels as it with deep emotion fills,—  
For Power and Harmony dispel unrest,—  
The Infinite in those eternal hills.

### A TRANSFORMATION

With shaking hand this man of gentlest mien  
Drew down before him, when his sorrow came,  
The impenetrable veil of solitude.  
Some cur-like neighbors sniffed and prowled about;  
And one declared he heard a smothered groan,  
But nothing more. Day lengthened into night,  
And, after lagging darkness, flushed the dawn.  
Birds twittered to their mates. An iron grasp  
Drew back the curtain; and he stood revealed  
Whom they had known; but, all his tremors gone,  
With lips that curled—triumphant, terrible.

### WITH A GIFT TO A HOUSEKEEPER

    Tick, tock!  
    I am your clock  
    And you are my slave.  
    I bid you arise,  
    Bake biscuits and pies,  
    Keep your house spic and span,  
    As I know that you can,  
    For you are my slave,  
    And I am your clock—  
    Tick, tock!

### MOON'S VOICE

You do not know me, little man with great grief.  
You do not even remember how far I am from you,  
Nor guess how many aeons ago I leapt from the east,  
In flight from the bridal chamber of my lord the Sun.  
But I know you; I have watched you many a night,  
And have dried the tears upon your wasted cheeks.  
Now I speak to you from the unfathomable spaces of  
    the universe—  
I give you my message, which is "Peace"!

### MAY DAYS

Wind-blown petals of blossoming-days,  
Lush, subtle fragrance, lingering stays;  
Mountains of pink reach rounding of broom,  
Moulded and fashioned by Imagery's loom!

Tangled wildwood, in swirls of glad song,  
Ringing of heart-love, moving along;  
Low-light and shadow, fleeting and gay,  
Dream-world and rhythm; all soul-lit the way!

Deepened greensward, with spangles of dew,  
Arches of trees, the world to pass through;  
Bird-notes and echoes, murmuring sweet—  
May-days, not grey days, the fair Queen to greet!

### SUBLIMITY

Across the gold-swept air of Sunset-hour  
The visioned sweetness of the Evening bell,  
The gilded dome and glistening tower—  
The vast concourse of Imagery.

Beyond the star-lit space of Even-song—  
The purpled depths of that unknown,  
The silvered crest and whitened throng  
Aslant the still Uncertainty.

Within the sabled, darkened Span of Night—  
The inky blackness of a sightless sea,  
The pathless way and lack of light  
Give forth no plan of secrecy.

Against the lightning, lurid, Starry Way  
The rose-flushed film of other things,  
The flute-like notes and break of day  
Sound praise in gloried Ecstasy.

### MONDAY MORNING WHISTLE

You call,  
And I struggle up  
From the swamp of sleep  
To bear a carrion load of living.

### HEART BREAK

My blood walks up my veins  
With steps that lag.

As Christ walked up a stony hill,  
His cross did drag.

### THE SEA

Poets are all wrong.  
The sea is a tired old woman,  
And tonight I sit by her sable chair  
And she whispers,  
Drooling over a pearly chin.  
Whispers old women's tales and troubles.  
There is a rag of a breeze  
She daubs at her damp face.

Poor thing!  
She can't die, either.

### BRAVADO

I wear my heart-ache in the daytime,  
Wear it like a Croix de Guerre.  
I can even wish I had enother—  
Such bravery to wear!

But when the day is evening  
And slinky shadows crawl  
All panicky about my doorstep—  
I cannot wear it well at all!

### THE STARS

The scientists with tireless zeal have taught  
The cosmic secrets of the stars; they make  
Clear charts of course that the planets take;  
With accurate calculation they have brought  
Spaces and times within man's finite thought;  
How spheres evolve, and worn-out cycles break,  
How asteroids from far suns burst awake,  
And comets are within Earth's elipse caught.

But do we know stars better, love them more,  
Than when in wonder we watch them at night,  
Which have for aeons been a shining host?

Soothers of souls crushed down and throbbing sore;  
Sharers of joy so poignant in its might,  
That lips have faltered as they made its boast.

### NOCTURNE

Look, how the moon is shining o'er the sea  
Veiled in a misty rain of molten beams;  
Far out, the calmer deep beneath it gleams,  
Where half-begotten passion sighs to be:  
While inward, on the shore, break endlessly  
The shadowed waves, and pass, like mortals' dreams,  
Back to the surging source of thoughts and themes—  
Back to the ocean's immortality.

And do you feel your soul's own presence leap  
Into the night, and gather hidden power?  
Does it too, revel in the moon-ray shower,  
And glow with beauty that you fain would keep?  
If with the sea you share this magic hour,  
Then do you watch where angels would not sleep.

COBH

Strange, weird aloneness! By the fog surrounded,  
As by a blanket muffling sight and sound,  
Long had the ship, its engines softly throbbing,  
Lain there quiescent, lest it run aground.

Shut off from all the world! Within our vision  
Only the dim, unquiet sea below.  
Thin, spiteful wisps from out the chill opaqueness  
Flung in our faces misty hints of snow.

Where is the lighter? In the dripping silence  
Screeching uncannily our whistles warn.  
Far in the distance comes the halting answer,  
Faint as a whisper, from the harbor horn.

Slow, imperceptibly as opening blossom  
Through the dull veil a silver sheen appears,  
Then faintest rose, a pearly iridescence  
As of a dawning smile that shines through tears.

Behold a miracle! With sudden magic  
The veil was rent that held a world concealed,  
As if by hands invisible, immortal.  
Fairy-like beauty lay beyond revealed.

Hilltops appeared above the orchid vapor;  
Royally purple lay the distant moor;  
Two verdant headlands crowned with peaceful farm-  
steads  
Shot through with quivering sunlight, silver-pure.

Guarding the harbor, from the promontories  
Rose two tall lighthouses with winking eyes;  
Beyond, a hamlet; from its heart a church spire  
Showing where prayer and praise like incense rise.

Slowly the sun declined, as if reluctant  
To let such loveliness be lost, and dark.  
Against the melting glory of its setting  
Stood a great cross, magnificently stark.

## CHANGE

Not like the spring a year ago is this.  
April was warm and sweet and full of joy—  
The moonlit twilight and the lingering kiss,  
The love that we thought nothing could destroy.

But winter's wind brought with it doubt and fear  
That turned our fortress to a crumbled wall.  
The longed-for spring comes with slow steps this year,  
And you who once were loved come not at all.

## SONNET FOR A RE-AWAKENING

We thought that love had died, or had grown faint  
Beneath the clamor beating on our ears,  
That freedom had been shackled by constraint  
And dearness lost beneath the weight of years;  
We called indifference victor in our hearts;  
Our talk grew trivial, and our smiles too gay,  
Our laughter too facile, and glittering darts  
Of wit too frequent.  
In the light of day  
The stars are hid, but go not from the skies,  
Knowing the sun will yield at last to dark;  
So love remains yet deep within our eyes,  
Of that strong fire the ever-living spark.  
We feel once more that soul is one with soul,  
And know that death is cheated of his toll.

### A TREE TO ME IS A LADY

A tree to me is a lady of many moods  
Who always is in accord with her surroundings.  
Whether the sun is blazing in a drouth  
Or rains have swollen the rivers  
And filled the fallow fields,  
Her temperament is ever in tune.

Carefree children romping beneath her branches  
Impel her to assume an air of frivolity.  
Then suddenly her whole aspect changes  
To anxiety  
As some obstreperous boy climbs  
To a too perilous portion of her anatomy,  
And she gasps lest he fall.

Romance and love pervade her every twig  
When a love-intoxicated swain  
Brings his inamorata  
Beneath her ordinarily serene shade.  
As he whispers delightful inanities,  
Our leaves-dropping, eavesdropping lady  
Sighs with complete understanding.

Old men and women,  
Who have viewed most of life's ever-altering vista,  
Find in her a congenial companion.  
Gently she rocks, as if she, too, were aware  
Of their desire for quietude and complacency.  
And if perchance their mortal remains  
Are laid to rest beneath her,  
She stands, a sad, silent sentinel,  
To watch over them through the ages.

### FRIDAY NIGHT

The cold cruel moonlight  
had its fascination.  
It was so clean and sure  
and where it touched  
the dark, uncertain earth  
there was a quivering  
of painful truth.  
The smoky clouds  
from the bitter cigarette  
would not even soften  
or hide her from the moon.

"You are so cold,"  
he said.  
And in a little while  
they parted smiling  
with a calm goodbye.  
There was so much unsaid,  
so much of hidden warmth  
she had not known or guessed  
until he left.

"Your mind is beautiful,"  
he said.  
But she had no mind,  
only a sorrowing  
pain-racked body  
that lay hidden  
beneath some meaningless words.

He would come again  
she knew—  
dropping into her ordered life  
like a stone leaving eddies  
and ripples on a deep, sad pool.

## TWO-SONNETS

### I

The hardest thing in love is to withhold  
    The joyous spreading of a woman's love,  
To learn that her gift must be bought and sold,  
    And paid for many times; the value of  
Its beauty and its phylacteric charm  
    Lies in the skill with which the gift is hid.  
A fragile treasure held within the palm  
    Of one's true love, and he must lift the lid,  
His strength must force the lock that has no key,  
    His gentleness from scornful lips win praise,  
His ardor kindle first, spontaneously,  
    The spark that soon had flared into a blaze.  
  
A woman's love must be as night to day,—  
That is, if she would have it come to stay.

### II

There are some things which stand in bold relief,  
Such little things to silhouette themselves  
In gay parade, their passing all too brief,  
Like fairies in deep woods or sprightly elves.  
There is the sight of snowflakes as they whirl  
Chaotic past the headlights of a car  
Winding its way along a road that curls  
Up to a home light or perchance a star.  
There is the wind in pines, elusive, light,  
The earthy fragrance after gentle showers,  
The starry stillness of a summer night,  
And sunset's crown upon delphinium flowers.

Not strange that I should hold these things apart,  
When you wove them as patterns on my heart.

## GRIEF

Grief, child-like,  
Crushes its face into pillows  
And weeps.  
It sobs with muted lips  
And sings a turgid melody of life.  
It croons  
Of the inarticulate things,  
    the beautiful brevity of youth,  
    and the tenderness of love. . .  
It chants  
Of wasted faith  
    and the bitterness of tears.  
Grief, childlike,  
Crushes its face into pillows  
And weeps,  
Finding surcease from pain in the desolation  
Of tears.

## DEATH COMES TO ME

This then is fear; a sharpened sense of living;  
Quickened desire for life; a sudden thirsting  
For Yesterday. . . .  
The touch of warm dark earth  
Or spring buds bursting!  
    This then is fear; a sudden  
Anguished reaching for just to-day. . .  
A poignant wish to hold this living hour. . .  
    to stem the flood  
Of memories and dead desire  
    within the blood!

### A WAY I KNEW WELL

I used to know the way quite well  
That led up to her door,  
For having had to go that way  
So frequently before.

But being wed to someone else,  
These years of silenced pain,  
Now makes me wonder whether I  
Could find that way again.

Still I feel I easily could,  
And may, for fun, some day,  
Though she would only bolt her door  
And let me knock away.

### THE WARGOING

On some exhalting lips, I know not whose,  
I lingered once and, lingering, strangely thought  
Of bannered legions and of battles fought,  
And tall, wise men that went to war by twos  
With some such kisses, like the August dews,  
Upon their lips, whose frequent memory brought  
Courage to those whose braving spirits sought  
Death's most distinguished of all interviews.

Such kisses, as long hoped for and so taken,  
Were forgot by the wargoing in their cry  
For cities swept by fire and they forsaken,  
And cannons whose red mouths insult the sky;  
But the same lips and the same heaving breath  
Came down in dreams and succored them in death.

ABSENT

A song for every singing bird,  
A name for every day;  
But songs and names are all the same  
With you away.

A name for every wind that blows,  
Soft winds, and very strong;  
But every wind is an ill wind  
When you are gone.

Fragrance for each flower that grows,  
Colors for the rainbow;  
But colors blend in misty eyes  
When you must go.

A heart for every heart that beats,  
So come my love to me;  
Beauty of flower and wind and song  
I then can see.

TWILIGHT TIME—IN SUMMER

Though firelight time is gone  
Still shadows are upon  
The nursery wall  
As day and twilight pass.  
Soft as fleeting day  
Moonlight shadows play  
And make their lacy patterns  
On the glass.

They love the glad surprise  
In sleepy baby eyes  
That watch them, as he  
Sails the Dreamy Sea.  
Oh, Fairies of the Moonlight,  
Stay close to him in Starlight  
So you may bring him  
Safely back to me.

## METES AND BOUNDS

*"Something there is that doesn't love a wall."*

—Robert Frost

Something there is in *me* that *loves* a wall,  
A lift of lichenèd stones, or ruddy brick,  
Vines on its shoulders, with a tender trick  
Of harbouring stray plants in chinks, or small  
Chance tufts of grass. Ah, fondly I recall  
Palings with briars wattled through them, thick  
With bloom a wanderer idling by might pick.  
Bird-haunted hedges charm me most of all!

These metes and bounds—the mine and thine—there is  
A lack without them. Undivided sea,  
Wide prairies, how they chill the homing sense!  
Man craves belongings past all question his,  
A garden fenced from alien scrutiny;  
A soul flesh-fortified from the Immense.

## THE PEDDLER

A grey dame brought her offerings to my door;  
Young, eager, rash, I bought in joyous haste  
Superfluous gauds, gems later proven paste;  
And ever I demanded, "Show me more!"  
Gloves, girdles, fine frail shoes I chose that wore  
But one wild dance; rich cloaks, brocaded, laced,  
That frayed and faded—Ah, the cruel waste—  
Bland, scented balms that left my hurts still sore.

At last I pondered little dull brown seeds  
The weird old crone had forced on me. I laughed.  
In bitter jest I gave them to the ground  
And then forgot my planting. Lusty weeds  
Pushed up—slugs gorged; I had no gardencraft;  
But look—the strange bright flower I have found!

### DAWN

The Dawn is that thin gray hour, when the light,  
So pale and wan, first breaks to flicker high,  
As if the world, all curious and with spite,  
Like Psyche, lit a candle just to spy  
On Night that one whom it had never seen.

### HYMN TO REALIZATION

Religion is no man-made thing!  
It takes a God to wake the spring,  
To rouse the seeds and bid them sprout,  
And then to call the flowers out.  
Only a mighty brain could dream  
Of how to send a mountain stream,  
Laden with drops of melted snow,  
To help the valley gardens grow.  
'Tis only God's reviving breath  
That wakes the trees from sleeping death  
And covers them in fair array  
Of Nature on a holiday.  
Who else would make the sky more blue  
For northbound birds to travel through?  
The breezes know, and trees all nod,  
But yet man doubts there is a God!

### DISCONSOLATE

You seemed so pure, so holy!.  
How could I touch you with these spotted hands  
That reached so sadly after life and you  
To fall back hopeless, wreaking scarlet blood that  
flows  
Most freely from deep cuts of mine,  
Made by the brittle fragments of my sharp-edged  
dream,  
My broken dream of you!

### SPRING MOOD

The rivers of earth have run to heaven,  
And now, nostalgic, return again  
In a deluge of rain that does not pause—  
The ceaseless cycle to complete.  
The thoughts of my brain have traveled high,  
And now, nostalgic, come back to me  
In a flood of regrets that does not stop—  
The hopeless cycle to complete.  
The rain brings life to growing plants  
That sustenance give to man and beast.  
But what is nourished by my thoughts?  
Of what avail my wasted energies?

### REGENERATION LOST

Outside was garishness and haste and noise;  
Within, a peacefulness, with dim, soft lights.  
The organ's grand sonorities to heights  
Of ecstasy uprose—and fell, to poise  
Before another soar. The choir of boys,  
Young voices innocent and sweet, black nights  
Of grief dispelled from out my soul, with flights  
Harmonious. The doubt that e'er alloys  
My happiness, and makes of it a thing  
Less pure, withdrew to wait beyond the door.  
I stood entranced, exalted; longed to sing;  
To join the adoration; but forbore:  
My incubus without stood beckoning.  
I went, and thoughts of bliss are mine no more.

### ASPASIA

My Pericles! Mine by the quenchless right  
    Of all-victorious love! And yet such word  
        Is—blasphemy! Mine, mine, have I averred?  
Dared thus to limit him, who in his might  
O'ershadows Hellas, overtops the height  
    Of all the ages?—Should the echo, stirred,  
        Claim the awakening voice? The twittering bird  
The dawn which bathes the sea and earth with light?  
Nay, rather, I a vapor, he the Sun  
    Whose rays absorb it wholly; I, a spring  
Whose crystal drops into the Ocean run  
    And lose themselves; a scent the wild-flowers fling  
Upon the sacred Wind; and he the one  
    Pervading Spirit, my proud spirit's King!

### LOVE'S PERVERSITY

I sang of love, for she loved my singing;  
    I knew not love, but I loved to sing.  
Within my heart was a fountain springing,  
    And it flung its rainbows on everything.

But, oh, when she found that I did not love her,  
    She was as angry as angry can be!  
And then to my grief did I discover  
    That I loved her when she loved not me!

Then my fountain of song sank lower and lower;  
    (She laughed, "I used to think you could sing!")  
Till my tears made it flow again—somewhat slower;  
    But no rainbows fall on anything.

### THE SPREAD

Little crooked, quilted spread  
Snugly tucked her in her bed,  
Cuddled her and kept her warm  
From the coldness of the storm  
All the long night, while the rain  
Beat upon her window pane;  
While the branches, too and fro,  
Waved on trees out in the snow.

Though she trembled so with fright  
Through the darkness of the night,  
Nothing harmed the little maid,  
Guarded by her quilted spread;  
Guarded by her mother's spread,  
Tucked about her in her bed.

Little mice ran 'cross the floor—  
Never happened so before.  
Nibbled scraps of cheese and bread;  
Thought that all the folks were dead.  
Did not know that in her bed,  
Tucked in by her quilted spread,  
Trembling so with awful fright,  
Lay a little, lonely child,  
While the storm raged fierce and wild,  
And, across the room in bed,  
Lay the poor, starved mother, dead.



BY THE BOSPHORUS

A garden fair and the towers and hills  
And glory and color of Judas tree;  
And the dip of valleys the Bosphorus fills  
With the blue of lapis lazuli.

'Neath pine and cypress on slope so steep  
A graveyard quaint with its slanting stones,  
And tinkling bells from grazing sheep  
That wander unheeding o'er whitening bones.

The delicate point of a minaret  
Surmounting mosque and graceful dome;  
The flying sea-gulls that swoop and wet  
Their feet, then soar above curling form.

And a golden thread of meaning bright  
Runs through the whole and makes it clear,  
As a tale that is told on a balmy night  
Or the flame-like vision of dauntless seer.

OF THE FULL BLOWN ROSE

The beauty of the full blown rose  
We hardly know nor meet,  
Till fragrant bowers with crimson flowers  
Have poured it at our feet.

The depths of love we scarce confess  
Until with tears,  
The chalice to our lips we press  
And without fears

We turn our dewy eyes away,  
That shine so bright,  
To peace and joy and happy day  
From sad sad night.

### DILEMMA

Love was just a tyrant  
Keeping step with me,  
So I locked Love in a prison  
And threw away the key.

My heart, Love's crafty henchman,  
Fashioned out of pain  
Another key. The tyrant  
Now walks with me again.

### THE SILENT LOOM

My life is threaded on a silent loom,  
Its weaver gone; and solitude is laced  
With moaning of the wind. A veil of gloom  
Hangs o'er my vision—memories embraced  
With longing for a voice I loved so dear.  
The pattern of my life has spun its hour;  
The weaver broke the threads without a tear,  
The tapestry a solitary flower.  
Such bitter dialogue as we two had!  
Hard words—then silence that was pitched too high.  
We kissed to heal the wounds of quarrels mad  
And then—the hurried moments of goodbye.  
  
The wind sweeps down into an empty room  
And carves my name upon a phantom tomb.

### WANDERLUST

I am restless and lonely tonight—  
Reason why?  
My gypsy heart within me yearns  
For a moonlit sky.  
A love to meet my love calls—  
Somewhere afar—  
O, to go down the road with kisses for bread;  
And for light, a star!

### FREEDOM

Give me life,  
Free life unfettered by ideals.  
Give me freedom, perfect freedom  
Just to act the way I feel.  
Give my mind a new awakening,  
Let my thoughts unbiased be.  
Let my actions be spontaneous,  
To my soul give liberty.  
Cast aside age old conventions,  
Let me live and be content  
Thinking, acting, heeding neither  
Criticism nor comment.

### So PASSES LIFE

As a breeze, that gently blows  
Among the trees and soon is gone,  
Scarcely noticed, then forgotten,  
So passes life.

As a bird, that flutters past  
With tinted wings or scarlet breast,  
A flash of color, soon forgotten,  
So passes life.

As a flower, fresh and fragrant  
Bit of blue or white or red,  
Withers quickly, is forgotten,  
So passes life.

As a sunset, vivid, changing,  
Silent beauty, calls attention  
For a moment, soon forgotten,  
So passes life.

A bit of joy, unhappiness  
A smile, a tear, hard work and pain,  
Eternal rest, then soon forgotten,  
So passes life.

### JUST A YEAR

The first wild gush  
    Of the first mad song  
Of the first returning bird  
    Thrilled the first little bud  
Of the aspen tree  
    'Till it opened when it heard

The first little chirp  
    Of the first little bird  
In the little mud brown nest  
    Cheered the sun seared leaves  
Of the aspen tree  
    For the work which God had blessed

The last sweet trill  
    Of the last sweet song  
Of the last departing bird  
    Thrilled the last red leaf  
Of the aspen tree  
    'Till it trembled when it heard.

### BRAIN DUST

As the sweet long swells of breeze  
    Roll through a lilac scented gorge  
Of green and nedding brush,  
    And in passing fan my troubled brow  
Displacing truant tresses;  
    Vehemently I wish  
That ere too many precious years  
    Have turned into the past  
Some sweet refreshing breeze  
    Would sweep from out the great unknown,  
And eddy down into the Catacombs of my poor  
    fevered brain  
Displacing dust engathered there.

### LAST NIGHT

Last night it rained and I dreamed  
That you were far from my side;  
And I thought a rising tide  
Swelled in my heart and it seemed  
The rain was tear drops and they streamed  
Through my numb half-wake thought  
I knew that love could not be bought,  
Could only be shared if it was esteemed.

Last night I knew while it was dark  
The sun was somewhere shining out.  
I need not cry, I need not doubt  
But to keep the twain-hearts, fan the spark,  
Be sanely true; fair with the light  
God gave to me for you last night.

### NO EASY DAYS

There are no more easy days  
That we may pipe away at will  
For facing now the heart must still  
Be strong in power and we must gaze  
Across the desert evil ways  
That men have made and set their trap  
So weak souls might fall into their lap,  
Unless they awake from the enveloping haze.

These are the days when men must see  
The turmoil of bad faith at play  
And light their candles night and day  
Now or never if they would be free,  
Of iron bands man made to hold  
The flesh, the will, the heart and soul.

### APOCALYPSE

Shall it be night with star or sun  
With day? O not to leave undone—  
My lips are praying!

Fumbling I catch in hollowed fists  
The futile fruit of groping, mists'  
Too slow dissolving.

Fumbling from dawn to creeping age,  
Seeking in every pang the wage  
Of life's absolving—

The gate unlatched—my soul stands dumb!  
*My branches flower.* And though I come  
With lips cold, graying,

With burning vision that I see  
What God has sealed to prayer of me—  
The end—of praying.

### MOMENT CAUGHT IN PASSING

Moment caught in passing—quick, O isolate  
It now! It is too beautiful for me  
Even to remember. Too radiant to see  
Its own ghost shadow. Bright of questing fate  
I dare not rob it of so high estate  
By weakening grief. I leave it that it be  
Strength of a flying wing, my penury  
Into gold of madness born. A breath elate  
Higher than air's swift height—deep as deep hell,  
Undreamt of dream. The long untasted cup  
Spatters my lips. Out of the longing, up  
Into endlessness of pain—foreboding knell—  
Where shall the questing end, and quest go out?  
Hush to a glorious note . . . the rabble's shout!

### A WIDOWER ON THE WAY TO GIRGENTI

I'm sure glad to see somebodies from ma country  
I knew you by your shoes  
There's na chance in Etily for anybodies  
Just a place ta snooze  
And wonder why the sun  
Does not go out—lose his Etna breath  
In Night's blacka crater—Death  
Make a clean breast a life  
And alla the heat He's wasted—  
  
Just lasta week I lost my wife  
The docturs in Chicago lied.  
They said: "The sun isa hot in Etily  
It's just a two weeks ride ta health—"  
She'd ruther a died in Amurica.  
We worked side by side  
Rolling tobacco.  
They should a told me there was na chance  
I dona like to be going back alone  
There's nothing left ta work for now  
—If I can helpa you in this country somehow  
Let me know  
I will na lie to you—Amuricun.

### AT THE GRAND CANYON

Drum Being!  
Hewn from crescending Past  
the epic cauldron of you seethes  
more vastly empty, and more vastly full.  
Life's parted lips are dumb. Mighty decrees  
move strangled in a pageantry of Peace  
Drum Being!  
Let Finality be stretched from lip to lip  
Mecurial silence tighten in one leap of sweetest agony  
against the tautness of eternity  
The color-spectrum speak but once  
Sprung gods explain you.

SONNET

Whence comes the soul? Struck from what anvil?

Spark

Released by passion's heedless ecstasy,

Enkindles it, a separate entity

In upper air? Does it on life embark

By God's decree? Does He in blind and stark

Indifference cast it forth, nor choose to see

What lack or fitness guide its destiny,

Nor care what futile target be its mark?

Not thus do souls embody, but by plan

Long charted! Offspring of the ages, they

Their heritage must meet, accept and mould.

No power creative, be it God or man,

May turn aside, or even briefly stay

The racial urge! 'Tis Law, and Law must hold!

A Rose

I strolled at eve amid my garden's bloom

And plucked a rose. Its o'er-ripe petals sweet,

In mimic shower, fell softly at my feet,

And through their mist a Presence lit the gloom.

'Twas one who once had known the inner room

Of my locked heart; still his its every beat

When dreamland forces Death to taste defeat,

Though he long gone, lies in an alien tomb.

Dear voice of dreams! "In sweeter garden, Love,

And fadeless beauty, soon this rose shall grow

And bud anew! From out this earthly bed

I pluck its soul, to plant for you above."

And then, through swooning sense, as cold winds  
blow,

A friend's cry pierced, "Oh look, this rose is  
dead!"

### SPEED

Just an old nag hitched to a buggy frail  
Trotting along, and switching her tail,  
And an old bent form on the battered seat  
Jogging behind in the dust and the heat—  
And "Holding the traffic up" was the charge;  
Such a nuisance to speed should not be at large,  
For the drivers of cars and limousines  
Had been forced to stop; and their fast machines  
Were damaged and jarred; and their owners, vexed,  
Had had him arrested. His case came next.

"Well, what were you doing on the highway  
With a horse and buggy in that place, pray?"  
Said the Judge; and the old man raised his head.  
"I was on my way to Em's grave," he said;  
"Hain't been there much, Jedge, sence she has been  
dead;  
Been down with the flu, and was sick a-bed;  
But the day was warm, and spring bein' here,  
I felt that she'd like—well—to hev me near,  
So I went jest as best I could." The place  
Was hushed. The Judge, it seems, dismissed the case.

### STUMPS

Stumps are the tombstones of dead trees,  
Marking the place where they lived and died  
Like a battle's dead. The proof are these:  
No monuments of pride.

But, as they gave their precious lives  
They gathered toll as they fell; and then  
Their victims, trimmed by surgeon's knives,  
Lived on—just stumps of men.

### NOCTURNE

The sad-eyed angel of the night is playing  
A sobbing lullaby on silver strings.  
The silent stars have sprayed the sky with gold. . .  
Softly . . . softly . . . falls the song she sings.

Wantonly, the careless south wind blowing  
Makes a little whimpering in the leaves,  
A drowsy melody for sparrows sleeping,  
Their heads beneath their wings, among the eaves.

Sweet depth of night, softly, serenely playing  
On harpstrings of tranquility whose tones  
Sound in the shadows, carried down the wind,  
Like running water bubbling over stones.

### MOOD

Lift a soft cry to the weary singing of the stars. . .  
The candle gutters and the golden bowl  
We drank from sheds no drop of joy again;  
The shadows lengthen; on our drowsy eyes  
Night shall soon cast the avalanche of day.  
This were a moment, this a heritage,  
Throbbing and pale as a sad lone star. . .  
That were tomorrow, that were yesterday,  
And each as meaning . . . meaningless . . . as should  
A blind old Cyclops, raging, stoop and fling  
A blood red sun into a rim of sky.

### DULCI TURE

In the dark 'round the quiet arches  
Of my chapel of heart's desire  
Steadily mounts in spirals  
The smoke of its altar fire;

It curls up from the bronzes  
And beats up to the roof  
Like the flexures of eternity,  
With a stateliness aloof.

The silvery wreaths yet struggle,  
Spirits released by fire,  
And buffet against the Gothics  
To be out, to spread, to mount higher.

There are blinding lights in that dimness  
That dazzle and charm,—then fade,,  
As the altar fire burns brighter  
For the penitent prayers I have made.

### VERE DISTRACTUS

When the spring's in the heart of the starling  
And tulip-rows march in the sun;  
When the ivy-vine starts the unsnarling  
Of tendrils last springtime begun;  
When the honey-bee revels a-Maying,  
My mind in the field goes a-straying.

In sunny fields lush with sweet clover  
He wanders in rustic content;  
With Sylvanus he gipsies, a rover  
That knows not when day is well spent;  
And with evening and swallows' homecoming  
He is still in the apple-tree humming.

### FORGIVENESS

Forgetfulness of self—  
The lesson of our Lord;  
Drawing us toward Him  
With a silver cord.

Bound to the Cross  
Himself He would not save:  
It was the robber that  
His heart forgave.

One wonders with what sorrow,  
With what pitying grief,  
Looked down from Heaven that night  
The pardoned thief!

### THE CANDLE

Who lights his little candle,  
Who shields its tiny flame,  
Oh little child remember  
The dear Lord Jesus' name!

The Light of all the living,  
'Twas so He came to be;  
Tall and white and slender  
A candle sweet was He!

Burn my little candle,  
Shine, my taper, shine!  
So shall I remember  
The Lord that is divine!

### A CLOUD OF SILVER

See upon the leaden sky,  
The billowed fleece of white.  
A fearful mutt'ring where doth lie  
The darkest of the night.  
Now thou spreadest and to view  
Present thy splendor all anew;  
Like fleeting isles in blue midsea  
Doth claim a sailor's memory.

Or when at twilight's dusky still,  
The vagabond who tops the hill  
Shall see below him, gravely spread,  
Scenes of boyhood that are dead.  
The mantle of the moon  
I know that thou must be.  
Now you part and there are wafted  
Drifting wisps of glory.

### MECCA

Tonight, the wan moon swings even lower  
Than it drooped before. His steps are slower,  
And his pilgrim's staff bears his weary weight;  
A failing burden that shuffles to abate  
The dread that takes his swift limbs in seizure—  
Confers in its stead ages hideous treasure.  
Drives into his gray patriarchal head  
A horde of leering imps of hate and dread;  
Teeming with the clamor of impish toil—  
The Mecca yet a vision; its dank soil  
That rears dazzling pinnacles and clear spires  
Shot with colors, a myriad of fires  
And one spotless art—a white minaret,  
Of evening and of utter coolness met.

### L'ENVOI

The ponderous applause of darksome pines  
Carried by winter winds from barren shore  
Disturbs the eaglet; yet the anxious pen  
Finds solace there, O stifle not that roar.

Voice of the dead now speak through frozen lips,  
The velvet softness of a world too dark  
Beckons me on. Come breathe it in my ear,  
My chariot awaits and I must soon embark.

### CHANNING'S SYMPHONY

Let me live to seek elegance, not luxury;  
To bear all bravely and to do all cheerfully,  
Discard all fashion, rather be refined,  
To question wisely and possess an open mind.  
Let me give ear to stars, and babes, and birds,  
And sages; to avoid harsh spoken words.  
May I think quietly, be ever gentle when I talk,  
Await occasions; never hurry as I walk.  
Let the unbidden and unconscious spring  
Out of the ordinary, common thing.  
The life that I would live as this must be—  
The sum and substance of my symphony.

### REMORSE

Unasked, you made your vow.  
You kissed me as you said,  
“I love you, Dear.”  
And now—  
I wish that you were dead.

### THE COSMIC LOOM

The poetry of winds and rustling leaves  
Reflected in the shimmering mountain stream  
Is Love's unceasing cosmic loom that weaves  
The velvet of a maiden's sweetest dream.

### TIME

Deep into Time's unfathomed pit they threw  
Night's shutter and the flaming cloak of day;  
The gods' bright rosary—the Milky Way—  
And all beyond the concave bowl of blue;  
Life's embryo-forces, hid in new-born dew;  
Peace olive leaved, war's death-accoutréed play;  
The soul's desire; ambition's lurid ray—  
Fruits that in Hope's illusive orchard grew.  
Time heeded none of them, nor beast nor bird;  
And sat alone unmoved and passion-free.  
But by his side there lay a dusty sherd  
With runic writing, and I chanced to see  
Beneath the dust this cabalistic word;  
“I am twin brother of Eternity”.

### THE UNCHARTED SEA

You bade me solve the riddle of the Sphinx  
In answer to my love-impassioned plea:  
“Somewhere there is a deep uncharted sea  
Of which they say that who unwary slinks  
Beside it in Circean durance sinks.  
That you must find, for such is my decree,  
And when you shall have found it, bring to me  
Full sounding of the depth within its brinks.”  
A sea unmeasured as the zenith skies  
Resistless with magnetic forces drew  
The compass needle of my heart around  
Until it pointed to your Sphinxian eyes.  
Nor could I sound its depth, and yet I knew  
That the uncharted sea I there had found.

### AUTUMN LEAVES

Down they come, the Autumn leaves,  
Playing tag among the eaves,  
Skipping here and dancing there,  
Tossing, jumping, everywhere.

Scattered all about our feet,  
Racing down the quiet street,  
Finding every secret nook,  
Swiftly sailing in the brook.

Whirling 'round the quiet pond,  
Chasing up the hill beyond,  
Resting but a second's space,  
Then off, upon another chase.

Think you that falling leaves are sad?  
Not so, but friendly, joyous, glad.  
They skip and whistle, dance and hum,  
When winds of Autumn whisper—"Come".

### THE FIRST SNOW

From the arms of the north, last night, it came,  
On the wings of a wind that stung  
The glowing cheek to a deeper hue,  
And into the nostrils flung—

The sharp perfume of the northland's breath,  
The cold, hard smell of sleet,  
The mingled odor of spruce and pine—  
Stinging and keen and sweet.

Then, like a blanket, the north wind spread  
The snow, in his careless wake,  
And a drab old earth looked up to catch  
Each sparkling, crystal flake.

### LOVE-LEAVES

Like one raking leaves on a windy day  
Is my heart reaching for your love.  
I shall not be satisfied with a little pile here,  
A little pile there,  
That other loves have blown into the corners of your  
heart:  
I must seek each love-leaf  
And thrust it greedily  
Into our dream-bag,  
Which our children will rifle tomorrow.

### BLUE-GOLD DAY

A blue-gold day came.  
We reveled where the sun,  
Wading in the blue lagunas of the sky,  
Raced the noon-cloud's shadow  
Over the field.

The field-stubble cried a sharp cry  
Where it looked up at the runners:  
Slender spears of bronze, shaved from the sun,  
It cried.

Soon a wind came  
Coaxing an idling cloud to the far end of the arena,  
Where it fretted.

But we reveled and laughed the day through—  
Until the sun blushed red from running  
And lay down to sleep in the sky.

## DUNES

Dunes are but sands  
Blown in from the sea  
On wings of destiny  
Perchance to me.

## AMONG THE DUNES

Under cover of silence  
Long thin fingers beckon  
And give mysterious promise of secrecy profound;  
Fascinating forms allure  
Us to join in a phantoms' dance:  
Whirling, wraithlike figures—  
Either memories or dreams.

## THE GROUND IVY

Most tiny flower that blossoms low on the ground,  
Why are you? What is your purpose?  
Is it the same as mine?  
Are you but a small detail  
In some great mysterious fathomless plan?  
Modest, yet you grace the stem proudly;  
You are unafraid;  
In perfection of form and color  
You reflect truth and purity,  
Divinity inherent.  
Little flower, could you speak,  
Would you voice the wisdom I seek?

### BRAGGADOCIO

The sky is dull grey tonight  
And the wind complains to the lofty elms;  
He tells in noisy phrases  
The feats of strength he has performed.  
But the elms are wrapped in peaceful sleep,  
They rustle very softly  
In their tender dreaminess—  
The wind is heard by the dull grey sky—  
And me.

### FIREFLIES

Sometimes I think that fireflies  
Are little lamplighters  
Passing by, on their way  
To Fairyland.

### REFLECTION

The dew that we see in the morning  
Are the tears that were shed last night,  
And the sky's crimson flush at dawning  
Is stained with man's blood shed for right,  
The stirring breeze through the tree-tops  
Is a last weak breath that was drawn,  
For life comes and goes in the night hours  
And we see it reflected at dawn—

The moon sailing high through the heavens,  
Looks down on the world from above,  
Down on the dark winding highways  
Where she scatters her moonbeams of love.  
She sees the sin of mankind.  
In greed and hate when born,  
Then she looks in the face of the sunrise  
And we see it reflected at dawn.

### SYMPATHY

I would pluck the crown from the dandelion's head  
If it would bring comfort to your sick bed.  
I would search the meadows for four leaf clover  
And the babbling brook's bank that willows bend over.  
I would gather cow-slips near the coolest stream  
That is kissed and made warm by the sun's fair beam.  
Fragrance of the flowers to you I would bring;  
The song of a bird as it takes to the wing.  
The odors that rise from a newly plowed field  
That farmers have tilled for the harvest yield.

White petals like snowflakes from a cherry tree.  
Honey bees humming merrily,  
Buttercups spread over a hill—  
Dancing, dancing and never still—  
Raindrops, fresh from the hanging eaves,  
Gilead-balm from poplar trees.

I would bring anything that the tongue could tell—  
If only it would help you soon to be well.

### IF HE WERE HERE

If he were here I know that he would say,  
“I’m glad you’re at work in your garden today.”  
I almost can hear his cheery laugh  
As I dig and then hoe by the winding path.

If he were here I know that he would say,  
“You’re wearing a beautiful dress today.”  
He loved dainty dresses and new shoes,  
And he bought more for me than I could use.

If he were here he’d look my garden o’er:  
“Its better this year than it was before.”  
I water and tend it with constant care—  
I remember he loved a rosebud in my hair.

### THE TRUMPETER OF SPRING

Have you heard the trumpeter of spring?

    Have you heard his call on the hills again?  
Only to those do his clear tones ring,

    Who've banished the winter's passion and pain,  
Forgetting the cup with its bitter lees;

    Who gather the tears they have hidden away,  
And toss them like jewels upon the breeze,

    To melt in the glint of an April day;  
My heart, we have heard his trumpet's call—

    It echoed today in the cardinal's note,  
In the song of the brook by the meadow wall,  
    And, faint and sweet, in the bluebird's throat.

We have leaped, my heart, to the dear refrain,  
    For we've banished the winter's passion and pain.

Have you seen the trumpeter of spring?

    Have you glimpsed his doublet of palest green?  
His buskins of gold from the finch's wing?

    The jaunty airs of the lad have you seen?  
You must answer his tap on the window sill,

    You must drink, deep, deep, in the April morn,  
Of the tender beauty of sky and hill,

    And laugh as you follow his winded horn.  
My heart, we have glimpsed his golden shoes,

    We have thrilled to his tap on the casement's ledge;  
We have drunk, deep, deep, of the April dews,

    And proffered to Beauty a deathless pledge.  
So dance, my heart, to the sound of his horn,

    And follow him far in the April morn.

### FORGOTTEN SLABS IN TRINITY

Some dear soul rests under this sod  
Unknown, all inscription erased.  
Lines are blurred—but who is concerned  
With a slab so long since placed?

Faded inscription, old tombstone that's left,  
And you who lie under this sod,  
Long since erased is all memory of you—  
You're at rest, at home with God.

Many, like you, are forgotten—neglected;  
Like many, your dear ones passed on.  
Yours so lonely and dreary a grave  
Since the ones you loved are gone.

Trinity! where hundreds lie buried  
'Neath slabs well hidden from view.  
Dear soul, you too, who rests under here,  
Are someone whom somebody knew.

Once those slabs were of common wood  
Exposed to the sun and weather.  
Today they are made of marble and granite—  
In this place they remain all together.

After all what does it matter  
If a slab be of marble or wood?  
You'll rest just as well under either  
If it's you, not the slab, that is good.

God prepares you a place in Heaven:  
He'll not question if slabs are of stone.  
There you are welcome at any time—  
If you merit it, Heaven's your home.

### THE GARDEN

How wond'rously beautiful this assemblage!  
In gorgeous green gowns and gay tinted hats,  
Posing sedately on the soft black mats;  
In the center, a sprite, graceful and gay,  
Dancing enshrouded in silver spray;  
The tall trees extending a protecting arm  
In dreamy shadows to shield from harm,  
Fearful lest the sun in unrivaled splendor,  
Smile too brightly on frail youth most tender;  
The dense hedge, picketing, lest some enter and mar,  
The delicate and fragile beauty and departing leave  
a scar.

What a great and glorious achievement!  
Justly proud those hands should be  
To share with fountain, plant, and tree;  
Enraptured in this beauteous shrine,  
This congregated loveliness of flower and vine—  
Would that some accomplishment of mine,  
Might reach as great perfection as thine,  
The loveliness of flowers, inspiring kind,  
Bearing love and cheer to all of mankind,—  
Love revels in thought, error flutters away,  
When you visit the garden on a sunshiny day.

### THE SECRETS OF THE STARS

Far up above the Earth's green face,  
In a Universe of endless space,  
Are countless worlds to us unknown  
That sparkle in an azure crown.

We wonder if we'll e'er be told  
Of all the secrets that they hold—  
Mysterious beacons of the night  
That send to us their magic light.

Yet are they so dissimilar,  
Although their light comes from afar,  
To this strange world of smiles and tears  
That has shone with them throughout the years?

Or are they mirrors of this sphere,  
Reflecting what they see down here?  
They have no wondrous secrets, then,  
Except the ones we give to them.

### TRAIN WHISTLES

Out of the haunting stillness of the night;  
The vast and boundless blackness of the night,  
I hear a shrill and lonely cry  
That slowly fades into a distant echo.  
Train whistles in the night—  
Forboding symbols of the eternal query:  
Whither are we riding  
In this caravan of human souls?  
Through the darkness that is life,  
The mystifying, terrifying night,  
Onward, onward into—what?  
To light that pierces through the mists?  
I wonder, as I strain my ears to hear  
The dying notes upon the midnight atmosphere—  
Where—where—where?

### SEA GULLS

The wind is your ambient home.  
Of a far away, bleak, barren shore  
Your scream tells the rare foreign lore  
And blends with the surf's hissing foam.

Look! Piercing the mist's pearly cloud  
In graceful and swift-gliding flight  
Your jubilant dash scatters light.  
You alight then, haughty and proud.

Like souls that, forsaken in play,  
Dread drab work that darkens their day  
You spurn the dull urging of toil.  
How light is your touch of the tide!  
You rest, but you never will bide;  
By bidding all beauty must spoil.

### TAJ MAHAL

Of love a lofty monument  
Behold the Taj's white marble lace.  
Of glorious past the ornament,  
Of love a lofty monument.  
Though time the builder's pride has bent  
Forth shines the Taj's unsullied grace.  
Of love a lofty monument  
Behold the Taj's white marble lace.

### NIKKO

Thy temple bells so softly ring  
As tired world to slumber goes,  
And they of peace the message bring.  
Thy temple bells so softly ring.  
A cheerful, tranquil song they sing.  
Release they bring from cares and woes.  
Thy temple bells so softly ring  
As tired world to slumber goes.

### APOLOGIA

You could have made more perfect men  
You had the greatest might;  
But you gave them jealousy, greed, and lust,  
And let them brawl and fight.

You gave them love, but also hate.  
You made a spendthrift and a miser;  
You fashioned many a foolish lout  
And made many a man the wiser.

You had your chance to make them right  
And yet you gave desire;  
Charms—that could provoke or soothe  
Love's earthly fire.

You did not leave them stupid beasts,  
You gave them brains to think.  
They with this knowledge, made of an herb  
A stupifying drink.

You gave the glorious sunshine  
And music of wind through the reeds.  
But the night, and a blaring jazz-band  
Are sufficient for their needs.

Their hands were meant lightly to touch;  
But they do not use them so.  
Instead they grasp, and crush, and break,  
Or deal a heavy blow.

You gave them clear and steady eyes  
Which now are filled with lust.  
They build a mountain of their gold  
And trample their hearts in its dust.

They have no God. They want no God.  
In You no faith renewing . . .  
O Father in Heaven, forgive them though  
They know what they are doing.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH

Having received  
From honest  
Hands and  
Gracious,—  
Salty bread,

Natural it is  
To forget  
How perfect,  
How sustaining  
Was froth  
In some other  
Hour.

Natural and  
Not really hard  
To fan with  
Remembrance the  
Lovely hour,

To stand a beggar,  
Beholden to one  
Whose bread  
Was beauty,—  
And whose hands  
Were both.

### DAY

'Twas flung at me all bright and early,  
With mist of dew all sprinkled over.  
And twinkling stars for magic cover.  
The dawn of day in pristine glory,  
The rose-pink golden ball of day,  
Was flung from space of Universe.  
For me to catch and hold as mine  
Until the end of sun's last ray  
Caught back my day for Paradise,  
And left to me a night divine.

### FEMININITY

The tricky spider all night long  
Works on her web to make it strong,  
And when her mate comes to her home  
With good intent and courage bold,  
She gets on him a strangle hold  
And eats him up, both blood and bones.

### To TWILIGHT

The daylight dies, and twilight's misty trail  
Is hanging low above the radiance of the sun,  
To catch the splendor of the red and gold, far flung,  
To mingle with the gray and purple of her veil,  
For she is weaving draperies to cover hill and dale.  
In every little hollow her priceless web is spun,  
In the great dense forest, and where the streamlets run  
The twilight drops her dusky robe so long and frail.

The calm unbroken silence of the hush twilight brings  
Is but the prelude to the blessed sleep that comes  
To the overburdened hearts of many weary ones,  
When night enfolds us in forgetful dreams,  
We never solve mysteries, nor understand the things  
That sleep has tangled in the web of dreams—and  
dreams—and dreams.

### THERE WILL BE BEAUTY

There will be beauty eloquent and real  
As long as somewhere there are eyes to see  
Or minds to comprehend or hearts to feel,  
There will be beauty in a high degree.

There will be unimagined loveliness  
When there are no more stars or nebulae,  
Beyond the scope of human minds to guess,  
Of bards to dream or prophets to foresee.

When there is no more verdure on the earth,  
No bloom on bush, no leaf on brake or tree,  
Some unknown nature will be giving birth  
To unknown splendor, unknown majesty.

There will be no more beauty only when  
Souls die, or petrify, and only then.

### SOMETIMES AT SUNRISE

On moon-blanch'd nights with you I seem  
The shelter of soft sleep to share;  
I wake to find the dream a dream,  
The brief joy fled and you not there.

Sometime at sunrise I'll awake  
To find your arms encircling me,  
Not then as now when bright dawns break,  
Alone, alone, unfettered, free.

### WISH

Needle-like the rain falls,  
But silver-soft,  
Opening the rose  
To a rich, new hour. . .  
So may teary grief come,  
Needle-like,  
But silver-soft,  
Watering my heart's bright flower.

### ONE WHO COMES AT EVENTIDE

I think when I am old a furtive shape  
Will sit beside me at my fireless hearth,  
Dabbled with blood from stumps of severed wrists,  
And flecked with blackened bits of mouldy earth.

My blood ran fire when the deed was done;  
Now it runs colder than the moon that shone  
On shattered fields where dead men lay in heaps  
Who could not hear a ravished daughter's moan.

(Dim through the bloody dawn on bitter winds  
The throbbing of the distant guns was brought  
When I reeled like a drunkard from the hut  
That hid the horror my red hands had wrought.)

So now I fire my veins with stinging wine,  
And hoard my youth as misers hug their gold,  
Because I know what shape will come and sit  
Beside my crumbling hearth—when I am old.

### TO A WOMAN

Though fathoms deep you sink me in the mould,  
Locked in with thick-lapped lead and bolted wood,  
Yet rest not easy in your lover's arms;  
Let him beware to stand where I have stood.

I shall not fail to burst my ebon case,  
And thrust aside the clods with fingers red:  
Your blood shall turn to ice to see my face  
Look from the shadows on your midnight bed.

To face the dead, *he*, too, shall wake in vain,  
My fingers at his throat, your scream his knell;  
He will not see me tear you from your bed,  
And drag you by your golden hair to Hell.

### SHADOWS

The evening shadows creep  
Like grey cloaked little elves,  
Who softly, softly weep  
And whisper 'mongst themselves.  
They steal along perplexed  
As feathers blown to west,  
And always leave me vexed  
For object of their quest.

### RITES

You would bring a pink rose,  
Whispering low you said,  
And lay it on my quiet heart  
If I were dead.

I would bring a red rose,  
Flaming with desire,  
Oh, surely your still heart would stir  
Beneath its fire!

### INDISCRETION

We stirred a meager warmth  
When chilling winds blew harsh,  
Placed kindling on the fire  
Knowing drouth was on the marsh.

Our hearts were beating light  
As wind-blown thistledown  
For lovely shown the red  
Against the earth's dull brown.

But, oh—the flames ran high  
And over the fields in turn  
Smoldered the ashes of things  
That were not ours to burn!

### LIFE

There's lots of life  
To learn—  
But I am a willing student.  
I burn  
Both candle ends brightly  
To light  
This life that I must learn.

### FOG

Fog! Fog!  
On my face  
Like cold drippings  
From wet gloves—  
Subtly disturbing  
As remembrance  
Of past loves.

### CHANGE

Trickling streams  
Of coolness  
And bright red  
Oaken leaves  
Show that summer's  
Leaving—  
And it's whispered  
By the trees.  
The hills are turning ashen—  
They fear the coldness much,  
And all around  
The world  
Is shrinking  
From winter's touch.

### WEEPING WILLOW IN POTOMAC PARK

Femininity, Princess,  
In your graceful loveliness,  
Soul of rhythm in your wands  
Tempting water with your hands.  
When Potomac tries to kiss  
Waving does not give him bliss.  
Tide is caused by, I confess,  
Water trying to caress  
Finger tips of Weeping Willow,  
Temptress to Potomac billow.

### WANDERLUST

Spring is here; it's time for roaming;  
Water in the brook is gleaming;  
Flowers in the woods are smiling;  
Now's the time to do some dreaming!  
Briar harps and water foaming  
Furnish music so beguiling.

### PERCEPTION

(*To President Roosevelt's New Deal*)

Do you know the reason of this terrible unrest,  
Poverty amidst the wealth, this lack of happiness?  
Is it not a setting up of self apart from God?  
Living in God's presence teaches nothingness of self.  
Recognize no self apart from man's true Father, God.  
Make your body, make your mind His perfect instruments.

God is omnipresent, Spiritual man, His only Son,  
Is the Father, manifested. Greed and lust and hate  
Cause this world's unhappiness and man his great mistakes.

Minding my own business does not tend to make me see  
Motes in neighbors' eyes when many beams remain in  
me.

Living in God's presence teaches nothingness of self.

### EVENING

Like a curtain after the applause,  
Night pulled a grey cloud—  
Across a vivid sunset.

### BROKEN FRIENDSHIP

I went quietly  
While you were still seated,  
Sipping your wine.  
I went quietly  
And closed the door.  
I heard your laughter  
Echo through the hall,  
And so I went.  
Your weary brain,  
Remembers my name,  
You call, too late—  
I was already down the hill,  
On my way home.

### OUR BLOCK

Our world is so beautiful  
The little street narrowly curbed,  
The houses leaning on one another.  
The trees sheltering the walk.  
The bark of a dog, the gurgle of a child.  
Somebody's kid running down the block,  
The sunlight shining on his hair.  
Patches of sunlight everywhere.  
A bird singing in a bush,  
A women humming over her wash.  
A day glides by—weary men at night,  
Sit on porches and smoke their pipes.  
The sun goes down, night glides on.  
Lamps shine in the windows  
Many people come home.

### TENTING ON THE SHORE

They tell me that I am growing old.  
My tent may be, as the years unfold—  
But I have scarcely begun to live!  
My accusers I freely forgive.

They tell me that I am growing old.  
Such an assertion is very bold!  
I am a youth tenting on the shore—  
And shall be even when the tent is no more.

They tell me that I am growing old.  
This again and again I am told,  
But Methuselah's was a youthful soul  
Though he saw a full millennium roll!

They tell me that I am growing old—  
As though I were something bought or sold!  
I am tenting on a pebbled shore,  
Though the frail tent, anon, I shall give o'er.

Life is not measured by years below,  
But by shallow stream or ocean flow:  
Long may we live and but little do!  
But we may do much though our years be few.

### TO A CARDINAL

Oh, precious bird in gay attire,  
Why would one blight your heart's desire  
To perch on point of highest tree,  
And sing your song so light and free—  
A song that thrilled sad hearts to hear.  
'Twas heard by all, both far and near:  
"Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!"

Though tragedy befell your lot  
Your song will never be forgot.  
Be dark and drear the day, or bright,  
From early dawn unto the night;  
From every tree top I still hear  
Your voice in accents loud and clear:  
"Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!"

### JOY OF COMING HOME

There's much delight in travel,  
Strange sights are grand to see;  
It fills desire and longing,  
It sets emotions free.  
But when the journey's ended,  
When you have ceased to roam,  
The greatest thrill of all will come  
When you're returning home.

For as the home draws nearer  
The heartbeats quicker grow;  
Your smile will beam its brightest—  
And you will ever know  
That of all the scenes of grandeur,  
On land or on the foam,  
There's naught that gives you so much joy  
As the sight of your own home.

### PERSPECTIVE

I haven't want of much today,  
As life thus far has measured naught  
More than the little touching clay  
Of frozen dust and withered thought.

If such were mine a whole life through  
And burning tears are cleansed of sin,  
Might shadow length be mossy hue  
As cast between the never-end?

The subtle light and hope beyond  
Is food for those to follow after;  
Awakened soul begins the song  
That I may reach eternal laughter.

### A GLIMPSE

Your whisper  
Came to me at dawn.  
I felt nothing,  
Yet sound could not tempt  
My ears  
Unless your own lips  
Had blown my way  
The true delight of memory,  
Then warm sun rays  
Beamed golden  
Upon the window;  
I know that day  
Had brought reality,  
And sharpened my dream.

### BY DIFFERENT ROADS

She has the scorn of her prosaic race  
For dreams and those who dream them, for the mind  
Which through a printed page can leave behind  
Its daily world for one of deeper grace.  
She says it wastes time; foolishness indeed,  
With things to *do*, for folks to sit and read!

Her windows overrun with thrifty plants:  
Begonia, narcissus, nicotine;  
She wipes their leaves to bring a glossy sheen  
And coaxes them to great luxuriance.  
“A lot of work,” she says, “but I do think  
Plants are so pretty. Did you see my pink?”

### BALANCE

Some day, when all I love are lost and gone,  
It may be I shall also lose the sense  
Of an ironic fortune’s imminence,  
So that the rapture of a lilac dawn  
Will bring no thought of Powers to appease;  
So I am able to meet joy again  
Without a catch of breath against the pain  
Which I have grown to think must follow ease.

For then, when all I love are gone and lost,  
I shall not be afraid of anything,  
Not life nor death; I shall not count the cost  
Of each high mood, but carelessly shall fling  
Fear into all-supreme delight. Fate’s toll  
For that undoubtedly will be my soul.

### MY RED, RED ROSE

I've guessed who you are, my red, red rose,  
With your long, gaunt arms, and gaunter fingers.  
Each finger's tipped as the red blood flows,  
Then gathers in drops, and stops and lingers.

There's naught can wash the red away;  
By night—by day—it grows and grows;  
It grows and grows as flowers may,  
Till each finger shows a red, red rose.

Lo! from this rose so sweetly blowing,  
There comes the breath of Araby.  
My lady's tears may now cease flowing;  
Penance is done right royally.

### IF I WERE PAGAN

If I were pagan, I would live in a tree.  
Naiads and Dryads my guests would be.  
The topmost branches would be our top floor,  
Where we'd sit and talk of mythical lore.  
Naiads, with glee, great stories would tell,  
Of clear, rambling streams in their mossy dell.

If I were pagan, I'd worship the wind,  
(His name depends upon the mood he's in).  
Gentle zephyr'd caress us and tousle our hair,  
Wafting strains Aeolian on the balmy air.  
To stern Boreas, deep homage I'd pay,  
Though he shook my tree till the roots gave way.

I'd cast away fear and laugh in his face,  
Though Naiads and Dryads fled the place.  
I'd worship the wind whosoever he be,  
If I were pagan and lived in a tree.

### THE OCEAN TRAMP

Vagabond! Where are you bound?  
Tramp of the Western Ocean,  
With your reeking, slimey sides of drab,  
Broken only by scattering patches  
Of red lead, vivid and glaring;  
Superstructure, bridge, and forecastle,  
Deckhouse, lifeboats, portholes, poop,  
Smudged and grimy from the oil and soot  
Of Cardiff, Norfolk, Galveston, Hong Kong,  
Belching forth from funnel mouth.

What nation fair is mother to your ensign  
That oozes through the scented breeze?  
Tattered, ravelled, greasy, detestable rag,  
Flaunted from the taffrail staff.  
For all I know it is the same  
As Kidd from the Jolly Roger raised,  
Except for lack of Skull and Bones.  
These instead lie hidden in the depths  
Of your own self;  
Stinking, sweating, swearing, ever toiling  
At shovel, barrow, hoe, and poker;  
Swollen-eyed, hollow-cheeked, men of red  
In the furnaces' glare,  
Yellow and black as they lie on deck  
Gasping and choking down  
Mouthfuls of undefiled air.

Vagabond! Where are you bound,  
Rolling and reeling and staggering thus?  
The gray-green waves hesitate to lash your sloppy  
sides.  
They flee before your bellied bow  
In two diverging lines of foam,  
Meeting far astern to rant  
At your uncleanliness.

### THE GLORIOUS CHRISTMAS TREE

What a happy and joyous throng we are as we gather  
    Around the Christmas tree  
To find what Santa Claus has left to increase our glad-  
    ness.

We can scarcely keep in restraint our impatience  
So eager are we to see what each package  
    May contain.

But do we remember what event the day commem-  
    orates?

Can we tell the holy incident?

“It was night. The shepherds were watching their flocks  
When suddenly a bright and glorious light surrounded  
    them.

They were afraid; and an angel came to them and said:  
‘Fear not: for, behold, I bring you glad tidings, of  
    great joy  
    Which shall be for all people.’

“For unto you is born this day, in the city of David,  
    A Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord;  
And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find  
The babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a  
    manger.”

Then, suddenly, there appeared with the angel a mul-  
    titude  
Of the heavenly host, praising God and saying,  
‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace—  
    Good will toward men.’ ”

Would that Christmas might last the entire year—  
    How much brighter the world would be!

How much brighter and happier our lives would be.  
How we long for a life of continuous peace and joy  
With no wars or troubles to plague us. God grant that  
    Time may arrive very soon.

CONDESCENSION

The good Lord, I fear,  
Was not minding His business  
When He turned out  
My excuse for a face;  
But all thanks to Him—  
In the general dizziness  
He gave me for beauty  
A passion so great  
That I shall excuse Him—in case.

QUEST

This quest for perfection  
Is hard on a person,  
To put it quite mildly—  
It sets one a-cursin',  
To say nothing of others  
With whom I've to live—  
Poor satisfied devils,  
They've nothing to give!

CRITICISM

Such cruel delight  
A critic can take—  
So hard to spin,  
So easy to break—  
This gossamer web of dreams.

BEAUTY

There are some things  
Too beautiful for words—  
They pierce the heart  
As keen-edged swords.  
A lover's look—a baby's touch,  
Exquisite music—all of such  
Can be translated by so few;  
The rest—  
These things of beauty die.

### VALLEY FORGE IN SPRING

Where once brave bugles echoed clear  
    Across bare fields and hills o'erlaid  
With snow, woodthrushes pipe their cheer  
    From twigs with bursting buds arrayed.

Amid ephemeral beauty white,  
    Pink dogwood blossoms gently blow  
To sanctify the foeless fight,  
    Immortal tracks across the snow.

### THE AVERAGE MAN

The average man, how curst is he,  
Who has no flaming fancy free  
To turn bound night to winging day;  
Reduce his work that he may play;  
Reveal his soul for such there be  
In everyone. Let mortal clay  
Be turned to dust, be blown away  
By swift wing-beats of thoughts which flee  
The average man.  
Let lovely dreams and imagery  
Come waft me o'er the milling sea  
Of unrevealed souls. I pray  
To soar beyond the norm! Oh, may  
This curse of curses abandon me,  
The average man!

### THE RESTORED LOVER

When at last he returned,  
She was not pleased.  
Having worn so long  
Sorrow's silver-grey cloak  
She feared happiness  
Would not become her.

### GRISELDA

They call me patient.  
And you, in your security,  
Year after year have brought me  
Fresh pain.  
Trampled upon my pride  
Until it is one with the dust,  
And my heart is a twisted,  
Bitter thing.  
You praise my meekness,  
Nor guess how many thousand times  
I have dreamed of a knife dark with  
Your blood.

### SMALL-TOWN WIDOW

The day after he died  
She bought a new dress  
Of flaring crimson.  
The tongues of the neighbors  
Clacked busily  
Destroying her between  
Tea and dinner.  
They forgot—or never knew—  
How he had loved red.

### THE PRICE

Life has given me naught!  
All I have has been dearly bought!  
Some pay with wealth,  
Some with stealth,  
Some with smiles  
To help climb the weary miles.  
Life has given me naught  
All I have has been dearly bought!

### LOVERS

One lover comes  
The other goes!  
Perhaps they would not be foes,  
If the one that comes  
Knew why the other goes!

### WALKS IN THE PALE Moonlight

Walks in the pale moonlight,  
That lead to Heaven's bliss,  
Then the smouldering ashes  
Drifted into dust!

### Vows

Vows build castles,  
Man the instigator  
Tears them down!  
Women gives her heart's blood  
To nurse the aspiration.  
Man drains until  
The fount is dry  
And then the castles crumble!  
Like "Aladdin's Mists."

### ATLANTES

Rows of trees along horizons low,  
Carrying the cornice of the sky,  
Tall Atlantes—where wild roses grow,  
Gypsies sometimes look at you—and sigh.

### GOLD

Mammon  
Stood admiring  
Heaven's golden pavement.  
God foresaw how mortals would be  
Tempted.

### MEDIEVAL TOWN

You were  
As picturesque  
And far more prophetic  
Than the castle standing above  
Your walls.

### SERFDOM

Art is  
A feudal lord  
Exacting dues that I,  
Poor serf, shall never be able  
To pay.

### THE PROMISE

Man's small  
Conceit once feared  
The power of rain. And then  
The first apostle to the earth  
Appeared.

### STRANGE ALBATROSS

What wandering albatross spreads wings today  
Across the lonely sea of my torn heart?  
Too motionless these wings now throb their way  
Above these seas and rend my soul apart.  
Oh lonely wandering thing of southern seas,  
Is there no wave to cradle you tonight?  
Oh love, too well compared to one of these  
Across my heart and soul you take your flight.

It is too strange a spell you hold so all  
Securely over me, too silently  
You move your solitary way across  
My heart that feels the deep vibrations fall  
From your spread wings skimming above the sea.  
How singular this course of albatross!

### UNBITTED FOAL

When I at last shall take my highmost fling  
Shall I be like some free, unbitted foal  
To bound across high heaven's star-marked scroll  
As one who never knew a bridling.  
Graze where a vast eternal prairie whirs?  
I then forget the taste of manger straw?  
My flanks no longer feel the gouge of spurs,  
Nor I feel tugging reins at my chafed jaw?

Oh let me then unhindered nightly roam,  
Forgetting measured ways of all this past,  
Meet swift mustangs on broad ethereal plains  
That too have shed the bit that once their foam—  
Chafed mouths endured; together flash our manes  
Agleam through aging glory, freed at last!

### HERMITAGE

Until today I've always spent  
Money, to my heart's content,  
With little thought to means or gain,  
Giving everything in vain.

But times have changed, I remain hid  
And ponder o'er what I did;  
And despise my present state;  
But then, is it now too late?

Had I known how things would turn out,  
Rest assured there'd be no doubt  
In my mind. But things did not wait—  
And now I long for them—too late.

### ODE TO DAWN

What manner of man is this,  
Who dreads the coming dawn!  
Is he of the idle rich  
To whom the day is pawn?  
Or is he of the other class,  
Who fears the coming hour  
When hunger brings angry thoughts  
To minds grown weak and sour?

Why bother for the morrow?  
The rich care naught for it,  
The poor spell it as sorrow,  
And bear it just with grit.

## ODE TO A FORGOTTEN GRAVEYARD

Blades of grass, wave triumphant  
Bleached headstones . . . . . crazily tipped  
Brown earth, rolling, bursting,  
Clustered paths . . . . . tumbleweed blocking  
Nodding trees . . . . . sighing sadly  
Broken gates . . . . . creak in lonely mourning  
Fences . . . . . stripped of paint, rotting slowly  
Rock of grey . . . . . cluster once smooth lawn  
Leaves, fallen in disintegrating agony.  
Memories . . . . . generations old, becoming disingenuous  
Spirits . . . . . hover round with evil toothless grin  
A world . . . . . passing in happy whirl, without  
thought,  
of beautiful women who once held charm and  
grace . . . . .  
of gentle men . . . . . once courageous and clean . . . . .  
of little children, lambs of God . . . . romping, loving,  
learning . . . .  
Whipped away with magic flow . . . . . with no remem-  
brance,  
to the land of never, never . . . . . . . .  
Forgotten. . . . .

.....

### THE VANISHED WOOD-NYMPH

With hands like yellowed ivory, she stood,  
Still as the night, and illumined the trees  
With emerald eyes; while the green wood,  
With rustling leaves, caressed her alabaster knees.

A veil of woven butterfly wings  
Wrapped her white and graceful limbs;  
And on her russet hair, as on gossamer strings,  
Moonlight played its golden whims.

Even the blind could tell the place  
Where among the boughs she hearkened;  
For a swallow's twitter, weird with grace,  
Led when vision darkened.

The soughing wind and the linnet's throat  
Took up her fallen sighs;  
And gay-plumed birds, of sweetest note,  
Dropped them in the skies.

Her days she spent in solitude,  
And her nights in longing;  
Lonely men, who knew her mood,  
Her charmed haunts were thronging.

But now the wood is cleared,  
And the leafy boughs are hewn  
Where, among the boughs that shimmered weird,  
She breathed her elfin tune.

Lonely men now look in vain  
For her robe of butterflies;  
Vanished is the glimmering lane  
Lit by her emerald eyes.

'Tis rumored that she fled  
From her abode of sylvan art,  
To hover in some weary head,  
And nestle in his heart.

### A GARDEN OF DELIGHT

Misty stars trick silver bars of midnight skies,  
A ruby sun glorifies day with emotional sighs,  
Aurora swathed in roseate colors awakens fresh dawn  
Striking her golden cymbals, tuning the birds' song.  
Field flowers bow with smiles wafting incense breath  
As the sunrise and happy morn have met.  
Chaste Nature is resplendant in tissuous charm-lure  
Reflecting delicate sky-pastel tinsels with harmonizing  
azur.  
Unbridled blazing beauties like giddy sunbeams siren-  
izing,  
The bursting buds into blossoms gayly appear, tantal-  
izing  
With happy mood-masses of confused threaded mem-  
ories,  
Preying with a color-dream phantasm of symphonies  
Like a drop of perfume from myth-flowers  
Nestling in fragrant garlanded arches of fairy bowers.  
Life walks entrancingly in a garden of delight  
Joyously with trust sublime as in ordained plight.

### THE MELODIES OF JOY

A redolent rhythm of loveliness settles everywhere  
Chanting a melodious song in the air  
With a crimson glow enrapturing the heart  
A joy makes the world glad apart  
From an inky sky. Gleams of happiness  
In rainbow aroma of inborn sweetened bliss,  
Hope in tune—impulses taking fancy shapes  
Like a new star self-illuminous, pregnates  
The breath of Nature with creation's ideals,  
Tinging the spirit of life, courageously reveals,  
Radiates in jubilant ecstasy, untold aspirations  
With the blossoming anew of hidden inspirations  
Surging through the power-bridge of gladness,  
Spanning the laughing waters of joy-madness.

### MULBERRIES

I plant mulberries.  
Birds in legions  
Track these regions  
In camaraderies;  
Friendly and mad,  
Saucy and glad,  
Birds sing in the mulberry trees;  
Birds in lacquered crimson coats,  
From whose wine-refreshed throats  
Songs vermillion heady-sweet  
Intoxicate the breeze,  
Intoxicate the heat;  
Blue and green songs of confusion,  
Yellow rhapsodied illusion,  
Brown songs, white songs in a spray;  
Fire works shooting at the day,  
Sky rocket and rainbow songs,  
Glass and silver, copper gongs,  
Deluged air of minstrelsies,  
Carnival without a pause  
Of vocal mountebanks, because  
I plant mulberries.

### MISER

She hoards her grief,  
Caresses it,  
As guarded fief  
She dresses it.

She cherishes in solitude  
The mourning mood.  
Obsessed, she would dispute  
Joy as a substitute.

### BLIND

Into the tortured blackness of my gloom  
There comes no dawning hope of sun to shine  
And make the dank ground sweet, in this, my tomb.  
The rotting bodies of old thoughts of mine  
And those of other people, conned by me,  
Lie mouldering thick about my inert brain.  
The myriad footsteps of the crowds that see,  
Along the pavement beat and beat again.

Poor idiots, not knowing that tomorrow  
Their laughter may be stilled, and all the earth  
For them be crowded with the ghosts of sorrow—  
One wraith I know—black haired with eyes of mirth—  
—Oh, thank you for the nickel, gentle lady—  
'ou may be a haughty dame, or "Judy O'Grady."

### BARNABY RUDGE

I have prisoned the crescent moon at last,  
In the bottom of the well.  
The shadows are running by me fast,  
Did you know the wind wove a spell?

The trees are angry, they shake and dip,  
But they cannot follow on.  
They cannot follow to London, Grip,  
But we will be there before dawn.

The wild men howl and tramp in the mud—  
Here's a banner as black as a bat.  
Oh—my gallant feather is draggled in blood!  
Mother I cannot bear that.

### THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

More potent e'en than Circe's spell  
It haunts all corners of the earth,  
Makes each one seem a Goddess of the Shell,  
Lifts up the laden heart to mirth.

That which when given, returns tenfold  
To the one who lavishly gives.  
It cannot be bartered, or even sold—  
Yet without it none truly lives.

It stays the hand of the Reaper,  
It calms life's stormy sea,  
It makes the gall of life somewhat sweeter—  
Now have you guessed my mystery?

Your worldly cares are lighter,  
Your storm clouds all turn blue.  
The sun shines just a little brighter  
When the one you love, loves you.

"Love is the force that moves the world,"  
Old and young declare it.  
Very often we forget the word:  
"Each one must give to share it."

### THE SCANDAL-MONGERS

They with their painted tongues must rise  
    Naked at the trumpets' blast  
When all their winds of sick surmise  
    And bewildering mists roll past.

What then is their pride and their fertile breath  
    When every song they've sung  
Has left on their breath the stench of death  
    And a soul empaled on their tongue.

### THE HOLY-MEN

They hide in the fens and forests.  
    They dwell in a nether night.  
They babble of our iniquity  
    But turn their backs to light.

They never walk the thorny paths.  
    They fly from us like elves.  
A terrible terror is on them—they  
    Might see themselves!

### THE SCHOONER

The helm is lashed; the sails rolled;  
    The stretch of bare deck is quiet.  
And sharp eyed men with mouths of gold  
    Blaspheme to buy it.

Hid in a churchyard a tombstone glares,  
    “Lost to the windy waves.”  
And the shivering sexton starts and swears  
    At the singing in the graves!

### CIMMERIAN WINGS

A flitter-mouse: *futility*;  
Again it circles through the dark,  
Beating its fingered wings at me  
Till thoughts of mine are prone and stark.

Beneath the sun, Cimmerian wings  
Quiescent hide till day is blurred;  
Before the sun, my spirit flings  
The somber, melancholy word.

### LITTLE POPLARS

My square of silver turf is pointed  
With naked poplar trees;  
Immaculate striplings primly jointed

And little virgins chastely tender  
Are even such as these  
Before their Eden of surrender.

Poplars with hearts red-stemmed resemble  
Lovers who would please,  
Like lovers shining yet atremble.

### SONG OF WINGS

The magic of wings  
Is the essence of things:  
Of rocks and dust,  
Iron and rust,  
Of the flowering plum,  
And rarities from  
Forgotten lands;  
Of platinum sands,  
The water's foam,  
Earth's pregnant loam,  
Of youth and age,  
Of love and rage,  
Of swarms of us...  
Miraculous!

### CARILLON AT MALINES

Have you ever heard the ringing  
Of the chimes at old Malines  
In the magic of the mellow evening light?  
Have you heard the silvery chiming  
Of the bells so softly rhyming  
As the carillon is sounding on the night?

They are ringing, gently ringing,  
Fairy messages are winging  
Like the music of the angels  
Falling on my listening ear.  
They are ringing, gently ringing  
Like a choir of song-birds singing  
As the little bells are flinging  
Out their anthem sweet and clear.

But a ruder note is sounding  
With a noise of doleful pounding,  
Like a sound of evil portent  
And my heart is filled with fear;  
They are clanging, loudly clanging,  
The great bells are harshly banging  
Like the din of anvils whanging  
Out their chorus far and near.

Thus my fancy swiftly straying  
While the carillon was playing,  
I stood spell-bound by the music  
All forgetful of the hour,  
Till at last my trance was broken,  
Though no word to me was spoken,  
By the last melodious token  
From the dark cathedral tower.

### A POEM SPEAKS TO AN EDITOR

I've traveled round this country thrice;  
I've been in cities large and small.  
Name any publisher in the States,  
I'm sure I've met them all.

So, sir, when you are reading me,  
Think not I need correction.  
Have pity on a tired poem;  
Forget the cursed rejection!

### FOOL

Complaint-laden atmosphere;  
Not a friend around me here;  
Cutting words upon my ear—  
And I live  
In this world of heavy pain,  
Too much sun, and too much rain;  
Too much loss, and too much gain;  
I must complain.  
Too much hunger; too much grain;  
Too much mountain; too much plain;  
Too much heart, and not much brain!  
I must complain.

Incense-laden atmosphere;  
Sweet smelling blossoms around me here;  
A soft and gentle funeral bier;  
I am dead.  
To sleep within the Earth forever  
Is not a thing for which I care.  
Too much dirt and time to spare.  
I still complain.  
Too much quiet; too much rest;  
Too much thought to be expressed  
Of too much sin to be confessed.  
So, I complain.

### TAHITIAN GHOST FLOWER

Today a native brought a lei. . .  
The lovely, ivory Ti-pan'-i-e,  
Thick, soft petals, cream and gold,  
Curled back from fragil cups  
That hold wells of fragrance  
In their folds.

Ti-pan'-i-e,  
Tahitians say,  
Walks with a ghost that cries and wails,  
A Tu'-pa-pah of forest trails.  
And that is the reason  
Tahitians say,  
That only in the light of day,  
These lovely, fragrant  
Cream gold flowers,  
May be worn in sunlight hours.

### REMEMBRANCE

I have given my heart to you  
In thought. . . .  
But shadows stand between us;  
Tender and deep is the love that you wrought,  
Strong and true as the clarion call  
Of wild, grey geese  
On a northern breeze,  
Winging their way into Southern Seas.  
Remember then, when wild geese fly,  
When the Buffalo Trail is in the sky,  
When silver flashes on the reef,  
When coral sands  
Like shining bands  
Of ivory cream,  
Wait for you there  
In starlight's gleam,  
Remember then. . . . my hand in yours  
Was not a dream.

## DREAMS

Dream on—dream on, my blue, my brown-eyed lads;  
Dream morning, noon, and night! Your dreams are  
sure,

For dreams of good, of ill, e'en all endure!

Since dreams have power to make both glad and sad,  
Then always when you dream, of this be sure:

That they are good, are pure—constructive, right!

Not dreams that do debase, destructive quite.

For dreams are always filled with magic lure.

Remember when, always, to-day, to dream

The truth: unto the pure, all things are pure.

And e'en in world of chaos, of strife, a gleam

Of radiant light shines always bright for all

Who have by will, their dreams in guarded hall.

Dream on—dream on! These dreams guard well, I do  
adjure!

## HUMANITY

The human, pulsing, beating, restless throng,  
Earth's spawn from all the restless ages flung,  
Advance, retreat, evolve, revolve, among  
The flora, fauna here, earth, magnet strong!  
From whence, wherefore and whither bent,  
We would of them inquire. Would answer true of all  
Be this: quest of desire? If so, the call  
Still comes, will come, until desire is spent  
And spirit fine in all doth find the way:  
Contrition strong, submission meek of self,  
And from the pulsing, beating, restless throng  
Ascends both loud and long, a breath of song  
In tune with Infinite creative ray  
Of thought divine and all delight in wealth!

### UNDISCOVERED

The secrets of the ocean  
    Hidden, deep, mysterious are;  
But secrets of the soul  
    Encompass, fly beyond each star.

### DIRGE

Sad tidings came from one we love,  
    That his dear friend, and ours, had passed  
To wond'rous realms beyond the stars  
    Where faithful ones find true repast.  
His mortal home, of earth now claimed,  
    Was borne to the Place of Prayer and Praise;  
Solemn thoughts, en route, were ours  
    And heavy hearts that none could raise,  
Save Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost,  
    Or God, in Whom each heart should trust.

Inside the portals of this Place  
    We felt, as ne'er before, the grace,  
The pow'r and justice of the Lord,  
    That would each willing soul embrace.  
Those who know the trials of grief,  
    The agony of soul to tears,  
The questions awsome death propounds  
    To test our faith, or bring us fears,  
Will wonder not these pains decrease  
    In thoughts of promised joy and peace.

Thus consoled, we journeyed forth  
    Where all have final sleep and rest,  
The peace of which shows us a way  
    To lighten tasks, direct each quest.  
The service o'er, we would remain  
    To sense the bliss of héav'nly life,  
The call of love, conceived of love,  
    A gem untouched by earthly strife—  
Then evermore our song shall be,  
    O Death, where is thy victory?

### SHADOWS

The gentle swishing of a sombre stream,  
The rounded moon of burnished brass becomes.  
A molten melody from somewhere hums  
And lulls itself into an endless dream.  
The lonely stars send forth their flick'ring beam  
And ope and close their ever-peering eyes;  
A painted beetle drones and wearily flies  
To where the blossoms rest beside the stream.

And who is there among the sons of men,  
Who looks on these,—the fingertips of power,  
Pulsing on the barren path he's trod,—  
A-winding through the woods or o'er the fen,  
A-toiling upward where the mountains tower,—  
Has not there seen the shadows of a God?

### GAUTAMA BUDDHA

“All life is sorrow: O, how blind the fool  
Who gorges self on vain, elusive joys,  
Who cushions life with Mara's gilded toys—  
The pleasures of a lifeless, listless pool.  
What! know'st thou not—from ignorance is sprung  
The guileless gurgle of the new-born babe  
Who, shackled by the chains of brute desire,  
Leaps up, decays and withers ere he's young?  
Let passion be unknown to you, nor joys,  
Nor pinch of senses—ought of such desire—  
The life within is of an holier fire,—  
That ecstasy of thought, where nought annoys,  
A dream, a trance, a puffing of the flame  
That opes to view Nirvana's fertile plain.”

### IN MY OWN IMAGE

In my own image I bore you:  
The hail beat upon my head;  
The heat warmed my breast,  
Sorrow covered my flesh;  
Mighty winds swept my soul.  
I have drunk from cups of torture  
And tasted drops of triumph.

In my own image I bore you—  
A slave to earth. . . .

So in my youth I had spoken.  
So in my youth I had reproached myself.  
I, my son's measure line,  
The base for his flight,  
Kept towering. . . .

Now as a bird before its winter flight,  
Now as a bee with its honey gathered,  
I watch my child in the deep vastness of the air  
Gallantly braving the wind,  
Passionately flying. . . .

Motors of a plane. . . .  
In the sky the sun and shadow interchange.  
Will my child know only bits of shadow  
And immensity of sun?  
Will he taste only drops of torture  
And drink great cups of triumph?

He is stronger than I have ever been  
And braver;  
He has broken my measure line  
And reaches upward . . . upward.

### THE GOLDEN PRESENT

The dew in the garden shines, dear,  
As it has shone before;  
But the beauty of this morn, dear,  
Shall quickly be no more.

The rarest roses bloom, dear,  
As in the springs gone by;  
But the fragrance of this morn, dear,  
Shall swiftly faint and die.

Just hear the linnet's joy, dear,  
Oft has he sung the same;  
But the music of this morn, dear,  
Shall soon be but a name.

Time and the hour flee, dear,  
As they have fled of yore;  
But the golden present lives, dear,  
Has past or future more!

### WHO KNOWS SAND-PAINTINGS

Down in a Hopi kiva on the floor  
Of rough gray flags, priests weave with sandy thread  
Unique designs in green, blue, yellow, red,—  
On russet ground between the altar and door;  
War, Thunder, Life,—gods Indians adore—  
Stare hard upon the work with rigid head;  
Splendid the rug when done, the last grains spread!  
Then dance and drum and song,—a weird uproar!

Two ceremonies never are the same;  
The sketch must be complete and wiped away  
Ere sunset. But is any purpose here?  
Line, color, form, strange rite,—I find no aim!  
Soft! Indians see the meaning clear as day:  
Evils depart, pains go and joys draw near.

### THE COURSE

My dearest, trust me!! I may err and fail  
In many ways, through mere humanity,  
And draw a tide of precious tears from thee,  
And make thy heart with apprehension quail.  
These are the voyagers cares. Our ship must sail  
A hundred ways to windward and to lee,  
Before the harbor where we fain would be  
Flashes its light, and answers to our hail.  
But I am faithful as the stars above,  
By which I steer. Though almost blind I cannot see;  
For tears of loneliness for thee are blinding me.  
My fixed vision from their guidance shall not rove;  
Or if these lights in stormy clouds that be  
Towards the same point my constant course shall key,  
It shall be gained, led by the magnet of my love.

### 'TIS ALL ANY OF US ACCOMPLISH

A stage, we enter, loud applause.  
We dance, whirl, bend, talk, joke.  
Play our bit to make man laugh.  
It ends, a stage, we exit.  
Soft applause and flowers in our dressing room,  
'Tis all any of us accomplish.

### NIGHT THOUGHT

The river beckons warm and comforting.  
The soothing wind shoves me into her arms—  
No—stop—I cannot ever stop to rest.  
I must be on—I have many things to do  
Ere I lay down to sleep. He must be made  
Happy like the gurgling stream that  
Slips into the arms of its lover—the river.  
Yet, I have many things to do, ere I return.

### SHATTERED

Last night I dreamed you were a silver swan,  
Your ruffled beauty etched against the moon,  
And I the purple of a deep lagoon  
On which you glided toward the waiting dawn.  
What ecstasy to have you lean upon  
Me lightly, very lightly, while the croon  
Of crickets came across the dark. . . I swoon,  
Remembering how soft your breast, how wan!

Alas, I woke to lose the purple stir  
Of lilies in a room grown strangely still.  
I tried to catch again the silver gleam  
That had been you, the even, ebbing whir  
Of motion that went through me like a thrill;  
But who can hold the fragments of a dream?

### THE DAWN IS STILL

The dawn is still, no flash of bird is bringing  
A syllable of mirth, no laughing spill  
Of water where the silver tide is swinging—  
The dawn is still.

It is as if I walked upon a hill  
With God before the birth of sound, while clinging  
Night unpinned the stars that held her frill.

I seem to feel my very spirit winging  
Through space without the aid of wish or will.  
Too soon the bells of commerce will be ringing—  
The dawn is still.

### SOUTHERN JUSTICE

Cold, iron, spiral steps led  
down through the dank, dread gloom;  
there were little pools of red  
and a sticky sweetness in the room.  
A negro lay upon the bed,  
his chest was wet with sweat,  
the blood oozed from his head.  
A voice said: *let the jet*  
*bleed—he will soon be dead.*

### SELF SUFFICIENCY

I thought: *Are we the weakest link in this*  
And I went out into the cold night air  
And found a warmth and fragrant sweetness there—  
That stopped the nervous twitching of my toes  
Sated my desires and made light of all my woes.  
*is it a true set of values that we miss*  
*where is the pathway, the key to the gate*  
My eyes absorbed with one sweeping gaze  
All the dots, all the discs, the crescent haze;  
The velvet dewy grass on which I tread  
Does not give up and die, but sprouts instead.  
*how can I understand how long must I wait*  
A tree is satisfied with isolation,  
Without the comradeship of contemplation.

### YESTERDAY FOREVER

Swift wheels of yesterday are still,  
So, too, the clatter of the mill;  
Its weavers hopeless, bent and wan  
From silent looms are ever gone.  
But, on the mighty river flows,  
It constant comes, it ceaseless goes.

Time tears the monuments of men  
And hurls them back to dust again  
For grinding into mouldy earth,  
Of artless form, of nothing worth.  
There lies the skill of man, undone,  
And, endless ages but begun.

Backward the clock of time is turned,  
Some bridges never can be burned;  
For, everything which is to-day  
Has come to us a long, long way  
From wrecks prone lying through the years,  
Wrought then of human blood and tears.

There is one hope,—the faith of Him  
Whose was the impulse, was the whim  
To raise a sanctum for his fane,  
Built not of stone and steeple, vain.  
Great castles back to earth decay,  
Their moted waters flow alway.

### PRECIOUS BABY MINE

Oh, precious little baby dear!  
Lump of gold—  
Your loving mother watches near  
To enfold  
You in my arms when day is done,  
And cuddle you, my little One!  
So do not pine—  
    Oh, heart of me!  
    Oh, part of me!  
    Precious baby mine!

Your tender eyes of deepest brown  
Dance with glee—  
A glimpse of Heaven smiling down,  
Down at me.  
Oh, wondrous joy at setting sun  
To hold you close, my Little One!  
So pure and fine—  
    Oh, heart of me!  
    Oh, part of me!  
    Precious baby mine!

## THE SONNET

Here is sufficient space for truth to walk,  
Down fourteen rigid aisles of five feet each,  
For governed thus discreetly, she may talk  
With beauty, who will glorify truth's speech  
Until she need not chafe at the restraint  
Of "Thus far and no farther," having learned  
That thought which wanders widest may grow faint  
For lack of discipline which could have turned  
Ambition to achievement. Gladly then  
Shall truth obey the limits of the law,  
Content to share the company of men  
Who took this strictest passage, and foresaw  
The consummation that defends the course:  
Truth chastened into majesty and force.

## IN A DOWN TOWN PARK

These rooted trees rebuke the rootless breed,  
Borne here by casual wind of circumstance;  
The flotsam and the jetsam spurned by chance,  
Pawns which belie the life that guaranteed  
Their value and their valor. Now they feed  
And fatten on inert insouciance.  
Their bitter words and gestures but enhance  
The spirit's nakedness, the heart's vast need.

Hulks now, these men were born for nobler things.  
Their oceans had horizons; skies were starred  
With aspiration once. What accident  
Has stilled the wind that should have tried their  
wings?  
By what caprice were their boats harbor-barred?  
Have mercy, trees; judge action by intent!

### CASTLES IN SPAIN

Oh, castles in Spain! Castles in Spain!

Though one or all

In time may fall

We build them, unheeding, again.

Those castles so rare—stately and fair

Stand safe and strong

The whole day long—

The loved of our hearts all dwell there.

Within those old walls, ivy-grown and tall

Good Vesta's light

Forever bright

Does watch and protect and bless all.

A wealth of sweet love, great wealth of gold

There reign supreme

Like a dear dream—

A story too sweet to be told.

No dread does remain; parting's sad pain,

Nor vacant chair,

To grieve us there

In castles that we build in Spain!

And ever the gentle breezes will blow—

Tang of the sea

And scent of lea—

Through wide open door and window.

There Youth and Beauty in jeweled train

Pass to and fro—

With eyes aglow—

Life they know and its glad refrain.

For them no pain and no wish is vain

But that's in Spain—

Far away Spain—

Where the loved of our hearts remain.

### MY FRIEND

From out the stately lexicon of life,  
I tear the page of sordid things and strife,  
'Neath it I find the message that you sent,  
Friendly and cheerful words, sincerely meant;  
It's good indeed, to you this word to send:  
I hope, life through, you'll ever be my friend.

### THE SOIL

There's one sure thing that in us lies,  
When we look out upon spring skies,  
And see life, in its broil:  
An envy of the man who works  
The soil.

We would the furrow's pathway tread,  
And help to win a war with bread;  
Our fervor seems to boil,  
When thoughts revert to how we love  
The soil.

Reward for honest effort's found,  
As nowhere in this world around,  
'Mongst all who will to toil,  
By him, who would himself devote,  
To soil.

### THE FEATHERED GLEANER

The bearded heads of golden grain mature,  
And all the soft expectancy of June  
Wafts sun-warm'd breezes; Bob-White's lyric song  
Peals forth in carol low, but sweet in tune,  
With Nature's task of feeding this world's throng.

Like a blown light, the season fades to fall;  
Matures field crops and hastens leaves along,  
They drift to earth, in colors bright and gay;  
Gleaning the verdant fields, with beauteous song—  
The Bob-White flits, with steadfast mate, away.

### FUTILITY

My blood turns to water;  
My knees are weak;  
My heart thumps loudly;  
I'm afraid and meek.  
I bow to a force  
That's stronger than I.  
All this because I want you  
And tears come but I can not cry.

### SMOKE OUT OF A SILVER VASE

Smoke out of a silver vase—  
Burnt out ashes—  
The last flicker  
Of a dying soul  
Living on, but only  
Smoke out of a silver vase.

### A CHILD'S FANCY

The sky is naught but a bowl of soup  
Grown cold and dark.  
The moon is an oyster cracker  
Swimming about in the soup  
For a lark.

### THE LONELY FOLK

The lonely are a folk apart  
From ordinary men.  
The locked up treasures in the heart  
And dreams of Might Have Been,  
And longings, cravings and desire  
That only they surmise  
Consume them like a mighty fire.  
While they, with saddened eyes,  
Can only watch the glad parade  
Of laughing folk who pass  
And conquer Fortune unafraid.

### TOMB OF A SAGE

When stagnant light of sunset half aroused you from death,  
It must be that you slip through musty earth and, standing at the gateway of your tomb,  
Bend slanted eyes along the gentle valley.

There gleaming slides the ribbon of bright river,  
Folded sleep gay platters of brimmed field.  
Across the wrinkled water of the flushing ponds, a wind swings dancing feet of spidered gold,  
And oblique tongues of sunlight roll their candled blazes down the lilac boulders of the northern hills.

Against the white horizon of an empty sky,  
A bent man straining shoves reluctant plow.  
Along a budded hedge a slim child homeward herds  
His drowsy buffalo.  
While following the slender curl of road that wraps the hills,  
Your eyes discern grass cutters, village bound,  
Making mad jesting of the dull day's tasks.

The man who plows is shouting,  
The slender little herder chanting shrill—  
Yet only faintest echoes of their echoes spill your air.  
The wind's bright voice, blue glit, withdraws their gleaming freshness from your sleepy face.  
Even the frogs, the birds, the shouting hosts of insects flee your tomb—  
Dull silence clings.

Forever sped from you beats gay earth's vibrant pulse.  
Yet though you understand,  
You feel no irony—no stabbing grief—no pain;  
Bearing death's heavy fetters quietly,  
Who walked mad life in calm.

### REQUEST

Let there be stars and beauty manifest  
To grace the earth where I shall lie, forever  
Deep in its brooding vast; forgetting never  
Of loveliness that feasts eternal rest  
With rich remembrance. Though my body will  
Dissolve among the rains and dews, above  
Through cloud and wind and mist my pinioned love  
Shall rise upon the singing heavens still.

And so, when with the circling time I've sought  
A glimpse of secret splendor; if with most  
Of joy I've fashioned mine a life intense;  
The banquet done, the last sweet-bitter draught  
Consumed; let me but thank my gracious host,  
Then, with a high, serene release, go hence.

### IMMATERIAL

I sing, but no sound  
Is heard. Now I write verses,  
But there are no words.  
I paint a tall bamboo, but  
There is no form or color.

### RUNE

Three wandering clouds  
Linger by a cliff surface  
Pausing in design—  
Misty signatures of gods  
On the azure mountain-side.

### PROJECTIONS

A row of candles  
Casts infinite shadows on  
The whitened, blank wall.  
May infinite shadows be  
Cast beyond my row of selves.

### STERN CROWDS OF THE STREETS

I tramp the streets and face the throngs,  
That flow, and flow, and flow!  
In vain I look for one I know—  
The friendly face for which one longs.

I hasten on, still all alone—  
They grow, and grow, and grow.  
I see them surging to and fro,  
Their faces set, as cold as stone!

So thus the truth we all must find,  
Though slow, so slow, so slow—  
No stranger's face will light and glow,  
Till cords of friendship kindly bind.

### BEAUTIFUL IN DEATH

The king of cold hath blown his breath,  
And left the leaves to fade in death;  
To linger long in slow farewell,  
While fading life doth stain each cell.

The charm of fall, this glint of gold,  
From icy touch of winter's cold;  
As if brave Nature, courage bent,  
Hath war with evil forces sent.

All glory to persisting leaves!  
Which die without display that grieves;  
But clap their tinted hands in glee,  
As if to say, "Weep not for me!"

## MY LIFE

My life is a rippling water,  
A streamlet on surface of earth;  
A rivulet's whisper, a crater,  
A nectar filled goblet of mirth.

My life is a shade of dawning,  
A shadow in colorless tone;  
A clarion's call at morning,  
A sun-glaring ember at noon.

My life is a dying quiver,  
An expression of soul at ease;  
A gust of wind—but forever  
A springblossom's hopeless demise.

## AUTUMN

Fall thou leaves, but fall so gently,  
On earth which soon shall call thee dust;  
Take thine blending colors with thee,  
To thine rest in snowy crust.

Autumn airs now shall replace thee,  
Wail 'mong naked arms thou left;  
Roaring storms which loudly praise thee,  
They are also heaven blest.

Beauty's life is short, a while,  
Becometh never monotone,  
Carries with it happy smile,  
Throws reflections when it's gone.

### Too

"Solidity," he said, "is life's main buttress;  
Keep mind at home—the earth's for feet to press . . ."  
But the last person breathing to admit  
His world a dream by giving form to it  
From the chaotic impulse of the mind,  
A poor reality to be thus confined  
And segregated from a universe  
No more in reason than in a poet's verse.

### ADVANCE EROSION

When I have become past all becoming,  
And cannot be seen amid a winter snow;  
When Time has made me all but imperceptible —  
Much like a three-year's nest hid in the vine,  
I shall have a balcony built out  
From my upper window, looking North,  
And I shall have a chair wherein to sit  
And watch the seasons trooping by each year;  
Where I may watch the trees shake off their burden  
In the truant wind, and become stone;  
Where I may be so still the bird will tuck  
A nest in the eave, thinking me harmless or friendly;  
Where I may sit and see the cloud blown down,  
And I am blown too, feather by feather.

### ILLUSION

I stand in the late midnight  
Looking, looking over the ever resigned trees  
Into the huge shadow of night,  
And see the full moon slip above the house tops  
gliding;  
And notice the roofs of homes white as fresh fell snow,  
And remember not long before they were gray or red  
or brown  
And that soon they will be colorless in night,  
When the moon has left the world  
Darkly behind.

### A DREAM

I had a dream last night, I dreamed I roamed  
Among the clouds below God's mighty throne.  
And, listening, heard steal on the midnight air  
A whir of wings, the oft ascending prayer  
Of all mankind.

Like flocks of birds they came, some black as night,  
And others dressed in plumage gay and bright,  
And some with broken wings, who scarce could fly,  
And some who, halting, with rebellious cry  
Fell back to earth.

But one there was all glistening white who flew,  
Unwavering, to Him he loved and knew.  
And, soft, a voice came on the still night air,  
"Because of thee, my one unselfish prayer,  
All enter here."

### THE FOURTH CROSS

I wonder when they looked upon  
Those crosses on the hill  
If they could see the fourth cross,  
The one a mother filled

If they could know the sorrow  
Of a heart so crucified,  
Who watched her son's last agonies  
Against the paling skies.

Though not in books, where one may read,  
Or pictures, one may see,  
There were four crosses on that hill,  
That hill of Calvary.

### BENEDICTION

My life is an altar, and my love  
A candle burning there . . . .  
While my heart is the offering I  
Give in tender prayer.

My arms are where you come to  
Rest from worldly pain,  
And my lips are God's blessing  
To soothe you again.

### DISILLUSION

I placed you on a pedestal  
High above the crowd,  
I thought I'd found my ideal;  
I was happy, I was proud—

I built a little altar  
Out of stuff that dreams are made,  
And thought myself infallible,  
In my dreams that couldn't fade.

But you tumbled from your pedestal  
To my feet one day,  
I never dreamed my idol  
Was made of common clay.

### WIND

The wind whispers to the night  
its song of love and despair  
The rain beating the earth tells me  
you are there.

Your love singing to me, a song  
of hope and pain,  
My love answering yours, through  
the dripping rain.

SMOKE

An old woman  
Curling  
Her hair—  
Reminds me ..  
Of gray smoke  
From a dying fire  
Curling  
Out a chimney.

SYMPATHY

In the forest—  
Green,  
Deep,  
Silent  
Two woodsmen  
Chopped  
A mighty oak.  
Chewing,  
Hewning,  
Penetrating  
The toad-like skin.  
The oak  
Quivering,  
Shivering,  
Fell.  
A star in space—  
Infinite,  
Trembled—  
Grieved  
For  
The  
Tree.

SONNET No. 22

*"I sing the body electric"*

What ancient malaise grips the human heart  
Racking the spirit, withering the mind,  
Dulling the reason and converting blind  
The eyes of those who cannot see the part  
That nature plays within the spiritual chart;  
That part most martyred of all parts assigned—  
To quicken life and then to be consigned  
To scorn by mind's revigorated art.  
Let man to his rich heritage aspire,  
Boastful to all, ashamed before no man  
To own the urge and ease of his desire,  
To liberate the welling blood. To brand  
No promptings of the flesh as sin, but fire  
No puny inner voice can counterman.

SONNET No. 34

*To Claude Debussy*

Before your songs I am stripped bare of art,  
All words too futile, tears inadequate  
To limn the melodies that tear my heart.  
You sing of passion made dispassionate,  
Of fragile beauty contemplating death,  
Of holy famine and unholly drought,  
Of loneliness sweet warmed by human breath—  
You sing God mammon, pagan turned devout.  
If to one strident melody should rise  
A song of soul despair and soul desire,  
Yours are the harmonies it would devise  
To ask why dreams should die and love expire.  
On steps of anguish to these heights ascend,  
Yet poor the soul that cannot comprehend!

### SAND DUNE CHORALE

Majestic sand dunes march in rhythmic cadence  
across the far flung desert floor,  
chanting to me;  
    “Oh futile man,  
why are your eyes without clear vision,  
your meager thought so cumbered  
with the immaterial?  
We seek always untrodden adventure,  
glorying in the unbounded vista,  
knowing deep, blue nights,  
nearness of friendly stars,  
the sunset afterglow on far horizon;  
as changing winds list, we obey,  
building again with stinging, infinitesimal  
grains of sand,  
massive, new-born mountains.  
Come, seek with us the spaces of the Infinite,  
Come—and be content.”

### SUMMER'S DAUGHTER

Lightly, upborne upon an airy wing  
Her rhythmic limbs absorb the sunlight's fire;  
Too evanescent for a mortal thing  
Seems this Euterpe with her fancied lyre.  
She symbolizes youth's quick fantasies  
Which flame white-heated in the dazzling air,  
Embodiment of capricious wind, she is  
A fleeting vision of keen beauty, where  
Against the crested foam of ocean's blue  
Her sun-browned form is one with sun-warmed sand.  
She sings: her lilt interpreting anew  
The joyousness of life in summer land.  
Oh Child of tingling wind and salt flung spray  
You are a breath from Grecian strand today!

### CONTROL

May the council that sets for the nations  
Place God in the chair of control,  
And may they heed His rulings—  
Obey the commands of the soul.

Let strife be barred from the council,  
And selfishness die at the birth,  
May patience and trust prevail in the hall,  
And peace come again to the earth.

### PASSING

I dreamed a dream of the long ago,  
Of darkies singing soft and low  
Down in the corn fields and the cane,  
And the twilight fell  
As they rang the bell,  
The day was done, 'twas night again.  
And what I dreamed you could never find,  
Nor grasp the thought with your modern mind,  
'Twas the sad sad tale of a people gone;  
You may count your cost,  
For their day is lost,  
The wild sweet chant from the fields is gone.

No more may we sit in the evening calm  
And hear the darkies chanting a hymn  
In a sad or a mirthful, gleeful tune,  
For never again  
Will the lilting refrain  
Be heard from the shadows, out under the moon.

### TIME

"Let us forget," you wrote at last.  
"That was so long ago.  
Time's mantle throw  
Over that sad and happy past."

I would I could have cast from me  
Each moment bitter-sweet.  
I did entreat  
Time to efface each memory.

What futile words and idle thought!  
You found in after years,  
I learned with tears,  
The past is in our being wrought.

### THE CITY

The heat  
Rises in waves  
Up from the reeking streets,  
Gasping, panting, drawing all life  
With it.

The storm  
Floods the gutters  
Up from the steaming streets  
Rises the odor of decay  
And death.

Night comes—  
Hear the children  
Out in the reeking streets  
Laughing, shouting, singing, dancing  
Under stars.

### TRANSCENDENTAL

When I would rise like a white cloud lightly lifting  
Over the town,  
When I would go, like still smoke upward drifting,  
This flesh must weigh me down.

But when in spent surrender, I am turning  
To earth's firm breast,  
The winds of heaven set my spirit yearning. . . .  
And will not let me rest.

### WORKMEN WITH PICKS

Workmen with picks turn up the fossilized bones  
Of perished dwellers in a bygone sea.  
How long, dear heart, before the crumbling stones  
Shall tell with mute gray tongues of you and me?

And what quaint limestone tracery shall hold  
The passions that have fled,  
When the last song is sung, the last kiss cold  
And the last prayer said?

### Cool Dust

It would be enough to die  
And sleep into a far eternity  
Indifferent to the noises of the sky:  
The whir of wings that one could never see.  
I should not mind cool dust against my eyes.  
Rain-washed dust as fine as white sea sand,  
Unearthly roots close binding without ties,  
Or longer tendrils tangling in my hands.  
These things I should not mind at all  
For earthly things can hurt me much, much more;  
Dreams . . . tenacious leaves still clinging in the fall.  
A shadow on your face, a look you wore.  
More times than one forgetting would be bliss.  
Soft rain, cool dust, exquisite nothingness.

### SNOW

An avalanche of white stars  
Fall about my feet  
Stars that sting my face  
With their hard cold brilliance.  
I smile sardonically  
For I have known another avalanche  
Dreams as clear as brilliant stars  
Fixed in their places,  
White star dreams that left me gaping  
When they fell.

And I was young enough  
To have forgot  
That every year it snows.

## APRIL

The great god Angus followed, harp in hand,  
Behind your footsteps, oh, Edain, the queen.  
Your beauty was the mortal vision seen  
That led from sea to sea, a bright command  
For Angus, god of love. The whole wide land  
Was echo of your face, Edain. You mean  
As you did then, a sharpness silver keen  
Of mortal beauty without mortal band.

It seems on sudden April days, when rain  
Turns opal on the cool young grass, and spring  
Stands lonely, splendid as you did, Edain,  
That we can hear the harp of Angus sing.  
And Angus hands immortal play—  
Edain, your footsteps mark across today!

## CHARLES SORLEY

“Such, such is Death: no triumph, no defeat.”  
No question offered you stamped down the seal  
On life,—so much left for your hands to feel.  
If you knew so early the gods would cheat,  
What was there, then, that you went out to meet?  
Did life itself drop down on your head and congeal  
On your schoolboy mouth to stop and heal  
The wound your old-man’s knowledge made and beat?  
You were so young to know so very much,  
And younger still to stop and speak with death.  
I wonder, did you pause and catch your breath  
As life slid by that you had yet to touch.

Your song stays. But what were the words you said,  
The thoughts you had, you poet who are dead?

### TUNE FOR TEA

Why do I keep waiting,  
Knowing I must lose  
All that I hold dearest,  
All the goals I choose.

Why do I keep praying  
With this hopeless smile,  
Watching my castles fall  
Into the rubbish pile.

### "GOD, IS IT WRONG?"

God, is it wrong for me to feel  
Just once in all the years—  
A rushing breath of ecstasy  
That enters through the tears.

Oh, is it wrong for me to think  
Only of love today,  
In glorious expectancy  
As one who kneels to pray?

### "THE REST IS SILENCE . . ."

Someday I am going to see all the things I have wanted  
to see,  
And when I have them all stored up in my heart,  
I am going to sleep.

STOIC

Ancient little scarab,  
Set into a ring,  
Guarding well your secret,  
Telling not a thing,

Hard and wise they call you,  
Prying at the lid  
That clasps you in your silver set  
And keeps your secret hid.

But I have seen the scratches  
Cut into your shell:  
Poor little scarab,  
Much too sad to tell.

BACCHANTE

I saw a winter statuette,  
Naked in the park,  
A marble ghost Bacchante boy,  
White against the dark;

Dreaming of Greece and olive groves,  
White hills and a purple vine,  
Where through the blue, Aegean nights  
He sipped the sweet, weak wine.

Fall softly, snow, on his naked youth,  
Wrap him in crystal white;  
There is no Greece, nor song, nor wine  
For a statue in the night.

And though he is beautiful, he must be cold  
With ice upon his heart:  
A naked boy and a Bacchanal  
Two thousand years apart.

### DAY'S END

Gray shade and shallow moon  
Low in the west,  
And dark against the sky, slow-winged, a loon  
Seeks its nest.  
The marsh below, a shattered mirror, holds  
Day's paling light  
On sedge-slit pools that gleam till dusk embolds  
Inevitable night.

### AUGUST IN VIRGINIA

While Summer dreams  
The myrtles hold high carnival, their flowers  
Like crapy lanterns, bursting into showers  
Of gay confetti, lilac, white and red.  
The somber ivy, stooping from its height,  
Opens pale, pointed buds, and soft-aired night  
Brings perfume pilfered from the alder's bed.

Deep in the woods  
Cool-fingered Autumn creeps all stealthily  
To spy on Summer, never dreaming, she,  
The tell-tale leaves would flame the news ahead.

### FRUSTRATION

You never come when the young moon dips,  
Spilling out love, to lay your lips  
On my waiting lips. And, when the old  
Moon spreads a pall so white, so cold,  
Lonely I shiver in its light  
And count the hours of a wasted night.

### THE MIDDLE-AGED VIRGIN

Through black, bitter nights,  
She hears the soundless clamour  
Of orange moonlight  
Whispering to naked boughs,  
About life's futility.

### PUPPY LOVE

Our love was like the sudden swish  
Of a rocket in the deep-blue night;  
When it burst, I know not, but I wish  
I still was standing in the light  
And glory of those falling stars,—  
Instead of washing pots and jars!

### THE CANDLE OF EXPERIENCE

Have you forgotten nights beside the sea,  
With passion thundering against your ears?  
The world was sinless then; life held no fears  
For two young captives love would never free;  
To-night, the brittle moon-light seems to be  
A lacquered rainbow, made of hidden tears;  
As I go vagabonding down the years,  
I wave this sonnet to your memory.

We carved exquisite love to beauty's dream,  
And nailed it on the cross of our desires,  
To wear the crown of honor's recompense;  
While once, our love's perfection seemed supreme,  
Against the majesty of stars, expires  
Our little candle of experience.

### AWAY DOWN SOUTH

Black is my body;  
Black my soul  
But blacker than  
The darkest night  
Are the souls of the men  
Who strung me up.

Grey-green,  
Touched with black,  
The Spanish moss  
Hangs about my dangling body  
As if to hide  
My shame.

What will hide  
The black souls of the hangmen  
When Charon waits  
At the crossing  
For them?

### COMPARISON

Her eyes are brown:  
So liquid are they,  
So flecked with gold,  
That Chinese amber in the sun  
Comes nearest to comparison.

### THE ENCHANTED GARDEN

Hidden, high upon a hill,  
At night, when all is still,  
The lovely garden lifts its face,  
Veiled in exquisite moon-made lace,  
Patterned from a tall larch tree. . . . .  
'Tis there my love makes love to me.

### WINTER TREES

Devoid of bud and bloom,  
The beauty of their crooked straightness  
Is strong and true.  
Bent and twisted limbs,  
Nature's work—repentance money  
For her sins.

Risen from the sod,  
They stand, these living dead,  
In prayer to God.

### A GOSSAMER

Misty, silver-spun,  
Webbed like old lace,  
Lightly from the bough it hung  
A fairy's song of grace.

Meshed, gauze-spun,  
Woven into space,  
Softly in the breeze it swung  
A fairy's song of grace.

Fragile, film-spun,  
Worked by the spider race,  
Lasting only till the song is sung,  
A fairy's song of grace.

### SEA WINDS

I'm pining today for the scream of the gull,  
As over the sea his white wings race,  
And to hear the roar of the tide roll in  
And the sting of the salt sea wind on my face.

The mountain peaks may well be proud  
Of their towering heads that pierce the sky,  
But the soul of me longs for the tang of the sea,  
For the wind in my face, and the sea-bird's cry.

### AN INARTICULATE SOUL

An inarticulate soul am I,  
Without the healing benefit of tears,  
Caught in the vortex of a mad desire,  
That madder grows, as grow the years.

Alone, with joyous life on every side,  
I sit, trying to bind my ravelled seam,  
Fearing to pause lest from my hand the fabric fall,  
A tattered dream.

### NOVEMBER

A waning moon with weary, tawny hand  
Flinging faint streams of light across the land,  
A vagrant wind, a scudding cloud of grey,  
And flocks of wild geese honking up the bay.

A poor, belated robin in a tree,  
The crisp and frozen grasses on the lea,  
A single russet apple on its bough,  
The frozen furrows and the frosted plough.

The ingle-nook, the candles' flickering ray,  
An old familiar tale, a roundelay,  
A bed of down, a prayer—too quickly said,  
A mother's kiss, and "good night, sleepy head."

### GOLDEN FEET

Morning walks  
On golden feet  
Across the meadows,  
Chasing shadows  
From their hiding places.

### AS A BELL

As a deep-resounding bell in yonder tower,  
When hammer blows fall fast upon the rim,  
Sends o'er the fields and forests round  
Its sweet reverberating swell;  
So may I, when blows of envy, hatred, malice,  
Beat hard and cruel upon my naked soul,  
Send forth songs of joy and hope, exultingly,  
To tell the listening world that all is well.

### STONE THROWERS

In the feet-stirred dust of the highway,  
The sharp accusing stone,  
Beneath the tread of retreating heels,  
Lay unthrown.

### MORNING

I see dawn with crimson wings  
Come with new-fledged day;  
As night gathers in her arms  
The moon, and the clustered stars,  
And takes them all away.

### REQUIEM

Against the tower of my sad solitary heart  
There blew a wind tonight, while it grew cold  
Thus close beneath the snow-grey breath of stars, apart  
From flames and coals of warmth your fingers hold,  
And eyes that smolder fantasies untold.

The day had sunk its unimportant hours at last  
Into the scarlet sacrificial rite  
Of sunset. Nothing had remained but a pale blast  
Oblivion re-echoed through the night  
Of shadows bending back in chilled delight.

No more the singing of your heart against my own,  
Nor beauteous moments of high thoughts and rest,  
For you were lost, as though the frosted wind had  
blown  
You, like the hours of day, into the west.  
No more your peace that silenced me and blessed.

### ACQUIESCENCE

Tonight, I think, I'd like to watch you, there,  
Across the room from me, like steel engraved  
In simple beauty, free from the despair  
Of words and the charred meanings thus enslaved;  
And listen to the wind outside all night  
Unwind its heart among the shadow-shaped  
Oak trees and hills, and hear its shrill delight,  
Intangible yet sure, like hearts escaped;  
While by your side would fade red coals of fire  
That all the evening had burned out a flame,  
In scarlet carnival of their desire  
To leap beyond the confines of their claim;  
To watch you gradually elude my view,  
And in the wind and coals discover you.

### UNION SQUARE

What is this ceaseless, muffled sound,  
That knocks at heart,  
And stirs the pulse with hint of fear,  
As though, from under sod, drew near  
The restless, unknown dead,  
The long-forgotten, unnamed dead,  
In unremembered Potter's Field,  
Deep under Union Square?

Here, just beyond the town, young Washington  
First stirred his handful few of men

To war:

Here Patti sang, one old-time day:  
And, now, the tall, gray buildings lay  
A shadow on a speed-mad street.  
Yet tulips grow,  
In Union Square,  
Tall tulips gay,  
In candled rows;  
And grass glints green,  
In all its spring-bright emerald sheen,  
Quite unaware.

What is this ceaseless, muffled sound,  
That knocks at heart?  
The shuffle of a million feet,  
The muttered threats, like fists that beat  
At prison doors,  
Or voice the age-old cry for bread.  
Trampled the shining tulips, where  
Revolt lifts hydra head.

What have the old, neglected dead  
To do with banners flaming red,  
Held high, in Union Square?

### ULTIMATE MATING

I am not a mystic.  
I can not go,  
With the cool of face,  
Where the high winds blow.  
For once on a hill  
Front-chilled, frost-white,  
My lips pressed hard  
On the earth one night.  
The cold snow melted  
Beneath my kiss,  
And lips to lips,  
The earth told me this:  
"You are part of me—  
And follow you must  
Your face to the sun,  
Your feet in the dust!  
Until I shall call you  
When winds grow shrill,  
When songs are hushed  
And hearts are still!"

### AT SUNRISE

They pushed him straight against the wall;  
The firing squad dropped in a row,  
And why he rose upon his toes,  
Those men shall never know.

He wore a smile across his face  
As he stood primly there,  
The guns all aiming at his heart,  
The sun upon his hair.

For he remembered in a flash  
Those days now past recall  
When his proud mother took his height  
Against the bedroom wall.

### IN THE WEE SMA' HOURS

I'm spent, Lord,  
I feel like quitting;  
But they need me here.  
Stay with me, I beg,  
Till morning,

I'm worn, Lord,  
My heart is heavy,  
My body's weary, too.  
Even though  
They think me strong,  
*Let me lean on You.*

### CALVARY TO DATE

I heard her beg for breathing spell, for air,  
And heard the foreman caustically reply  
That resting hours were not in keeping there,  
That he could fill her place from fresh supply.  
I heard her plead for mercy, then I looked  
And saw her eyes on me in quick despair;  
She knew that I was seeking to be booked,  
And bent to labor with a jealous care.  
  
Oh, circumstance that makes us idle, cringe,  
Can hunger's state be but the outer fringe?

### WITHOUT RHYME OR REASON

My daughter lays her clothes away  
With an exquisite touch;  
Her room resembles a bouquet . . .  
Oh, I love her very much.

Her brother flings his clothes about  
With gestures used to swim;  
I slyly clean the wreckage out . . .  
God! how I worship him.

### AFTER THE STORM

Intricate tree-tops blackly etched  
Upon the sunset gilt;  
The kind old earth in comfort stretched  
Beneath her snowy quilt.

### TRIOLET

If a valentine came  
Would you guess who had sent it?  
Would you search for the name?  
When that valentine came,  
With my love all aflame,  
Would you know that I meant it?  
If a valentine came  
Would you guess who had sent it?

### MAY

Before shy April left the budding hills,  
She made a lovely gown of celadon  
For May; awoke her with the lutey trills  
Of orioles—then in a mist was gone.  
Aurora's pink-tipped fingers dropped rare pearls,  
Which mortals know as sparkling morning dew  
But festive May, entwines them in her curls,  
And binds her lissome beauty with a few.  
She dances down each blossom-shaded way  
She scatters perfume through the silken air;  
Awakes the fields, unseals the buds that sway,  
Still lost in dreams; until with gentle care  
And soft caress, the whole world sings and laughs;  
And in content, its cup of splendor quaffs.

### INFINITY

Whose the hand, that loosed those giant constellations  
That set them whirling out in empty space?

Whose the hand that brought ruled order from the  
chaos

That gave each star and sphere its proper place?

Did not the same hand, trembling, form the mountains  
And add an unknown depth to every sea?

Did not a giant finger trace the rivers,  
And in the self same gesture, set them free?

Why must we worry then and fret at little things  
When over all there dwells that brooding hand?

Cannot a human soul attain that higher plane—  
Were not all moulded from the Maker's sand?

### INHERITANCE

I think I must have loved the trees  
In long past dim eternities.

I think they sheltered me and mine  
And tempered the sun's unceasing shine.

And in dark centuries long ago  
The trees were shield against the snow.

I think the ages cannot kill  
The memory of trees upon a hill.

And I must always restless be  
Unless my eyes can see a tree.

### MY PRAYER

Release my soul, Oh gentle Saviour  
From this worn tenement racked with pain,  
Release my soul, Oh hear my pleadings  
That I may go where God's children reign.

I may have faltered by the wayside  
I did the best that I knew how,  
So release my soul, Oh hear my pleadings,  
Do not forsake me now.

I've borne my cross with courage  
On my face I want a smile to remain  
That smile to tell a message  
That my prayers were not in vain.

### PUEBLO FLOOD

'Mid the rushing swirling waters  
Stood a train like a stag at bay  
Helpless with no earthly power to save it  
Forlorn it looked and swayed.

While the waters higher grew,  
You could hear the cries and prayers  
Of those fighting for their lives  
On this earth to be spared.

But in that awful moment  
Sat one woman sweetly smiling,  
On her withered lips was this prayer:  
"I am ready; I've lived my life of joys and care."

Gently o'er the waters she was wafted  
To the land she knew not where,  
But she heard her Saviour calling  
And to Him she went prepared.

### O THOU UNADORNABLE

O thou unadornable!  
Though I drape thy form with vernal velvet,  
Though I weight thy limbs with gleaming gold  
And make thy throat to glow with peerless pearls,  
Thine hair to emulate the stellar heavens  
With dazzling diamonds—they all are dull nothingness  
In the ashless fire of thine empyreal soul,  
Aflame in thine eyes!

### SOUL-DISCOVERY

While men beneath a sombre sky  
Go huddling through the rain,  
This selfsame day up-borne am I  
On crest of a crystal main.

It seems not right that they should miss  
The heart-throb of the tide,  
While I alone receive the kiss  
Of joy, as from my bride;

But could I share with them one hour  
My new friend shares with me,  
They, too, would know the surging power  
Of soul-discovery.

### PRAYER

Out of the dewy dell of Heart,  
Into the ocean surge of Soul:

A rising and a setting  
Of diurnal desire—  
A suppliant begetting  
Of the hopes that aspire

To draw from the mystery of Whole  
A strength for the weaknesses of Part.

### I WATCHED FOR THE DAWN

I watched for the dawn in my garden.  
The light subtly peeped past a hill,  
And kissed a pale rose till her petals  
Blushed red; then a bird's soft low trill,  
Aroused from their sleep its fond nestlings,  
All cuddled in rose-covered tree.  
The dew on the grass turned to crystals.  
I heard then the hum of a bee.  
I turned to behold in a lily,  
A beautiful halo of white;  
And thrilled, at the thought and the wonder  
Of God, and the power of light.

### LIFE'S TAPESTRY

Both sunlight and shadows,  
On life's path we find;  
And intricate patterns  
Are ours to unwind.  
We trace, and we retrace,  
Till steps that are clear  
Reflect understanding  
On problems most near.  
Thus, onward we travel;  
Sufficient each day  
The light that is given,  
To guide on our way.

### LEPERS

I paced the deck and watched a red, gold sunset  
    Filling the western sky with a lovely glow.  
I knew that a God who painted with such colors  
    Could naught but a tender love and mercy show.

When an eerie black island blotted out the radiance  
    A chill wind, passing, swept the darkening sky  
I remembered then that He who painted sunsets  
    Had also painted the Isle of Molakai.

### THE PRIESTESS

At the foot of steps two hundred and seven  
    'Neath the tomb of a Sho Gun ages dead  
In this garden old stands a carven shrine  
    With dim gilded walls and its roof of red.

Now tarnished the gilt and dim is the painting  
    Which tells of the deeds of this ruler great  
But few in Japan have forgotten the tale  
    Of a life which these things shall perpetuate.

From inside the shrine in this garden of memory  
    Comes a drone from the lips of a toothless hag,  
She unfurls her fan with its background of gold  
    She postures and smiles, but her sunken cheeks sag.

Long years have passed since she was a Geisha  
    Lauded for beauty and grace in the dance,  
Waving bright fan in the No of the ancients  
    Swirling kimono—eyes arch with each glance.

“Just a few sen for the dance that is sacred,  
    Just a few sen to honor the dead!”  
Gnarled hand outstretched as alms she solicits  
    Swaying and chanting beneath roof of red.

Dead is the Sho Gun and dimmed is the fairness  
    Of the old temple priestess muttering low  
Time has its way with power and beauty  
    Shuddering, from the old garden I go.

MIDNIGHT SYMPHONY  
In New England

A flash of lightning out of the dark,  
The whip-poor-will's plaintive cry,  
The roll of far distant thunder,  
The barking of a dog near by.

The deep bass of a frog in a pond,  
The cat purring on the hearth,  
The katydid in the quiet lane,  
The young lovers joyous laugh.

The patter of rain upon the roof,  
The tall pines' gentle sigh,  
The weird call of a loon on the lake,  
The hoot of an owl from on high.

The scent of the Balm of Gilead,  
The path of gold on the sea,  
The myriad stars in the heavens,  
Compose my Midnight Symphony.

### GONE

There is something, oh God,  
That is deader far  
Than a burned out match  
Or a vanished star!  
It is the cold grey ash  
On the unbrushed hearth  
When the mother's hand no longer sweeps  
Or tends the home she loves and keeps.

How black the sooty chimney is,  
How cold the room, how desolate!  
How lonely sounds the falling rain,  
How dim and blurred the window pane!  
How soulless is the old low chair  
When the mother is not there!

### MARCH IN ESCAMBIA'S WOODS

Looping from twig to twig in wild abandon,  
Yellow jessamine sway like  
Golden butterflies upon a stem,  
While the flowered plum  
Waiting for the honey bee,  
Wonders why he does not come.  
Through her wedding veil of fairy lace,  
One sees the joy of living in her face.  
The bee will come and claim his own  
Sure as the incense of the forest thrown  
To where the distant hive is born.

The big bud hickory bravely has thrown back  
His warm red cap,  
And nears; upon his brow  
The new green leaves of victory.  
In Escambia's woods the earth is now awake  
And spring is here,  
And I am yours and you are mine  
And this is Nature's lovetime of the year!

### NOCTURNE

The moon, a silver sloop asail  
Upon a sea of blue,  
The stormy petrel's screaming wail,  
Over the lapping waves,  
And thoughts of you.

The stars, the twinkling eyes of night,  
Shine in the sky above,  
The evening breeze, caressing, light,  
Stirring the sleeping leaves,  
And sighs of love.

### RUIN

A shell-shocked hillside, wraith of other days  
When happy children waged their mimic frays,  
An ancient plowshare turned upon its side,  
A battered garden gate left gaping wide,  
On guard a hollyhock abloom once more,  
Alone of all that blossomed there before;  
And just beyond, oh shade of glories past,  
A shattered fountain by the wayside cast!

### WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW

When March winds leap from beds of snow  
They wield their swift brooms to and fro;  
And with a roaring gale of mirth,  
They sweep the cobwebs from the earth.

The plowman bends him to the blast  
And whips his team to furrow fast;  
The trees shake bud crowned heads on high  
And toss wild branches to the sky.

The stream which trickles down the hills  
Is lashed to speed, with promise thrills.  
When March winds shuttle to and fro  
The threads of spring; soon green things grow.

### TRINITY CHURCH YARD—NEW YORK

Know, O ye dead, that your mark is not etched in stone,  
Only in the memories of those who need no reminder.

Who visits a strange grave in an unknown city,  
Who worships at the altar of another god  
Placed twenty paces from his own?  
Who but devils who perch on the stones and laugh  
Until dawn,  
Or office-workers, eating from papers at noon?

### HARMONY

(I am passing by you . . .)

You motionless trees of filagree green,  
Mounting the blunt staff of the hill  
Like the thoughtful notes of a Largo . . .

(I stop to look at you.)

Now you seem to me  
The chord of loveliness that is Italy,  
Dotted by the staccato red  
Of a peasant-woman, who  
Rests in your shade, unhearing.

### SAINT PETER'S—ROME

There might have been incense in the air . . .  
But air is alive, and dies  
Never to move again,  
When it enters this place . . .  
No, it must have been the pollen-dust  
Of flowers once swept by the wind  
That we smelled . . .  
Nothing lived in that huge place,  
And even sounds of actions watched  
Died before they reached our ears . . .  
Light waited outside the door,  
Would even have ventured in,  
But a man waited there to bar the way  
Of a woman without sleeves in her dress,  
And cast his shadow in the sun . . .

### THE TREES' VAIN CALL

Sadly sigh, thou lonely maples;  
Vainly, fir trees, stretch thine arms.  
Never more shalt thou shelter  
Those who answered the call: "To Arms"!

For they sleep within the shadows  
And the dim of smoke and shell.  
Vainly stretch thine arms, O maple.  
Know ye not those laddies fell?

Still, beneath their waving banner  
Live those boys again, today.  
Though "Advance" their master ordered.  
They in memory live for aye.

### THEIR COLONEL

The drums had ceased to echo,  
The bugles had ceased to play,  
The cannons fired a salute  
As they heaped the moist, cold clay.

Deep in the earth they laid him  
And every eye was wet.  
He had been their Colonel  
The best man ever yet.

He had been a friend and comrade,  
Led them safely through the fray.  
But a greater master called out "Advance!"  
Ere was ended that winter's day.

## WILD BEAUTY

On the wings of the wind comes the grayness of high-singing rain,  
Running down past the stones in the channels of clay  
on the hill  
With a wildness of song to the valleys below; and again  
From the depths of the earth comes the sound where  
the storm freshets spill  
In the lake with a voice like the deep-rolling thunders  
of night.  
And the dripping and lead-colored clouds stream the  
length of the sky  
From the northernmost reaches of vastness and half-lucid light  
Down the lanes of strong wind to the south where  
the brightnesses die.  
And the teal rises swift from the river with beat of  
great wings  
Through a flight of dark rain to the regions where  
solitude breeds  
In a tumult of clouds; where the wind of the north  
wildly sings  
With the sound of a wilderness trembling like stems  
of lithe reeds.  
And the gull leaves the white-flowing crest of the wave  
with a scream  
Of defiance and triumph, to blend like a wraith with  
the cloud;  
For the spirit of storm rushes down as the far mountains stream  
Past the pine forest onto the plain with a watery shroud.

POEMS

A poem is a lovely thing;  
It flies upon the swallow's wing,  
  
And slumbers on the clouds afar,  
And wakes at dawn upon a star;  
  
It sings along the Milky Way,  
And warms the gentle winds of May;  
  
In heavens it may like to roam,  
But here on Earth it makes a home,  
  
And dances on a foaming brook,  
And often hides within a book.  
  
But lyric love I sought apart,  
And found my poem in your heart.

MORNING

We watched the sunrise, you and I,  
While standing on a hill,  
And hand in hand beneath the sky,  
We dreamed, as lovers will.

I felt the wind upon my face,  
And saw it in your hair;  
A thistle in a dewy place  
Was nodding sweetly there.

The morning's done—a memory,  
But silently they stand  
(My love for you, your love for me)  
Forever hand in hand.

### LILACS

Oh, lilacs, how can you be so beautiful  
And spill your fragrance into the night,  
When the pearl winged dawn may bring but shadows  
And all of living seem ended quite.

Perhaps your bars of silver, orchid,  
Are an exquisite rainbow end of tears,  
That joy again may find fulfillment,  
Through the widening vista of triumphant years.

### APRIL SHOWERS

I walk through the crystal April showers,  
With the hyacinths opening as I pass  
And the dainty amber heads of dandelions,  
Blooming against the fragrant new made grass.

The leaves in their scented delicate patterns,  
Uplift their slender greenness to the spring,  
While love and all my exquisite dreaming,  
Are interwoven through everything.

### MYSTERY

A lounging chair and roseate lights,  
Beloved books that are always near,  
Have been so long such familiar sights,  
With their spirit of home appealingly dear.

But now those precious things are strange,  
With a glamor I never knew before,  
Since love has come with its mystical change  
And placed a seal upon my door.

### ANOTHER SONG

Another song? I like to sing to you,  
Unchained to let my wayward fancy rove,  
The conscious present gently to remove,  
To peer behind the veil that hides from view  
    The mystic future, to recall the past,  
    To build me airy temples, wond'rous, vast.

But mostly do I love to steal away  
    And silently unlock the pond'rous door  
    That opens into childhood's realm; once more  
Behold, far off, the merry group at play.  
    Across the lapse of years they call to me,  
    Dear ghosts of happy days that used to be.

I sometimes think they are not mine at all—  
    Those songs I sing. So long, it seems to me,  
    I've known them—longer even than Memory  
Retracing through her pages can recall.  
    Of joy, of love, of youth, of home—thus sings  
    My muse should restive Fancy touch the strings.

Not mine the power to quell the songs within!  
    Can clouds obscure for aye the twinkling stars?  
    The linnet's song comes through the prison bars  
In sweetest cadences. A violin,  
    Awakening to the touch of master hand,  
    Pours forth its very soul at his command!

So sing I on, though few may hear my song,  
    And fewer still the hearts that might be found  
    In which an answering echo will respond  
Of those who hear amid the busy throng.  
    Like feathered songster hidden by the way,  
    The impulse stirs me and I tune my lay.

### AT MY WINDOW

From my sixth floor window  
I gaze o'er the city  
And count every one of  
Its sky scraping towers;  
I hear the deep tones  
From the City Hall belfry  
Solemnly peal forth  
The fast fleeting hours.

The noise and the bustle  
Hum lazily upward,  
The lights on the buildings  
Outsparkle the stars  
As back to my sixth floor  
My thoughts return slowly  
From a dreamy sojourn  
In Venus and Mars.

### ALONG THE SHORE

Upon the beach the soft waves rolled  
And to the sands their story told,  
Each wavelet whispered to the shore  
How its love for her grew more and more.

The gulls in slow majestic swing  
Took to the air with lazy wing,  
As fleecy clouds with tinge of red  
Stood for a time just overhead.

Across the straits the smiling sun  
Slowly sank, then day was done;  
And Luna on her starry way  
Stole through the night to find the day.

### WINTER IN THE SUBURBS

Sharp shadows slant through crisp air  
On to a dead sheet of silver snow.  
Cold moon, stars, and the grey heaven  
Shiver down on a still flat world  
Dead for ten thousand sightless years.  
Silently the calm beauty of death creeps on  
Invisibly moving; hissing without sound  
Entering like a blue steel dust  
Even the deepest shadow. . . . .  
Suddenly a pale sharp glow  
Leaps from a quick-lighted window  
Turning to living fire a hot  
Wet patch of snow. . . . .

### FALL IN THE COUNTRY

A lonely night-bird hushes cautiously.  
Through weaving trees the lawn is interlaced  
With veils of black and purple by the moon.  
A nervous rabbit slips out from a shadow  
And stands erect; his belly mirrored to the moon.

### BAY IN CANADA

The polished steel of water blurs into the fog.  
With hush staccato a motor boat plods on invisible.  
Soundless a guillemot slices across our bow  
With shuttled flashing wings of silvered black  
And crimson lacquered feet.

### NIGHT CLUB

A hundred undulating couples sway  
To music under a roof of white and black.  
A mirrored crystal ball swirls flakes  
Of blue and red through noisy darkness.  
The music stops expectantly. . . . A rhythmic  
Girl slides into the shadow. . . . . With two  
Sparkling hands she clutches her partner's head  
And kisses him on the mouth.

### CLEMATIS

In the deep purple velvet of your bloom  
Clinging with regal contour to your vine,  
Wound on the trellis down below my room  
I found a love perenially mine.

Then in the matted grasses' tall striped blades  
Or ivory petaled lilies in my pool  
And in the zinnias' Indian blended shades  
I took my refuge from a preying ghoul,

Whose morbid, shivering delight in grief  
Reached out with clutching fingers to devour  
The very living greenness of your leaf  
And crush the softness of your purple flower.

The lonely captive of this evil ghoul,  
Again I am love's maudlin, helpless fool.

### TRIAD

When I am freed from pain,  
Down in the powdered dust  
I shall lie beneath the rain.

And I shall have relief  
From the anguish of my virgil  
There in my white shroud's sheaf.

Have you ever thought or known  
How in a cocoon of hopes  
I waited for you alone?

### OLD SAILOR'S REVERIE

The solid deck, the heaving swell,  
The deep toned mighty throated bell,  
The solemn roar on distant shore,  
The ships that sail, alas, no more  
Are chords that bind my thoughtful mind  
To sea, with loud tempestuous wind.  
These notes are staves of memory,  
The singing saga, the surging sea  
*With solid deck, with heaving swell,*  
*With deep toned mighty throated bell.*

### ROCKED IN THE CRADLE

Beat, beat, beat, through all my dreams  
You swaying deep blue sea;  
Splash, splash, splash, on port hole glass  
Which lies just aft of me.

Thump, thump, thump, by gentle waves  
That carry me to sleep;  
Rock, rock, rock, in Neptune's bed  
Which rests me on the deep.

Lap, lap, lap, from distant lands,  
You ageless lover grand;  
Soothe, soothe, soothe, my tired eyes,  
My lovely sweetheart's hand.

Dream, dream, dream; I'm dreaming now  
Of you in gentle guise;  
Sail, sail, sail, my dream ship sail  
Beneath the southern skies.

### SUNSET

God has painted me a perfect day  
    And wiped his brushes  
On the sky at evening.

### SONG OF THE SIRENS

Come all ye farers of the sea,  
    Come as we croon our songs to thee.  
Come strangers at our soft entreat,  
    Come all, and worship at our feet.  
For who is there that can withstand  
    The swelling of our music grand?  
More beauteous than the sea's wild ring  
    Are songs the lovely sirens sing.  
Hum and chant, hum and chant—  
    The sirens bid you hear.

Come crafty sailors, far and wide;  
    O'er wave swept sea the dolphins ride  
So join the cormorant and gull  
    Come where the sirens softly lull  
Their ditties on a dune of waves—  
    Come all ye daring handsome braves!  
The water calls you, so do we,  
    So come while songs we sing to thee.  
Hum and chant, hum and chant—  
    The sirens bid you hear.

Sing songs of freedom in the blast,  
    Set your sails and travel fast.  
Hurry! While you still have time  
    Tell your stories make your rhyme.  
Do all this, but be aware  
    You near the siren's white capped lair;  
And here we wait to sing to thee  
    To end your life among the free—  
Hum and chant, hum and chant—  
    The sirens bid you hear.

### THE FIRST AVIATOR

Swift seeker of the splendor of the sun—  
Invader of the shining realms of light—  
You rolled your days of life up into one  
And spent that day with glory. So you died.  
But we less daring men of little worth  
Would wish to soar, yet keep our feet on earth.

### TO ONE WHO CHANGED

Life sang itself into a splendid song  
When once we loved (long lives ago that seems),  
For then your parting lips and opening arms  
Swung wide the doors of rapture. . . . .

All dank and shuddery now is that warm bed.  
The touch of your once loved locks upon my flesh  
Stings me like adders. Through the ghastly dark  
Your green eyes glow with cold malicious fire.

And those warm soft sweet milky breasts I kissed,  
So tender and fragrant, are changed to alabaster,  
Cold, white, and hard and tipped with ruddy prongs:  
Even while I clasp you fiercely, tense with pain,  
They press into me, crush me, pierce my heart.

O thing of satiny skin and flint and steel!  
When your hands clasp my flanks your claws sink deep;  
And when you kiss with loose and luscious lips  
Your teeth strike fang-wise. Your encircling arms  
Cling to me like twin coils of slippery snakes  
That slither along my skin and seize my form,  
Crushing my soul out.

### LINES FOR ANOTHER DARK AGE

Darkly rises Golgotha  
Against the setting moon.  
And through the stranger gleaming  
A star-pierced sullen noon  
Deepens the broken shadows  
Walking the earth too soon.

The faceless ancient singers  
Stand silent in the night,  
Waiting anew the firstling:  
The miracle of light,  
In the bitter midnight standing  
Forgetting the pain of sight.

### LAZARUS CANNOT SLEEP

The delicate assurance  
Of the last disintegration  
Imparts a strange allurance  
Through a grave's dishabitation.

Your eyes are whitely muted  
At the violated,—never  
Can horror be refuted  
When the soul lost all endeavor.

You rose at His behesting  
To a sorrow's perfect keeping.  
You lost your place of resting  
Yet there is no end of sleeping.

### RETRIBUTION

You walk across my smooth expanse of life  
With steps that echo as upon a floor.  
You wear the surface in your constant strife  
And care not how your hobnails cruelly bore.  
But after you have passed you must complain  
How very rough then has become the grain.

### RAIN

Rain—soft, drowsy rain  
That is too sleepy to fall fast,  
And I—too tired to close the door.  
So the rain, with clinging fingers  
Caresses me, and we are drowsy together.

### THE WEAVER OF DREAMS

The mighty Weaver wove you in man's soul,  
Oh dreams, you foolish dreams;  
You are the froth that bubbles from the bowl—  
You are the pennant on the distant goal—  
You are the harbor where no breakers roll;  
You are the splendid vision of the whole.  
Oh dreams, you foolish dreams.

The mighty Weaver patterned you with gold—  
Oh dreams, you foolish dreams,  
With rainbow silks he wove you in the fold  
Of grief, and where life's dusky pattern told  
Of bright hopes bartered, and of visions sold;  
He spun you vivid threads of living gold—  
Oh dreams, you foolish dreams.

The mighty Weaver spun you on the loom,  
Oh dreams, you foolish dreams,  
That stands for sorrow and predicted doom,  
And shaped your pattern in the sullen gloom  
Of strife and war, and failure that must loom  
Beside you in the space of one small room,  
Oh dreams, you foolish dreams.

The mighty Weaver fashioned you, and said;  
“Oh dreams, you foolish dreams,  
A thousand kings have followed where you led—  
A thousand fields have for your light run red.  
You have laid low a thousand dreamers dead—  
But what if you had never been!” he said—  
Oh dreams, you foolish dreams.

### LILLIES

Lillies call to the Faith outworn.  
Lillies gladden the Hearts forlorn.  
Lillies plead for the Virtue torn.  
Lillies say to your Soul: Adorn!

Lillies tell fear of Death is shorn.  
Lillies herald a new Hope born.  
Lillies breathe Resurrection Morn.  
Lillies from God—though man may scorn.

### VICTORY'S TOLL

There is a toll gate charge  
To enter Victory's domain  
Wherein dwells Love and Peace  
And everything there is to gain.

To the Victor belongs the spoils  
But "What Price Victory" we say!  
When the Collector opens the gate  
Travail of Soul is the only pay!

The wine press of sorrow  
Drips out its tears today.  
Temptations scorned tomorrow  
Give you the right of way.

Victory does claim a toll  
Though conquest is yours by might.  
Now, denizen of earth, you shall be  
A citizen of that state by right.

### SEARING WINDS

They call in vain, your roses left in bloom,  
Their perfume scattered now on winds afar;  
The little home you loved—each darkened room—  
Is strangely still, and not a door ajar.

The singing brook that pierced your sleep at dawn,  
Is silent now beneath the leafless trees;  
The happy birds you heard upon the lawn,  
Have vanished southward with the summer breeze.

And I, who brought you here when skies were fair,  
Sharing your thoughts of glad, eternal May,  
Sensed not the blast that left your garden bare,  
That hushed the brook and sent the birds away.

And you, who held the fragile thread of dreams,  
Bound in the joy of weaving, could not see  
How soon the leaves would lie on silent streams  
And loneliness would rend the heart of me.

Now must I go—to move your empty chair,  
To smooth the pillows where your head has lain  
And clasp the tiny garments folded there—  
God, speed the night—let dawn break fair again!

### TO THE NIGHT SKY

Trans-mundane rose of star-lit petals wrought,  
Set deep with all thy breath hath offered sight  
And all which finite imagry has thought . . .  
Each phase of beauty giving mental light  
On thy unfading bloom and heart of gold!  
Oh dusky rose! 'Tis Life's intrinsic force  
That makes thine endless field a vital mold  
In which persistent buds may learn their source  
And realize life's fair autumnal day  
When mists of Earth's evolving clear away,  
And wonders of each scintillating leaf  
Shall, like the smile of Joy caressing Grief,  
Imprint our vision with the life-to-be,  
As thy last kiss gives immortality.

### TO MORNING LIGHT

As from the casement of Life's mental door  
Earth sweeps aside the drapes that bar thy breath,  
All hearts leap forth to welcome and implore  
Thy fervent kiss, Oh most alluring Morn!  
As o'er each brow thy finger-tips now play  
And arms of love embrace thy wondrous charm,  
Harmonic-life, as one sweet song of joy,  
Entwines the soul with Beauty's smile divine.  
Thou art the all—the all of Earth and sky—  
The breath of babe, of rose, or ocean's foam,  
For all that's vast and great or most minute,  
Is choraled from thy breast—as of thine own.  
And thus in arms of thine, oh, morning-light,  
We find the key to Life's efficient might.

### THE JESTER

Life  
Can be a jest.  
Fate  
The jester  
Is a fool.  
See him dance—  
Ugly, deformed, knave.  
And his grin  
Fills one  
With disgust.  
We, poor humans,  
What are we  
To do?  
Naught but look  
At life and fate  
And  
Dance and grin.

### LOVE

Love  
Is the intermingling  
Of two souls.  
Its attainment  
Is like  
The harmonious  
Sound of a chord  
Struck upon  
The yielding keys  
Of a piano.  
The fruit  
Is the bliss  
And contentment  
Wrought by faith,  
Patience, and respect.

### To A SCIENTIST

You say there is mental telegraphy—  
I say it isn't so!  
'Cause I love him wildly, madly, passionately  
And he doesn't even know!

### ONCE

Once Love came to me.  
I laughed and bid him flee!  
Now I am old and all alone.  
Love, please come back to me!

### WHAT DO I CARE?

My baby died today. What do I care  
If the wind blows in furious gale?  
And the rain drops in torrents?—And the moon so  
pale  
Hides her silvery light? What do I care!  
Even if the earth did quiver, I would not shiver!  
If the sun said his day was done—I would not care!  
If the sky shudders,—lightning tears her in twain  
I wouldn't even feel any pain, I would not care!  
Nothing that could happen in earth, sky, or sea,  
Nothing that could happen anywhere could bother me!  
(My soul is dead) What do I care!

### A PRAYER TO NIGHT

O Night!

Thou art so glorious, thou art so bright!  
Calm all our fears, dry all our tears—  
Please, Night.

O Night!

Thou art so restful, thou art so light!  
Give us sweet sleep, thy watch, please keep—  
Dear, Night.

### CHRISTMAS MORN

On a Christmas morn dear Jesus  
Came into this world of sin.  
In a manger shepherds found him—  
There was no room at the Inn.  
Lowly, meek, and gentle Jesus  
Lying in a cattle stall.  
Nowhere from the spacious palace  
Was there sent a welcome call.

Prophets long foretold the tidings  
Of His birth in Bethlehem;  
How the Christ-child, down from Heaven,  
Would bring peace to troubled men.  
When he came the world was busy,  
And His own received Him not.  
In a lonely world He wandered,  
By too many soon forgot.

Christmas bells—they ring so sweetly!  
All the world now seems more bright  
Since I let the King of Glory  
Fill my heart with Heaven's light.  
And the many who receive Him  
Join the blest fraternity—  
Sons of God—with the assurance  
Of a bright eternity.

### BROKEN

The bond of friendship, years had formed,  
Through one unhappy, hasty word  
Is broken.

The heart that beat with love for one  
Who showed a cool ingratitude  
Is broken.

The vow once made to you, dear heart,  
In life's most blissful hour  
Is broken.

### SOLACE

This has been my solace: that we are young,  
And Time shall have a goodly span of years  
To heal what summer madness wrought. Among  
The moments of despair, the shaming tears,  
This thought has peered at me as does the sun  
Pierce through the clouds to silver summer rain.  
What has been done can never be undone,  
'Tis true. But in a later day this pain  
May wear itself to dullness so that we,  
Thinking it had been part of us always,  
Can quite ignore it. Someday it shall be  
Fully forgot—unless untutored gaze  
Shall fall upon pale lilacs wet with rain,  
Or rebel ears attune to old refrain.

### STILL

Still do the seasons come and go,  
And rivers pass in endless flow  
While larks weave songs, and poets rise  
To view the world with seeing eyes.

Still do the trees take on new hues,  
Ever alert to age old cues;  
Still are the fields with flowers spread—  
Only my dreams, my dreams, are dead!

### I'VE AN UNFINISHED SONG

I've an unfinished song  
That no one will borrow,  
That no other will sing:  
It breaks with my sorrow  
And it trills with my joy.  
Won't you sing it for me?  
I'm so anxious to know  
What the ending will be.

### THE TEA-WAGON RIDE

A tea-wagon is the nicest thing  
To ride around the house,  
I do it twenty times a day  
As quiet as a mouse.

I make it go so easy-like  
Then it will not sing—  
'Cause you see, it's mother's  
Mostest precious thing.

I sit upon the under shelf  
My feet, the floor don't touch,  
My hands just push the wheels around—  
The steering isn't much.

I have to listen all the time  
When Mother's working 'round,  
For if she catches me again  
She'll spank me good and sound.

### LAMENT

My bridge  
That curves from birth  
To death is far too short  
A span to build in beauty all  
I wish.

### SINGING BROOK

The brook curves swiftly with a song—  
Louder as she leaps along;  
She sings,

I have no time to play  
With slender birches on the way,  
Or sturdy fir, or feather brake,  
Or any friend of mother lake—  
I must rush onward to the sea  
For he is calling—calling me.

### PACE THE SLOW EARTH

Pace the slow earth, walk tenderly hereon;  
This loam has fed on bones of nobler men  
Than ever you or I. Although we don  
Habiliments in all truth fine, or pen  
Sharp, stabbing words to bolster up our pride,  
We are grotesques, who mock with shame the worth,  
The heritage of blood from whose sweet side  
We spring full armed to take the ancient earth.

Walk naked now, or lay you to the ground  
To find the patient pulse, the mighty heart  
That warms the frosted roots, or catch the sound  
Of sap rising up, drawn slowly apart,  
Year after year, to show the tender bloom  
That, my friend, will be our ultimate doom.

### ETCHING

Trees stand up  
Bare and spectral,  
Under the half-light of the moon.  
Trees pierce the gloom  
With indifferent mockery.  
Moonlight pours itself out  
Like frosty, silver wine;  
And the night is inundated by it.

### MAIDEN

O, you of the lovely breasts,  
Shadow tipped,  
And the long body undulate  
As the patterns of water;  
And as fleetingly fragile.  
Moon tissue  
And ebony.  
Stark white birches  
Under a flame  
Of mauve-umber.

### ETCHING

How strange we should have parted in the rain  
As if the tears which blurred you from my view  
Were all too futile for my heavy grief  
Which broke the mourning vase of heaven too.  
Spring, frightened at my crashing world, stood still  
And wrung her slender hands at my despair,  
Her gentle zephyrs changed to sobbing gusts,  
The blossoms falling from her scented hair.

I turned one longing, backward glance at you  
While heaven and hell and earth drew us apart,  
And, oh my dear, the memory of that day  
Is etched so deeply in my aching heart  
That though I never see your face again  
I'll trace your features in each driving rain.

### TOAST TO THE LAUGHING CAVALIER (Rembrandt)

We greet each other every day  
This bon vivant and I,  
Insouciant knight to modern maid—  
We smile when passing by.

However ill the world may go  
However dull the sky,  
We greet each other every day  
This bon vivant and I.

Oh, life is long and love is brief,  
He knows it—so do I;  
And since we've learned that sorrow fades  
But laughter cannot die,  
We greet each other every day  
This bon vivant and I.

### CINQUAIN III

Love stands  
In front of me  
Urging me to go;  
But Hate holds both my hands, and I  
Stand still.

### THE CONSOLATION IN DEATH

The chilling blast blew up  
With ghastly growl and roar,  
Passed on the bitter cup  
As time has told of yore;  
The two the blighting sup  
Fast chilled straight to the core.

And

The sting, no man can live  
To tell its fatal pang;  
But once it'll surely give  
To each its piercing fang;  
It sifts man as a sieve  
And snaps life with a twang.

Yet

Through Death's fraternity  
We reach Eternity.

### THE MAN WITHOUT LIGHT

I saw a fool  
Go running down the road.  
He had no light  
By which to see his way.

He ran ahead  
And made his way along  
Using the light  
Another man had made.

### AT CLOSE OF DAY

The sinking sun at close of day  
Adorns with beauty every ray  
It sends across the sky.  
Like heralds, leading artist bands  
To paint the heavens, at his commands  
The clouds go floating by.

Soft azure tints and rose are blent;  
Then purple, fringed with gold, is sent,  
While other clouds draw near  
And mingle flaming red with gold;  
But soon the colors grow less bold—  
The dimmer shades appear;

And all the lapping waves nearby  
Reflect the vari-colored sky  
In ever-changing hue  
Until the splendor fades away;  
The sky is left a bluish gray  
When stars return to view.

### IF SHE KISSED IT, WHO KNOWS?

If she kissed it, who knows?  
But she smiled as she gave it,  
This dear little rose.  
If she kissed it, who knows  
The message that goes  
With her smile? As she gave it,  
If she kissed it, who knows?  
But she smiled as she gave it!

### A MOMENT

Can I write of it now?

I know not.

The sound of the rain tells me "yes"

As it patters, patters down

On the grey roofs.

I recall it now distinctly,

But can it be

The charm is broken and gone?

Can I capture the spell and sweetness of that moment?

'Twas but a moment.

I gazed through the window that afternoon

Upon a barren oak beside the window.

The sun was shining, and sinking,

And the last rays cast a glow on the barren branches.

And in that moment my heart was glad—

Exalted over something.

Perhaps the music from the radio downstairs

Lent its charm—

I closed my eyes,

And then I looked again.

The sun had sunk!

The tree was there,

But gone the rosy glow!

And my gladness?

I cannot say—

I think it went also,

But something poignant, yet sweet, remained.

And I didn't know whether it was

A glimpse of the Ethereal,

Or just the sunset.

### OBLITERATION

The trembling tear  
That brims your eye  
Is sorrow-dew, my dear.  
It glows with all  
That ever was  
Of hope, and joy . . . and fear.

It gleams above  
My very life—  
It falters, soon will fall  
And take the spark  
That glimmers yet—  
My soul! that tear takes all.

It sparkles and  
Soon it must drop  
And ashes will remain  
To tell the tale  
Of love that died . . .  
Lost litany of pain.

### AU REVOIR

A day ago you moved and breathed and laughed;  
Yet now, a senseless clay, you lie inert.  
My friend, I mourn the joy you owned and gave  
To all the earth, and not this clammy husk  
That jeers at our brief sojourn in the flesh.  
O noble spirit! has it perished too?  
Is life a bitter riddle, left unsolved?  
I will not know that everything must end!  
I hold you—in my weary, aching heart.  
And when the icy fingers clutch for me,  
The time has come when I must shuffle on,  
I'll think of your sweet spirit standing off  
And gently smiling—when we meet again.

### WHEN YOU ARE GONE

When you are gone and can no longer  
    Bend above me  
When you are gone, beyond reclaiming,  
    And there is nothing more to say.

I shall remember you as leaves remember summer—  
    When Autumn comes too quickly down—  
Wearing the beauty of her passing  
    As midnight wears her star-sewn gown.

### SONNET

If I had known what now I know today—  
That Life could strangle truths, and make them dust—  
Think you I should have let you have your way,  
And called you dear, and wise,—devoid of lust?  
Rather would I have had my breath, or yours,  
Before you dulled the red flame of my youth,  
And barred the exits of my own house-doors,  
While I, your willing prisoner, in sooth,  
Shuttered with tears your sleek and sunlit head,  
Consumed your ardor with my cool, white hands . . .  
Now, like the soul of one long since dead,  
Wanders throughout lonely ways in foreign lands,—  
I who have loved you, move within the night,—  
Restless, but free; fearful of dawn and light.

### FOR PAULA

Be thou a flame to warm my heart,  
    A rose for my delight,  
A beacon on a distant hill  
    Through every lonely night.

Oh, be thou everything to me—  
    A tree, the sky; and rain—  
And smite me with swift ecstasy  
    Of beauty that is pain.

### TO THINE EYES

Thine eyes, dear heart,  
Undimmed by Time,  
Youth's strength impart;  
Or, in life's prime,  
Still cast their light  
On me, so warm.  
Just warm? Ah, bright!  
Oh, Luna! Astral swarm!  
Shine more?—for spite?

### ROADS

There are roads and roads that go everywhere;  
Some that go up and some that go down.  
There are roads to beauty beyond compare;  
A road that leads to the mountain's crown.  
But—the road that makes hiking well worth while  
Is the road to the light in your eyes' warm smile.

Oh, there are roads to the east and roads to the west  
And roads on the land and roads on the sea.  
There are roads to the places we love best;  
A road to a garden for you and me.  
But—the road that gives us Love's fine art  
Is the road to the Eden in your heart.

There are roads and roads, both mean and fair;  
Some that are level and some that are steep.  
There are roads that challenge us here and there,  
The road that would chasten us, though we weep.  
But—the road that makes climbing one grand song  
Is the road to your conscience 'twixt right and wrong.

Oh, there are roads to the west and roads to the east:  
And roads on the land and roads in the air.  
There are roads to the places where sorrows are least.  
A road to some haven that is free from care.  
But—the road that leads to the perfect goal  
Is the road to the shrine within your soul.

### THE PLATONIST

I, too, once fondled  
Thought with care,  
Hoping to find  
Eternity there.

I, too, once cherished  
Each wayside brook,  
Seeking my quiet  
In a distant nook.

I, too, had a glimpse  
Of a phantom girl,  
And we danced together—  
A dream-lit whirl.

But I still tingle  
To the bells of Hope—  
In her fair meadows  
There's some slack rope!

### TOP-MOST BOUGH

Down from the red display of luminous night  
Beneath my arms hangs a darkened void  
Where my weaker brothers lament the absence of light,  
And curse my leafy boughs, feeling that I destroyed  
Their leafy hopes, and snatched from their struggling  
sight

That glorious vision of heaven they would have  
enjoyed

Had I not stood in the way. Convinced that I toyed  
With them in devilish malice, they gather up spite  
Against me, and ridicule my towering height.

Yes I diverted the luminous glow they sought,  
But, I swear, no malice lurked behind my thought.  
I had no choice—the exigence of birth  
Drove me arrow upwards oblivious of earth.  
Heaven called me. I did my best and fought  
My way to the skies, immune to their petty mirth.

### FAIRY NIGHTS

Oh, fairies are such busy little sprites  
And never seen by day—but pleasant nights  
They scrub the skies and sweep the Milky Way  
And shine the big round moon and—so they say—

They polish every star until its spark  
Shines many million miles down through the dark.  
But if you see a falling star spin round  
And spill the dizzy skies down to the ground

That means a playful fairy in his fun  
Has knocked one off. And then when night is done  
And dawn comes creeping, creeping in so slow  
(Can Lady Night, I wonder, want to go?)

They slide so quickly down the errand rays the sun  
Must daily send to tell them when to run.  
All day, curled under milkweed puffs, they sleep—  
I never find one, softly as I creep!

### FROM MY HOSPITAL WINDOW

Blue sky and a cloud drifting along,  
Green trees where birds sing their song,  
The drive curving round by the door,  
These three from my window, no more,  
These I can see.

Cloud, carry me with you, I pray!  
Bird, sing to me sweetly all day!  
Down the drive my feet want to run  
Round the curve toward the setting sun,  
Painless and free!

### TEMPLES

We pray at man-made altars  
To distant gods we fear,  
Not knowing that the answer  
Is with us now and here.

Closer than our anguish  
Is a place where turmoils cease—  
An altar of the soul,  
A presence and a peace.

We need to lift our eyes  
From temples of the sod,  
To turn ourselves from symbols  
And behold the face of God.

### MORE THAN THIS

Out of the void, a cry of pain;  
A flash of light, then dark again;  
A hope, a tear, a smile, a kiss—  
I know that life is more than this.

A body of dust, a machine-like brain;  
Hunger and thirst, a greed for gain;  
Instincts drawn from time's abyss—  
I know that man is more than this.

Hurler of lightning, sender of rain;  
Despoiler of His own domain;  
Creator of life for death's chalice—  
I know that God is more than this.

### BEAUTY

Some days are full of beauty—  
On the blank side of a building  
With regular prim windows  
The sun show brilliantly;  
And on one ledge stood a queer blue bowl  
Of daffodils.

As night came over the mountains  
Through the blue mist—  
Bare trees stood out against an orange sky.  
  
On the lawn  
A slight breeze stirred the quiet  
Of midnight blue and silver light of stars.

### PLANTATION SUMMER EVENING

Yellow glow behind the black-on-green  
Of clear-cut pine trees in the deep'ning dusk;  
The misty faintness of the green young cotton.  
And water, motionless, reflecting  
Fantastic and misshapen, darkened shadows.  
The sky above is colorless—not burning blue  
Nor angry grey, nor dark blue plush with points of  
light.  
The world has stopped—the steady hum of insect life  
has ceased—  
The earth is quiet  
And then in a distant cabin  
Someone has lit a lamp.

### DEATH

The incense is burned  
And the ash remains  
White—inanimate—  
To crumble away at the slightest wind—  
But in the air  
A faint, sweet odor lingers.

### L'ENVOI

Love is dead,  
And yet I laugh;  
Happier than I have been  
In weeks.

I laugh,  
And not in mockery.  
At last I know  
The lightness of heart  
That comes when hope is fled,  
And nothing matters much  
Any more.  
Why shouldn't I laugh?  
Nothing matters.

I laugh,  
Gayly. . . . exuberantly. . . .  
My heart is light,—  
Because it's empty.

### A RUBAI FOR ROSEMARY

"If we should stay  
within the dell,  
And spend the night,  
we'd go to hell.  
That," said she,  
"I know full well;—  
But 'twould be such heaven  
going!"

### NOVENA

I have been devout for the last few days,  
Burned two large candles to a Saint,  
Bent my knee before each shrine,  
And worried Heaven with earthly plaint.

With formal phrase, and stilted sentence,  
With Ave Marie and Paternoster,  
I have prayed that *my* Patron Saint send proof  
That my neighbor's Saint is a base impostor.

### BERCEUSE

I would give you the globe if I had my way,  
To roll like a ball when you learn to play.  
From the sun I would fashion a crown for your head,  
From a star cut a lantern to light you to bed,  
From the moon shape a cradle to hang in the trees,  
Sheltered by branches, and rocked by the breeze.  
I would fill a great paint box with tints from the skies,  
(Though its deepest dark blue could not rival your  
eyes.)  
I would build you a ship with white clouds for a sail;  
And tear up a comet to make you a veil,  
To keep for your bridal someday.

All these things I would give you, if only I might;  
As it is, I but sit and hold you so tight,  
Rock and day dream, with my arms around you,  
Wondering—if any—which dream will come true?  
Days will pass swiftly, and year follow year,  
You must master Life's primer, know joy, suffer fear;  
Live to see Beauty in commonplace things,  
Which like dull grey cocoons shelter butterflies wings;  
Until maybe someday, you will sing my song too  
To someone you love, just as Mother loves you—  
To a Baby, my dear, of your own.

### Joy

Whatever life may bring  
In way of joy to me,  
My heart can never sing  
Except of days that used to be.

And all my dreams must spring  
From happy days that used to be,  
Though life may seem to bring  
Belated joy to me.

### ECHOES

Broad sweeps of mountain range  
That cry of distance; snow-capped peaks  
That shout of freedom . . . these the things  
I long to see! The gray  
And purple of the desert scene,  
Lone cacti reared against the sky  
Of molten lead—deep solitude!

For here a man could rest and think  
Of all those hectic days of youth,  
Without the near echoes!

### DEATH

Call him gentle rest,  
Ender of all strife.  
Say he is the quest—  
Reason of all Life;  
That he is the King. . . .  
More—all things to be;  
Call him everything. . . .  
He is DEATH to me!

### REQUIEM

Dream I loved, you are dead.  
Dirges, beat. Prayers, be said.

Shall I flute a tremulous moan?  
Shall I sound a somber groan?

Rather let me garner white  
Spirit lilies—reap delight

Heaping them above the head  
Of my dream—so lovely, dead.

### POMPILIA

(Browning's *The Ring and the Book*)

Let the iron bell of the heart clang mournfully:  
Pompilia, the dove, trails a broken wing.  
Laugh bitterly at life. Tell scornfully,  
Life is a storm—foolish the bird that will sing.

Let ice grow black in the heart's desolate place:  
Hawk Guido tears that snow-soft tenderness.  
Life is taloned, to wound such gentle grace,  
And hard lust harries that shrinking slenderness.

But look you now! New light, warm-petaled hope!  
Sound the heart's lute clearly, vivace, loudly.  
The soul of Caponsacci owns the scope  
Of a seraph's love, so tilt the low head proudly.

Tilt the head proudly, Pompilias of all times;  
Let trumpets of prayer tongue the skies gladly;  
For tortured flesh is a mellow harp that chimes  
For the virtuoso Love, ecstatically, madly.

### A MINISTER'S WIFE

Her too familiar talk of God soon shocked  
His friends, as jesting at the Devil did;  
And so she learned to keep her gay lips locked,  
Her heresies beneath decorum hid.  
Her feet, that used to dance, now walked along  
As straitly as the deacons' wives directed,  
For many things she had not thought were wrong  
Were labeled worldly when they were inspected.  
She barred frivolities for the example,  
Yet love of fun escaped at crevices;  
But when small, husky sons began to trample  
Her fragile strength, she gave up levities.  
They would have thought her heathen had she said  
That God grew dim for her, with laughter dead.

### ON RECEIVING A COPY OF ELINOR WYLIE'S "COLLECTED POEMS"

Here are the brave translunary things that Drayton  
Said were in Marlowe and the first poet,—  
Fire from the chariot wheels of Phaeton,  
Whirled upon the moon's crust and below it.

The silken heifer on the Urn (Keats' Grecian)  
Has not a flank that's smoother than a word is;  
A crystal deer, deep antlered and Venetian,  
Is not more finely spun than lucent phrases.

Here is the bitter kernel split and tasted;  
Here is tartar, where the wine has stood;  
Here is pity that had gladly wasted  
Paradise upon the left hand rood.

Between these spread blue wings with silver tips,  
Burns Patmos and apocalypse.

### SUICIDE

And if this was a dream—  
he was the dreamer  
standing  
trembling  
on portals of floorlessness.

Time was nothing—  
and yet. . . .  
a single moment pushed his feet!

### DARKNESS IS RICH SOIL

Darkness is rich soil  
in the garden of stars,  
inexhaustible soil. . .  
soil that is  
like the soil of earth—  
caused by decay. . .  
only in the garden of stars  
. . . . . worlds decay.

### ONE CONQUERING MOOD

His face, in death,  
was like a battleground  
where moods lay starkly slain.

One conquering mood alone escaped.

Humor,  
stepping off in space,  
left a fixed ironic grin  
upon his face.

### ABOVE THE BLUE SKY

Above the blue sky there is life:  
Not only the fittest here survive.  
All beings are treated fairly and kindly  
In this home of merriment and felicity.

Above the blue sky there is joy:  
Bright light gleams without alloy.  
It is a delightful place for all; we—  
Rich or poor, old or young—can be happy.

Above the blue sky there is hope;  
For every man who wants to go.  
There's no one here who'd cheat or dupe;  
It is a place of fellowship without woe.

Above the blue sky there is real equality,  
Sincere and absolute love and fidelity.  
How lucky are those found worthy  
To live in that happy home of beauty!

Above the blue sky there is peace;  
Amity and friendship among all never cease;  
And if the same were to be on Mother Earth  
People would live with ease and mirth.

Above the blue sky there is contentment.  
Dwellers receive exactly what they want.  
How I long to live above the blue sky  
Where no one is judge as low or high.

Above the blue sky there shall be mercy  
For those who ask forgiveness of the Almighty.  
Oh, may I not misuse my freedom and liberty!  
Father, lead me; give me not a severe penalty.

## DISCOVERY

But yesterday, I thought that we had found  
All treasures held by earth, because our quest  
For beauty took us through the bitter test  
Of life, and brought us to some throbbing sound  
Of music, and to words all woven 'round  
With loveliness, that seemed to me the best  
Of beauty. I forgot that sweet unrest  
Forever is within us, makes us bound  
To search for treasures always; yet rejoice  
In this, that each new day will be a day  
For you and me to seek and find the things  
We love; each day, a day to make a choice  
Among life's gifts, and, selfishly, to say,  
"For us alone, the wonders beauty brings."

## ROUNDEL ON A MUSIC-BOX

My music-box sings of a time long-forgotten and gone;  
A picture of ladies and gentlemen dancing, it brings;  
Of elegant garden, and formally landscaped lawn,  
My music-box sings.

It tinkles a song of romantic and magical things,  
Lovers in satin and jewels and lace, dancing on,  
While night flies away on velvety, star-studded wings.

I almost see lanterns and flowers, a fountain, a faun,  
And hear the gay laugh of a coy *demoiselle*, as it rings;  
Of frivolous flirting, and revelry lasting till dawn,  
My music-box sings.

### RUINS

Once upon this barren shore  
Rude homes the Russ and Aleut built  
Of sea-worn boulders, sand, and silt;  
And on the birds and fur-seal herds  
Made wide and heartless war.  
Long since, the Northman went his way;  
Yet on the isle, near Tower Bay,  
Where slopes the shore from Tower Hill,  
His ruined huts are standing still;  
And from the cleft and moss-grown walls,  
Elusively, the rock-wren calls  
To coward winds, as on they flee,  
Whistling wild in dreary key,  
And through the rifts the sun-fays dazzling play,  
Or pallid, sleepy moon-folk stray  
In chill and silent mystery.

### SEA-FOLK

From this basin's rugged edge  
In the limpid depths peer wide and deep  
Where lolling tides lie half asleep.  
Sea-forms, strange, will venture o'er  
The weed-grown, creviced, glassy floor.  
In the quivering depths now dimly glides  
A snake-like eel 'neath wavering ledge;  
Here shroud-like, silent, weird and slow,  
Translucent creatures, come and go  
As strange as dream-forms curious flow.  
And glittering in metallic mail,  
And swift propelled by ancient oar,  
The finny barges proudly sweep;  
Here urchin-fleets with fairy sail,  
Cruise with tides when zephyrs fail,  
And beyond the surges' flying spray  
The serpent-kelp ever swim and sway,  
Blind captives of eternal tides.

### THE PHILOSOPHER

The world is not sixty by ninety  
With a bungalow roof overhead  
But is as wide as the souls of those  
Met on the hills of life,  
And as deep as the trust  
That is measured  
In a mutual understanding glance.

### MOINA MICHAEL (*The Poppy Lady*)

She holds on high  
The Flander's Torch,  
And in its light  
Are planted wide  
The poppy seeds—  
That keep a faith  
That must not die.

Men reborn  
From shattered threads  
Are marching again  
In the ranks of men,  
And poppies red  
Renew a pledge—  
November morn.

### SPRING IN CAROLINA

When lovely blue violets  
And laughing daffodils,  
Dance in the spring  
I would be home  
In Carolina.

The spring now brings  
A poignant lonesomeness  
For golden days  
With a blue, blue mist,  
In Carolina.

### BEACON LIGHTS

Beacon lights are flashing  
Slender fingers through the sky.  
Far, far, away I watch them  
As through the sky at night time  
Their long white beams they ply;  
Here, there, above the zenith of the hills  
Their shafts  
For an instant gleam.  
Here, there, again they come—  
The light shafts of the beacons  
Flashing in the sky.

### AT TWILIGHT

And the moon rose up at twilight  
Giving promise to the night  
Of a cheering silver light;  
From the mellow clouds it came,  
And set them all aflame  
With its glow.  
And the clouds upon the moon  
Turned it silver-lemon hue  
As they flecked across it's face  
In their swift cloud race  
Through the sky.

### BY SUN AND SHADE

A patchwork pattern dances  
On the grasses 'neath the trees,  
For the elfin winds of summer  
Whisper through the leaves.  
Here and there they scamper  
Playing tag with one another,  
Tracing many lacy patterns  
On the pathway 'neath the trees.

### FOR A VERY NEW ANGEL

Tonight's the very first, dear Lord,  
I did not tuck her in,  
I did not hear her baby prayers  
Nor kiss her dimpled chin.

Tonight's the very first, dear Lord,  
She hasn't slept near me;  
O, please, in mercy, light a star  
That she'll not timid be!

Tonight's the very first, dear Lord,  
She'll miss my lullaby;  
Perhaps your choir of angel voices  
Knows my rock-a-bye?

Tonight's the very first, dear Lord,  
Familiar ways she'll miss;  
Perhaps a silver moonbeam could  
Pretend it was my kiss?

### DEATH

Straight from the womb unto the gate  
of Death, led by the hand of Fate  
we go. But who shall say of Death  
that we are dead and not the breath  
of Immortality? We know  
that we are born and that we go  
to final sleep. Eternity?  
Oblivion? Which will it be?  
I fear that we shall never know  
Until we too, are dead, for lo!  
Those gone are perished in the earth  
Or live forever by rebirth.

### THE PRAIRIE MOTHER

I am the prairie mother  
Sitting alone,  
Holding  
    Toil,  
    Sunshine, and  
    My young son  
In the gnarled grasp of weary hands.

### I SHALL USE MY MEMORIES

I shall use my memories  
Of you,  
As a trapeze on which  
To cling,  
While swinging, swinging  
To another.

### THE STRAND

Stars last night  
Were crystals  
Overhead.  
Oh, that I could pierce  
Their brilliancy  
Around a golden thread,  
And string my beads  
Of majesty,  
Of red!

### BLIND

I must be blind,  
    For spring has come they say;  
And oft I answer as of yore,  
    "Yes—yes, a pretty day—"

I must be blind,  
    To new-born beauty all around;  
A crushed and bleeding heart  
    Keeps sad eyes bound.

TO JOHN KEATS

The seeds you sowed are breaking through;  
No more beguiling Beauty knocks in vain.  
The soul's fair flowers, unfolding into view,  
Now draw from what you left as from the rain.

THREE HOKKUS

Ephemeral foam  
The sea makes on timeless rock.  
Am I rock . . . or foam?

Comfort brings content;  
Certainty, oiled existence.  
I seek myself, life.

Tuscarora Deep—  
But it has been sounded now.  
Am I not deeper?

THE MIRAGE

On a coal-black stallion rides Greed  
Pursued by the nations. . . .  
In his hand are phantoms only:  
Baubles of desire,  
Bubbles that burst  
When the deluded hordes would clasp them.

Yet this mirage that glitters real  
Pulls the nations into the pit!  
The multitudes, so eager,  
Trample underfoot their brothers.  
Chaos has come. . . .

### THE ROSE THAT MOURNED

Outside a garden fence a wild rose bloomed  
With dainty dower  
Of blush and fragrance, yet she mourned away  
Each passing hour  
Since early morn when, tempted, she peeped through  
The garden bar  
To see the radiance of a rich red rose,  
Its scent flung far.

Unto a friendly breeze which brushed her leaves  
She thus made moan,  
“Oh, better far for me had I been born  
A stick or stone,—  
Could I but know some mortal gave to me  
The smallest part  
Of admiration given yon royal rose  
’Twould calm my heart.”

Lingered the gentle breeze and to her said  
In cadence sad,  
“Better, my humble friend, to yearn to make  
Some mortal glad.”  
At this rebuke the wild rose hung her head  
A drop of dew  
Fell in her heart and murmured, “Do not mourn,  
There’s work for you.”

And in a humble home that very hour  
Upon the breast  
Of one who quiet lay she found a place  
And was at rest.  
The gentle breeze stole in when night and rose  
Were both far spent,  
“How now?” he asked. The dying rose replied,  
“I am content!”

### FIRST LOVE

I give you back your gifts,  
Even to the memories of roses;  
And I release you from your promise,  
Though you gave it yourself to endure forever.  
I ask only that you return to me three things:  
The meaning of the hush just before dawn,  
My laughter,  
And my virginity.

### THE HAG

Life is an old woman  
Whose skin is wrinkled  
And whose body is sagging and scarred from too much  
child-bearing.  
From that body have come men and women  
Who have forgotten the one who carried them in her  
womb  
And fed them from her breasts.  
But the old woman is not bitter,  
And her scolding tongue  
Does not efface the tenderness which lies ever within  
her sunken, weary eyes.  
She dreams, when she is alone;  
And her dreams are all of her youth,  
When she was beautiful, and her laughter reached the  
stars.  
Occasionally she whispers, "My lover,"  
In a voice that is harsh and racked with pain.  
But she is so old that she does not remember  
Whether she speaks of one she knew  
Or one who never came.

### GOBLIN WINE

I have drunk goblin wine from your dear lips!  
My soul is mist, and I am mad with pain  
That knows no peace save that I drink again!  
I have forgotten all I ever knew;  
I have forsaken all I once held dear;  
My mind is void but for the name of you  
Beating in ceaseless waves of fire that sear  
And scorch my heart in breaking on its shore.  
I have drunk goblin wine from your dear lips—  
Ah, give me one drink more!

### INADVERTENTLY TRUTH SLIPS

Inadvertently truth slips  
Sometimes from my guarded lips  
And your look of shocked surprise  
Warns me I have not been wise.  
Some minds do not want to see  
Beyond their own timidity!  
Ah, well, truth's a scorching fire—  
I must be a better liar.

### FOLLY'S CHOICE

You would have me pace behind a cloistered wall  
Of grey conventionality, and tell my beads  
With listless fingers,  
Murmuring outworn Latin creeds  
Through pale, pressed lips!  
But I must heed the call  
That bids me hasten to the market place  
To meet and love my fellows face to face;  
To laugh and dance and weep and drink life's brim-  
ming bowl,  
And sing the worldly songs you urge me to forget!  
You call it folly. Well, perhaps it is, and yet—  
A cap and bells may hide more wisdom than a cowl!

### THE INFINITE

There are mountains man never will master,  
And deserts that creep to his bones,  
There are oceans that roll him to Rio,  
Or snow banks that smother his groans.

Let philosophy tender its fancies;  
Let science adhere to her creed;  
There are questions man never will answer,  
And answers he never will need.

### AFTER DEATH

Sift the ashes down;  
Spray the earth of brown.  
White doves have flown;  
Dark winds have blown.  
Nothing has grown—  
Sift the ashes down.

### To MAURICE RAVEL

Behold a man who dares to scorn convention,  
Who calls the passing styles for what they are;  
Behold a man who, in profound expression,  
Transports the mortal to the mystic star.

Scorned by the blind,  
Who can not see,  
Who can not find  
His ecstasy,  
Ravel portrays  
A demon's roll,  
And madly sways  
My fiendish soul.

### APRIL MORNING

The tyrannical rain  
The growing eddies in the little bush bordered pool  
The irregular yet symmetrical patterns on the pane  
Spring's doubtful promise in every leaf and blade  
The infectious beckoning of the glistening ribbon that  
    is the highroad  
The surprising hush as the rain drifts into a soft mist  
The soggy stripped awnings where birds converse  
The exhilaration of the east wind as the rain fades  
    with the passing of a cloud  
The inadequacy of books  
Streaks of red and grey for houses . . . . . banks  
    of green for trees  
A new, mysterious blue in the grey morning smoke  
Automobile tires singing on glistening pavements  
Winter's quiet content dissipated by a gnawing wander-  
    lust  
Poet's paradise  
Painter's paradise  
A strange carol in a new born heart . . . . akin only to  
    love  
The awing realization that possibly it might be love  
Sun's triumphant procession to the pinnacle  
His largess of myriad dancing lights  
People's voices . . . . far away  
Bird's voices . . . . very near  
Poet's paradise  
Painter's paradise  
    . . . . April Morning.

### THE ICE AGE

There's no time now for gentle words  
Or Christian loving-kindness;  
The world grows colder every day,  
And fiercer in its blindness.

We few that work to keep a fire  
Against the world's great winter  
Must use whatever wood we may,  
Down to the last sharp splinter.

Beat down the hands that dare protect  
Their ikons from our seizing.  
Shall any deadwood hold respect  
When half the world is freezing?

### TRAPPED

The way is broken,  
The path is gone.  
Where once we passed  
Is a fallen stone.

May we not fall  
To giving ear  
To words of doubt  
Or to cries of fear.

We, who have spurned  
The full daylight  
To grope for gauds  
Better out of sight,

We can but hope  
That once again  
Fortune shall prove  
Kindlier than men.

### INTIMACY

Not lips nor hands—  
Touch leaves me cold,  
Again a beggar at the door of flesh,  
When the whole tale of sense is told—

But wit and word.  
Lovers may find  
A hidden intimacy fiercer still;  
Love is a passion of the mind.

### CERTAINTY

When I look out upon the stars,  
I cannot know  
If they are stars or falling light  
Of suns cooled long ago.

Then I perceive the dying world,  
My self, may be  
Persistent lights and shadows of  
Bygone reality.

### NOVEMBER

Now the great mother, virgin in the spring,  
But lately of her harvests brought to bed,  
Has listened to the season's whispering,  
And changed her garments for the maple's red,  
The brown of oaks, the purple of the ash;  
Boldly she dons the elm-tree's yellow veil,  
Till for her harlotry she feels the lash.  
She lies beneath the keen November gale,  
Whose cruel fingers strip her robes away;  
His biting kisses leave her withered, bare,  
Brown-skinned and old, her rags of hair turned gray,  
Crouched numb and shivering in the frosty air.  
Soon earth, beset with snow and clinging sleet,  
Lies white and still in winter's winding-sheet.

## THE RAINBOW

*Violet*, evanescently soft  
As mist tinted morning,  
Or palm shaded isle on the tropic horizon  
Across a pearly hazy sea.

*Indigo*, deep, lazy blue,  
As cloud shadows hanging on far distant pines,  
Or depths in the foam crested waves.

*Blue*, azure blue,  
As the vault of the sky's overarched bowl,  
Or the light in the cave of Capri.

*Green*, restful green,  
As fresh growing wheat fields in Spring,  
Or richly carved jade of Cathay.

*Yellow*, sulphurous yellow,  
As fields with buttercups pied,  
Or the goldenrod's wide spreading range.

*Orange*, ruddily glowing,  
As metal in flow from the furnace,  
Or sunlit sands of tawny Sahara.

*Red*, sweepingly red,  
As richly robed Cardinal,  
Or the sky's crimson glow at sunsetting time.

*White*, silvery white as bleached cotton that  
Runs through the hands of the spinner  
With heaven's colors of sky, cloud and forest  
Skilfully mixed on the sun's palette of light,  
Silvery as rays of the Moon,  
Or the shimmering strand of a far away coast.

### IF THIS SHOULD BE

If there should sometime come a day  
When grudging answer to a smile I give,  
And kindly thoughts within me cease to live,  
When I shall see a gracious act and turn away,  
And with a frown bruise all things gay,  
Then, Infinite Pity, you will see me thus  
And take the spark that's me, the rest to dust.

If there should come a night with magic filled,  
When naught of beauty in a star I see,  
Or blind to trees in silvery mist,  
To see in someone's eyes love slowly killed,  
And hold but thoughts of man's mortality,  
Then, oh God, be kind, grant death's cold kiss.

### BAFFLED DREAMER

Poor baffled dreamer, you who dreamed  
The sky a warm bowl, arched it seemed  
Protectingly o'er man and lesser things,  
And who to nature's truths did cling,  
Now find the sky but space and cold immensities  
And nature tired, given to strange fantasies.

Sad awakened dreamer, such drear reality  
To face, what iconoclastic one did make  
Of life a complex thing to which you have no key?  
Temples robbed and from your mind did take  
A flame, far reaching to all eternity.  
Destroying these that you might see reality.

But dreams for you are never lost,  
Now shadowed perhaps, but not the dust  
You feel they are, nor faiths not lost.  
Reality gives more to us than crusts  
To feed upon, and some starry night, or hush of dawn  
You'll find new dreams, new faith to bear you on.

### HEALING

The snow is falling  
In white silence—  
Like minutes  
It covers the scars of earth  
As time  
Dims pain  
And blurs memories  
Into beauty.

### CHANGE

Love  
Was once a singing stream  
Silvered with light.  
Now  
It is black running satin  
Star-shot by night.

### CITY MUSIC

The thin black wires  
Stretched against the night sky  
Are a celestial clef  
Holding music  
Made of silent silver stars.

### VESPERS

Sunset  
And the chimneys  
Stand like black candles  
Against the flaming altar  
Of the God of Machinery.

### HAIL

Last night  
The wind  
Turned the still symphony of snow  
Into white jazz.

### NOCTURNE

Have you heard the whippoorwill at dusk  
And felt the loneliness in his cry?  
Has the echo lingered in your heart  
Although you knew not why?

Have you seen the moon hung low in the sky,  
A golden lantern lighting the night?  
Have you seen the stars twinkling merrily  
Like myriad fireflies in flight?

I sit alone by my cabin door;  
Strange, I haven't noticed these things before.

### DAYBREAK

Dawn springs to birth from the womb of the night  
And triumphantly mounts to the sky;  
The shadows retreat from the growing light,  
A defeated army in headlong flight  
When the van of the enemy is nigh.

It sings a song in the voice of a lark  
Whose joyous notes greet the coming day;  
And the rising sun, like a flaming bark  
On a red-gold sea, sails out of the dark:  
The night is vanquished and the morn holds sway!

Wake! ye sluggards, the night has passed;  
Drink in the morn for it cannot last.

### TEMPEST

Child of the temple am I,  
Born of the night;  
Born of the high wild winds that sweep  
Life's by-ways . . . winds that cry  
In the darkness deep—  
I am kin to the stormy night,  
Kin to the lashing tempest that holds me tight  
In the dark pools of despair—  
In the chill and fearsome lair  
Where the wild winds sleep;  
Child of the tempest am I,  
Born of the night.

### BEGGAR

Like a ragged beggar outside the city gates,  
I grasp eagerly coins you have left from spending;  
Hoarding the little coins you lightly toss me  
Against the stark necessity of each day's ending.

Others would be kind but you are only cruel;  
(None is so great a fool as he who will not see)  
Hunger grim and terrible steals sleep from my pillow,  
So if I must know hunger, at least I will be free.

### HARVEST

I stood upon the threshold  
Of life—youth was at the dawning;  
I plowed a crooked furrow  
Nor heeded a word of warning—  
The seed I sowed there flourished  
In the noontime of my years;  
I thought I sowed gay laughter  
But my harvest was of tears.  
I sowed my seed of laughter  
But garnered only weeping—  
The soil was rich and fertile  
And oh, the bitter reaping.

### HIS ROUTE AND MINE

As round about my route I walk today,  
At times I find the routine weary to my soul  
But if I search, I'll find a brighter ray,  
A pious thought has caused the gloom to roll.

What of the weary route He trod for me?  
What of the scoffs and jeers He suffered too?  
What of the Nails that held Him to the Tree?  
What of the desolation that He knew?

Ah! then how can my spirit so complain?  
What can my selfish soul desire?  
How can I grudge to bear some little pain?  
And why do I so easily tire?

It is because I do not hold His Hand  
It is because the Vision I do lose,  
But now beneath His Banner I will stand  
And His shall be the Way that I will choose.

His royal route, His only Way  
No more the easy path desire  
And He shall lead me every day  
Then on the route I'll never tire.

### WEARY HUMAN

In the morning I arise from restless sleep  
To face another day.  
Another day of worry, work and endless strife  
The same as yesterday.  
Of plodding city pavements, in search of what?  
Something that does not exist; nor you nor I  
Can call its name.

A hopeless quest; I think I'm hunting happiness  
But when that's found, I'm yet unsatisfied.  
I'm searching once again  
For the answer to life's Mystery.  
But I have lost before I start—'tis but a hopeless  
search,  
Because there is no answer.

I scurry all the day, know not nor caring why  
A human ant  
In a vast hill that's of my kind.  
We are all alike, and could some great eye  
Look down on us from some great height, and see  
That eye would wink  
At the unreasonable rush of human kind.  
And when at night I climb my stairs  
In my tired brain  
A thought evolves, that I am a poor fool  
To rush the way I do  
The while I'm only passing time in life  
That would well pass without my heedless rush.

And then I close my eyes to rest my weary self  
That I may have the strength  
To spend another day  
Pounding pavements, speeding highways  
Scurrying senselessly about  
In hopeless quest of  
What?

### IN A GARDEN NOOK

I took my book one Autumn day  
To read beneath the trees  
Where the dahlias by the garden wall  
Were nodding in the breeze.

With every gust of the whispering wind  
The leaves came down in showers  
And the bees came there to gather honey  
From the fragrant flowers.

I found I did not want to read  
In this little garden nook  
I would rather watch the butterflies  
Than read a printed book.

### THE LONELY SHEPHERD

Out in the dreary western hills  
A shepherd guards his sheep,  
Beyond, the snow-capped Rockies rise  
And shade the canyons deep.

In the evening he sits by his cabin door,  
In the sunsets crimson glow,  
Watching the color fade from the sky  
And darkness hide the snow.

He knows no land but the mountains and hills  
No home but his cabin small  
No friends but his dog and the bleating sheep,  
And the pine trees green and tall.

The old shepherd has few earthly needs  
This much about life he knows  
He brought nothing with him into this world  
And takes nothing away when he goes.

### I SIT UPON MY BROKEN TOMB

I sit upon my broken tomb and see  
The years ascend the dusky minaret  
Of time, where I once burned with brevity  
The candle of my life before death set  
Her snuffing fingers on mortality.  
Still does the incense of man's dust mount fast  
To silent gods, and with finality  
Each single flame is gutted out at last.  
The Hand that closed my tomb has broke its seal,  
To let me crawl the earth again and knot  
These hours with prayer; take back the gift, I pray;  
The mortal pain of life has gnawed me hot  
With grief forgot on death's unturning wheel,  
And I have borne its ageless weight this day.

### HOMeward

The languid day leans closely on the west  
And through the murmurous pause of eventide  
I see the fleeting swallows homeward ride  
In winging journey toward the cliff's dark crest.  
So I would come to you, O one loved best,  
And pausing on the hill's long golden side  
Behold your doorway standing near, and wide  
For love and me to enter as one guest.  
For when all journeyings of earth are done,  
And wonderous delight grows sharp and thin,  
When stars have lost their first tempestuous fire,  
The soul grows weary of its own bright sun,  
And only asks that it shall briefly win  
The quiet refuge of its heart's desire.

### LUCIFER IN SUNLIGHT

Through molten seepage, clod by broken clod,  
Up from the depths, the foul-breathed smouldering  
dearth,  
Came Lucifer, the traitor to his God,  
And leaned his ebon wings against the earth.  
How still and cool it was—divinely cool!  
Close by the whisper of a water-fall  
Splashed to the silence of a mountain pool  
Reflecting Heaven's blue. A low bird-call  
Was answered with soft ripples of content  
Flung from the safety of a valiant nest.

The dark wings quivered, and the dark head bent  
One moment to an undefiant breast;  
Two great tears fell from sombre brooding eyes  
That once, undimmed, had mirrored Paradise!

### TO A FAINT HEART

O most disconsolate, so weary grown,  
What poisoned alchemy has matched your stride  
To the dull plodding of the leaden-eyed?  
Is it too far, the levelled plains, dust-blown?  
And watch the morning break in wreathes of light—  
The waiting hush, the flame—the ecstasy—  
That crowns the instant of eternity!

### COME, MY OWN!

Come my Own, and walk with me  
Through yonder sleepy cemetery!  
I love its shaded, flowery paths  
And gentle hills, the stalwart oaks  
And softly singing brook which guard  
The dreams of long-forgotten folks.  
Not on perfume-laden nuptial bed  
Or through some quickly murmured words  
By priest shall I become thine own;  
But 'mid the music of the birds,  
With God and skies in holy witness,  
Shall I surrender. Ever present death,  
Constant reminder, will only make  
More sweet each rapturous living breath.  
Come, my Own, and walk with me  
Through yonder sleepy cemetery!

### AD VALOREM

See, on this page is where one reads how Antony,  
Caught in the spell of Cleopatra's glowing eyes,  
Deserted his men to die by Octavian's hosts—  
(Are your eyes brown or green?—I never could  
apprize!)

And here's the bold explorer, Columbus,  
As he planted the Spanish flag, the sign  
Of conquest o'er doubt and fear, in the New World—  
(Discovery supreme when your lips met mine!)

Read you how Napoleon conquered and  
Wormed his mighty way till, emperor crowned,  
He sought to hold the world within his grasp—  
(I, once so free, in you my King have found!)

Civilizations rise and fall; puppets  
Parade in endless sequence. (But, no more!  
Of what concern a dead humanity  
To me? I've a living sovereign to adore!)

SONNET

Across the grey-green meadow, up the hills,  
I ran, with hasty feet, to greet the spring,  
And tried to raise my voice with joy, and sing  
And purr, like little trickling, waking rills,  
Whose springtime murmur all the valley fills;  
And throw my heart out, with a happy fling,  
That I might hold to nature as a thing  
That overleaps the false, that hurts and kills.

And pray for guidance and a better part  
In this great agony of throbbing life,  
With many contradictions, vain and rife  
To stay the trembling hand and frightened heart,  
Seeking to live and know, away from strife,  
A life—free from dissembling and apart.

APRIL

I stood upon a wind-swept rainy hill  
In March, and let her savagery run through  
My hair. Her loud voice with its singing shrill  
Called over barren wastes, and yet how true  
Came underlying music in her strain  
Of bitterness, and cold throughout the night;  
She seemed to fight and struggle to obtain  
Something to make her darkness turn to light.  
And then—the early morning brought the face  
Of April; and March with blinding tears had gone.  
Oh month of violets you have now begun  
Your taunting play of fickle tears and sun.

### A CHALLENGE

To look life squarely in the eyes  
With steady gaze; to falter not but choose  
That noble part, the part which lies  
Above life's cheap unfairness. To refuse  
In thought and word and deed to compromise  
With evil cunning, artful schemes and ruse—  
Always to love the truth, the wrong despise,  
And know that this is gain with naught to lose—

The soul thus charted wins a happy port  
Uninjured and unharmed. The winding course  
May lead thro' wind-tossed waves, the tempest's sport  
May lash a storm-swept deck, and hoarse  
Gale-mutterings fill the air. A noble sort  
The craft which stems the tide; a noble force  
The faith which stands like battered fort,  
Calm and serene, safe-anchored in its Source.

### MUSINGS

Why should I care while journeying here  
Through glorious days and star-lit nights,  
If suddenly so faint, yet clear,  
A voice should call me from the sights  
I've known and loved, and strangely moved  
With tenderness should softly say:  
"Thy task is done, thy work approved."  
Why should I ask another day?

If I have tilled a patch of ground  
Through summer suns and made it bloom,  
If I have lived my life and found  
A kindly way to lessen gloom,  
And cheerfully my part have done  
When burdens came to lift my share—  
If Earth is lost and Heaven won,  
Why should I grieve, why should I care?

### FALSENESS OF THE DESERT

He dug in the sand and he found naught but chert—  
He followed a rainbow on sun-blasted desert.  
The sun sank behind a desolated knoll;  
The wanderer left his bright camp fire to stroll.

He lingered a moment in a ledge's lee;  
His gaze swept the vastness for sight of a tree;  
The twilight was to him now peaceful and sweet—  
His moment of freedom from torrid sun's heat.

He gloomily thought of the sad fate at hand:  
His bones would soon rot in the shifting sand.  
In silence he heard the dull song of man's fate;  
The wind's low voice whispered, "You've waited—too late."

His days were now numbered in Time ever-fleet,  
In falseness the desert took his youth all to weet.  
His scanty provisions reduced to a gobbet;  
The last of his water, a canteen of sherbet.

The sunset was hot, a beautiful sanguine:  
He visioned his home with its rivers and vine.  
He was born in great luxury; here he'll decay—  
The desert is not for man, or denizens of the day.

The jewels of the desert from far always shone  
But though he did follow them, they always were gone.  
The desert's only good for an eagle to soar  
Above the bleak wastes where the wind does not roar.

### EVENING ON THE DOCK

There's a voice within me that answers the voice of  
the wind

When I walk alone on the dock.

The tang of the sea and the smack of the breeze

Quicken my step as I stroll across the planks

Above the lapping, swishing waves.

There is nothing here that is beautiful, yet all of it is  
beautiful to me.

The fish house, the boatshop, the fishermen's shacks,  
All are dilapidated, ugly to the eye,

Yet all awaken chords within my soul

That make me wish to sing for joy.

Long rows of nets hung over wooden racks,  
Flat barges heaped with oyster shells,

Old boats of every kind hitched everywhere;

What is there in this poor, disorderly array

That grips my heart and makes me dream  
Of great adventures on the unknown seas?

All is so quiet now at eveningtide,

Although I know confusion will be here

As soon as daylight comes again.

Barefooted fishermen will leave before the dawn

To earn their livelihood from out the deep.

The trucks and cars will clatter over loosened planks

And shouts of firm command will rend the air;

Yet there is music in it all for me.

But this is evening, all is peace

And shafts of orange-gold diffuse themselves

Upon the deep Caloosahatchee's crest.

The ferry boats toss restlessly beside the dock

As if they wished to sail a molten sea.

And I, watching the clouds in their prismatic glow,

Find myself singing an unknown song

That pulsates with the dashing of the waves.

### WAYSIDE SHRINE

The long road is coming to an end.  
How beautiful, how cool it was!  
The green branches of pecan trees  
Completely hid the blue sky above.

Look, there, near that fig tree.  
What is that white, tomb-like thing?  
How quaint—a wayside shrine,  
The figure of an unknown saint within.

Do not laugh, too-knowing traveler,  
At the poor offerings of wild flowers.  
Do not smile with your worldly lips  
At the shining metal *milagros*.

They were placed there by loving hands,  
Carrying with them trusting, simple souls.  
It would not be bad if you too knelt,  
And uttered a prayer to some god.

### TO FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

Where friendship ends and love begins  
There stands no marked line.  
The thing that's pure to the spirit leans,  
And all that is true is fine.  
There are many kinds of love down here—  
Some not wholly approved by man;  
But true love is forever clean and clear,  
So love, love while you can.

All you who love, go now, hold hands,  
And dance before the queen of love.  
No orgiastic music by clanging bands;  
Be as simple as Venus there above.  
Raise your cup, if you be a lover or a friend;  
Drink to friendship, to love, one beginning, no end.

### HEAVENLY HALF-HOUR

Moments go by on smoothest wings that trackless  
nothing spoil,  
So like a velvet butterfly or a glowing star,  
And irritations of the world have lost their power to  
foil  
The peace which shines to warm our lives as from the  
sun afar.

### JAPANESE PRINT

Pale blue mountains, etched against the sky,  
Dimly mirrored in a blue lake lie,  
Blurred with surface silver that gently glows.  
Around the shore, the soft white mist, turned rose,  
Upward floats, through pines all sunward drawn,  
Vanishes, in upper air of dawn.

### WINDY NIGHT (Partial Eclipse)

The moon was like a slave-ship  
In a heaving sea,  
And her bloody blackened crew  
Rocked tumultuously!

The wind moaned with a warning cry,  
Clouds were windswept—dark;  
The moon careening rode the sky—  
A drunken, found'ring bark!

And fearful for the lives aboard  
The good ship going down,  
I cried aloud in deadly fear—  
“God save them ere they drown.”

### EXPLORER DISCOVERED

Night holds  
The key of Song  
In souls of men, rim-tipped  
To twist the key at Dawn, and step  
Within.

### ODE TO NIGHT

The tangerine glimmers of city lights  
Stumble in ecstasy,  
Taunt . . .

Like the limpid curve of lissom fingers  
Fragments of filigree  
Shudder . . .  
Lost.

Ah, from the velvet stillness of your body  
Emerge, Tarantella!

The rapid swirl of your soul  
Entices . . .

And I, who tang of your arms,  
Lilt of your throat,  
Wrapped in your throat,  
Fling your hair to the dusk!

Lone figure in the oasis of wind  
Night, on your heaving breast I sing;  
With flickering horn in far-flung hand,  
Stand firm above the sacred sand,  
And lo,  
I blow!

### RESOLVE

I shall not compromise with puny things,  
But think of efforts, anguish, great travail,  
Of evolutionary ravagings  
That grip all life within this earthly vale.

I think of marvels that entrance the soul,  
The heavens, suns—grand, lovely, teeming earth;  
But cosmic toil could win such mammoth goal,  
Could bring such wild-eyed Master-dream to birth.

To capture greatness effort must be great,  
The world must ever groan and sweat with pain,  
And men must suffer, build and recreate—  
Heroic deeds demand a super brain.

With giant chisel I shall charge the soil,  
Wrest beauty, wisdom through the throes of toil.

### HELL'S EVANGELIST

I share the wits of mighty Beelzebub,  
Of spirits that carouse in flames of hell,  
For they can wield a vitriolic club,  
For cunning they can have no parallel.

They teach me how to speak in mocking rhyme,  
Defy the elements, and beasts, and man,  
To laugh at death, and thunder, tyrant time,  
Man's imbecilic wisdom—preaching clan.

I tell you, puppets, lay your sorrows down,  
Dream not of blue and lofty heaven's glow—  
Malignant splendor, glory and renown  
Exude from depths and spirits far below.

I was in heaven; God was fast asleep.  
I went to hell and found there all His sheep.

### BIRTH OF A SONG

Subconscious staccatos  
Flash swords,  
And from the emitting sparks  
A foreign lilt is jangled;  
Demonstrated . . . . .  
A song classic.

### HORIZONS

I love horizons that stretch long and low  
To far distant countries in mystery glow;  
I love night horizons, so looming and dark  
The swerve and the dip of a great mountain range.  
The beauty of dawn—over trees like a hedge  
With sun splintered gold, as it lifts from their edge.  
The sunset horizon on calm mirrored streams  
That paints them in colors like pale rainbow dreams;  
I love night horizons, so looming and dark  
That breathe of adventure, blood curdling and stark;  
Horizons inspiring, horizons that bar  
But horizons for me—have a beckoning star.

### Is DEATH LIKE THAT?

Slow, like a white bird  
Soaring away in the dusk;  
Its form growing smaller and smaller  
Until it is swallowed up  
In the darkening night.  
Or is it a hasty exit—  
Like a candle  
Quickly snuffed out?

### SCIOTO

River trail, snake trail, silver black it shines,  
Winding through the cities and the green, bright  
meadows,  
Winding to the far hills blue with sun and shadows,  
On to the hills of the laurels and the pines.

White green, rose green, yellow, brown and grey,  
Slow they rise, the far hills, with soft, round shoulders,  
Rise with peak and knob and overhanging boulders  
On to the south in the snake trail's way.

River trail, snake trail winding through the hills,  
Let me follow after, follow your black winding  
Far above the river, for its beauty blinding  
Draws me like a loadstone home to the hills.

### SONG OF WINTER WINDS

I sing the song of the winds  
That race with the driving snow,  
The shrill, gay song of the winds  
That bellow and laugh as they blow:  
The mighty winds of the east  
That howl in the midnight sky,  
The wild, white winds of the north  
That roar with rage as they fly.

I sing the song of the winds  
Whose teeth are a two edged knife,  
Whose laughter is old as the sun,  
Whose breath is the joy of life;  
The bitter, cruel winds of the west,  
Mad winds that whistle and shout,  
The strong running song of the winds  
Of magic and freedom and rout.

I sing the song of the winds  
That race with the driving snow,  
The bellowing song of the winds  
That sing and laugh as they go.

### SUNSET AT GRAND CANYON

Down in the Canyon's depths such silence broods  
That even human breathing seems affront  
To nature—when herself has muted sound.

The river, far below, Time's etching tool  
That deep has graved upon the breast of Earth  
A scene transcending far all human art,  
Flows soundless on its journey to the sea.

Beyond the farther rim the setting sun  
With living fire outlines the distant hills,  
While down the Canyon's sides there slowly creep  
The mystic shadows of the coming night  
Veiling in filmy folds of amethyst  
Titanic bulks, dark red and saffron hued,  
That rise majestic from the shadowy depths.

And, walled in silence that is almost felt,  
Each soul remote, detached, communes alone  
With Him whose power this miracle has wrought.

The silence deepens and the shadows grow.

Then, in the woods that fringe the Canyon's edge,  
Far off a solitary bird note sounds  
And gently breaks the spell that held you mute.  
And with a fleeting sigh the night breeze wakes  
Sending a fluting murmur through the leaves  
That rustle softly then sink back to rest,  
And on the air there floats the faint perfume  
Of desert roses blooming 'mid the rocks.

### THE OLD CHURCH

Majestic there you stand—the storms you face—  
Time makes you ever treasured day by day.  
It must be that you glean some secret way  
Down corridors of time, and beauty trace  
Of great souls who have worshipped in the place,  
And passing through the same great oaken door.  
Your listening walls hear echoes ever more  
That but enrich your never fading grace.

Such was the shining beauty of your life  
When quiet music was a healing spring  
For all the woes within that age of strife,  
You gleaned some beauty found in every thing  
As goodly folk passed daily up and down  
In hurried movement through the little town.

Close by the street with lawn of tender grass  
You stand with buried memories content.  
A monument to those whose lives were spent  
Within your sacred walls, where now—alas—  
Few come to worship as the Sabbaths pass.  
The rich toned bell is heard throughout the town  
The tall spire wears the sunlight like a crown,  
And lessons still are taught each lad and lass.

Within your walls remembering the care  
Of builders who are sleeping very near,  
Who thoughtful were of how the town might fare.  
Yet, less regretful if they now should hear  
Some name we speak or stories tell again  
Of happiness when they were guiding men.

### THE EARTH IS GOOD TO MAN

The earth is good to man.  
It gives him daily bread,  
And worthy paths to tread,  
A sky above to scan,  
And place to lay his head.

Man may not care for rose,  
Or flower of the field,  
May keep his vision sealed  
To everything but woes,  
Yet earth bestows its yield.

Man may be harsh, unkind,  
Nor do the things he should,  
And have the hardihood  
To foster cruel mind,  
Yet earth to man is good.

Earth moves on in its way  
Amid sun, moon, and stars,  
Though man may give it scars,  
And tramp its sacred clay  
With feet of greed and wars.

The earth is good to man,  
But man ne'er finds his worth  
And peace about his hearth,  
Nor knows Creator's plan,  
Till he is good to earth.

### SPRING

Hail! thou messenger of Life,  
That descends the golden stairway  
Of the Sun,  
To sow the seed of beauty  
In the fertile womb of Earth.

Hail! thou messenger of Peace,  
That descends the golden stairway  
Of the Sun,  
To sow the seed of Love  
In the hungry hearts of men.

### WEAKLING

Weak little man,  
So strong  
In the shade  
Of your lifeless  
God.  
Pitiful sot  
You are,  
Who in  
Degeneracy  
Seek to find  
A non-existent  
Mirror  
For your sin  
And say,  
'Look the  
Sin is  
His, not  
Mine!'

### WINGED HEART

Do not doubt I love you!  
Do not doubt I love you . . .  
But the open road is calling,  
Calling night and day.

Mountain tops are waiting,  
Snow-hushed  
Patient, long.

Hushed the swaying tree-tops,  
Waiting  
For my song!

Do not doubt I love you.  
Bid me  
And I stay. . .

But O, the call of sunset,  
The open road  
And May!

In my heart the springtime  
Is ringing like a bell.  
Forgive . . . forgive a winged heart—  
I love you and . . . farewell!

SONNET

Fling wide the seed on darkling purple hill,  
This promise April brings is surely all,  
Or nothing now. Ask not of harvest, till  
The seed renew itself with death in fall—  
Has felt its rich strong blood's hot flow,  
And bloomed with stars on musky scented night;  
Has foamed like surf, and here below,  
Received the blaze of cycle sharp and bright.

What if the seed should fall on stony soil;  
Or fracturing hail beat down the supple grain?  
Now pregnant with a promised fruitful toil  
Each grain shall feel the love of Easter rain—  
Quite, here in dark warm earth, and all alone,  
From friendly grave shall feel the lifted stone.

SNOW FALLS ON A MOUNTAIN RIVER

By this broken soft music  
I warm me—  
Peaceful ashes from skyward altars;  
Music that stills the fear of hunted things  
On the rim of white prairies.

White hazels over pools of water—  
A woman's voice the river's murmur—  
Smooth dark honey flowing—  
Broken by cliffs' sheer abutments,  
Broken and healed in pools where otters delve.

Whispers of whirring snowfalls,  
Music for the hunted and broken,  
Music I shall love when broken  
And my altar fire ashes,  
Falling over calm dark water.

### SEA DREAM

Like a wave, to know no rest:  
To break again, and fall again,  
And rise again in swelling crest;  
To meet again—a wave, and then  
To sweep the sea, clasped breast to breast.

### Ho! HAIL! YOUNG BROTHER Moscow!

Gawking lad in seven-league boots—  
Lad of raw-boned, crushing hands,  
Arms of spring-steel,  
Lover of red-kerchiefed peasant girls,  
Awakened dreamer, builder of kaleidoscopes,  
Somberly clad machinator of vivid ideas,  
Schemer, dreamer, poet, and lover—  
Young old man and old young man, too,  
Soldier—and planner and builder—  
Ho! Hail to you, young fellow!

A symphony in your soul  
And a sword in your hand,  
You have trampled the fields of your fathers;  
Passionate hater of tin gods, amazer of nations,  
Blasphemer, shouter of slang,  
Builder of words and of worlds,  
Sower, grower of countless seeds,  
Open-mouthed, blue-eyed youth,  
Ho! Hail! And—whither away?

### CYPRESS

I know thy passion and I love thy schemes;  
I've seen the ocean and its face of dreams;  
Together, we live in a world that ends too soon;  
Together, we stretch gaunt fingers to the moon.

### THE HUMMING BIRD

With a whirr and a whirr, away he goes,  
Drinking in sweets from each flower that grows,  
Now he lights on a tree top, now on a rose,  
Where the sweetest flowers are, he always knows.

Dear little fellow, with wings aglow  
With all the colors that you can know;  
Bill just made to extract the sweets  
From each little flower that he meets.

What a whirr of beauty he leaves behind,  
It thrills my body, my soul, my mind,  
I will thank God in all my days,  
For this little bird and his sweet ways.

### A HYMN OF THANKSGIVING

O God of the sea and the mountains,  
The hills and valleys and streams,  
We thank Thee for days of beauty,  
For nights of peaceful dreams.

For friends who are true and loyal,  
For birds and sunshine and flowers,  
For love that ever surrounds us,  
Blue skies and plentiful showers.

For songs and laughter of children,  
For youth evolved and free,  
For music, singing and dancing,  
Lord, we give thanks to Thee.

Thou givest us life abundant,  
If we will only believe,  
Open our hearts for this message,  
Ask, Seek, Knock and Receive.

### SNOW MESSENGERS

Frail crystal flakes of frozen down;  
Dream comeliness beyond compare;  
Strange geometric fashionings,  
Like chastened thoughts afloat on air;  
From far away where lakes are large,  
The greetings that you bring fall fair,  
And though you spoil our flowered fields,  
Still offer beauties all as rare.

We take your salutation well,  
Fair lady of the northern snows;  
But we would rather give to you  
A breath of our sweet southern rose.

### DELUSION

Who plucks the apple from the wisdom-tree,  
Invites a troubled end of wanted ease.  
Only the stalwart brave should care to see  
Life in its starkness and its fallacies.  
A surcease lightens where the brain is blind,  
And dreams efface the scars of penury,  
While strange strabismus deviates the mind  
And mothers hope with unreality.  
Stay who can the hour of disenchantment;  
Awakening is but a costly toy;  
Delusion smiles in proud contentment,  
Pure gold untainted by a crude alloy.  
He who shall dare to know, must challenge life,  
For wisdom beds and boards with constant strife.

### INCOGNITO

I shall be the dancing shadows,  
Dripping with silver moonlight,  
That shall fashion sweet fancies  
From the depths of night.  
I shall be the flames in the hearth,  
Before which perchance you linger,  
To pay homage to an estranged dream. . .  
Flames for remembrance . . . unknown singer.

I shall be the paths of memory,  
Carrying you back to bygone places;  
Unseen fibers that bind you tenderly  
To other days and their graces.  
I shall be the song, the unrest,  
That ever dwells in your heart. . .  
A refrain you cannot call by name,  
Yet of you a living part!

### BEQUEATH

Love that has ripened, lived through many years,  
Becomes sheltered in silent depths that words cannot  
command;  
There is little need to voice its triumph or heartbreaks,  
All is told so unmistakably in the clasp of the hand.  
Love that has known laughter and tears,  
That has unfalteringly deepened with each duress,  
Finds speech an incompetent envoy of heart's intent;  
A world of devotion can be told by a single caress.

Tried love does not need the reassurance of words,  
Its truest expression in silence lies;  
What greater admission or denial can be told  
Than that which is spoken by the eyes?  
So, I send you my silences, great and small,  
That they may convey what has been left unsaid;  
In exchange, I have yours, which I know so well;  
Old love speaks through the beauty of silent tread.

### THOUGHTS ON A DYING PARETIC

Poor battered body, there you lie  
As surely dead as when you die  
So foul and horrible to see  
You are revolting—even me.

Poor tortured brain, so gone, so wild  
So fiercely wicked—then so mild  
So demon-like in thoughts you hold  
You frighten me—and I am old.

O God, I pray that when he dies  
He will not look so, in Your eyes  
For You know well the hell he bore  
And surely that will right his score.

### LEAVES IN INDIANA

When the leaves in Indiana  
Start to turning red and brown,  
We see nature's regal pattern  
As a lovely velvet gown.  
Oh those lingering lazy colors  
And those vivid blazing reds,  
Make that fascinating mixture  
Go like wine, right to our heads.

When the leaves in Indiana  
Start to turning red and brown,  
It's a beauty without equal  
And we know the Lord looks down.  
For such beauty does not happen  
It can't be a fad or whim,  
It is planned to give us pleasure  
And it comes to us from Him.

### LOVE'S TRIBUTE

Out of the vast unknown you came to make my life  
complete;

Since then the sky has seemed a brighter blue,  
The singing of the birds, the scent of flowers sweet,  
And all because of you, dear heart, of you!

The rosy streaks in dawn's sky bring thoughts of you;  
The glare of noonday's sun and burning heat  
Recall your warm, red lips and make me long for  
evening's dew,  
When I shall hold you in my arms, my sweet.

And there in the shelter of your close and dear embrace  
I shall forget the past and coming years,  
Remembering but the love-light shining on your face,—  
The softness in your eyes akin to tears.

### REGRET

We should have met and loved long years ago  
When our two hearts were young and love a madness;  
When blood like liquid fire raced through our veins—  
When golden days waned into warm voluptuous nights  
Leaving us spent like men drunk on old wine.

But in Life's autumn Fate decreed we meet and love—  
That warm desire be born within our hearts;  
While we, with groping hands, strive again to grasp  
The glory of that dear dead youth that was and yet  
is not

Quite ours, except as we may catch the dream and hold  
It close against the all-absorbing years.

Love of maturity, so sweet, but like October's leaves,  
You flame and burn, only to fade again and die forever.  
And yet, know this: dearer you are than all my youth!  
And this my one regret—so brief a time have we each  
for the other

Before the dream must merge in Death's oblivion.

To E. M.

If I could make your proud heart ask befriending,  
If I could make your spirit glad to kneel,  
If I could make you stoop, and proud of bending  
Your head above my own, in mute appeal;  
If I could strip you once of all pretending,  
Prove humbleness than pride love's stronger steel,  
If I could make you unashamed of spending  
Your ardor, break but once your heart's dread  
seal—

Then could I let fair April quickly pass;  
Greeting the summer, gladly welcoming  
The frost of autumn's hand upon the grass,  
The lonely cry of wild duck on the wing.  
Never to dread again life's hour-glass—  
Knowing the bleakest winter ever spring!

SORROW

Seal my lips, let no word pass  
That gate;  
Bind my heart, that no man see  
That break.

Hide my eyes, their depths unplumbed  
Remain,  
That curious man see not  
My pain.

I have not asked that I might pass unscathed,  
Untouched by cruelest sense of loss,  
That I of all the world should go unbid  
To bear in loneliness my cross.

But for strength to hide my hurt  
I pray;  
That tongue loose not, nor eye  
Betray!

### DUSK

There was a soft hush  
Upon the world tonight. . .

The beauty of the silent sun  
Upon the waters. . .

The fading echo of sleep bird song  
Upon the scented air. . .

It seemed as if God were there  
And held His finger to His lips.

### TO A FACTORY GIRL

What do you think of  
The whole day long  
Working away at your loom?  
What's that you're humming—  
A wistful song,  
Or just a work-a-day tune?

Sometimes I fancy  
(Watching your fingers  
Long and fleeting and brown)  
That a silken thread lingers  
Before it winds slowly away  
To a costly gown.

### STARLIGHT

I did not know that I  
Sent up my soul, last night  
To hover there  
Against a starless sky.

And yet, you died last night,  
And I am sure there must  
Have been one light  
Shining there,  
To guide you by.

### TROPIC DAYEND

Now lengthen shadows of the dusk like ghost  
Sprinkling thick dust upon bright painted maps  
Receding sun has etched upon this coast.  
Weirdly cloud-archipelago entraps  
The burnished gold of west . . . with purple wraps  
Horizon's east and darkens sapphire sound,  
And slower tide of silver croons and laps  
The dunes of sand topping this coral mound.  
Lightly as fleece stillness and peace surround;  
Winds drop in pines, their pinions, cool, release—  
While silhouettes of wings gleam, homeward bound.  
Outside the cove the rainbow paths increase,  
Glinting three sails of sloops upon their way  
To slip where spar-pricked harbor ends their day.

### PRAIRIE SCHOONER

He raised no cry against his circumstance,  
Well knowing he alone had no control,  
And blamed no fellow man his lack of chance.

Religion proved no solace for his soul,  
And he found cults led him from what was right  
Where, bleak and dull, the prairie miles unroll.

He paused from life to let his soul delight  
In forebear who, like flame lighting the dun,  
Fought valiently for child . . . a widowed mite.  
The trek of prairie schooner, once begun,  
Recalled the one who 'mid the trackless way  
Forged resolutely forward, rain or sun,  
Not fearing death, whatever might betray,  
And that became the creed he lived each day.

### AUTUMN LAMENT

Why do I weep now that summer is gone  
And the birds have southward flown,  
Cool shadows gone from the bosky glade  
The fields no longer in green arrayed  
And the last of the asters blown?

The hills are a riot of red and gold  
But the sad leaves whisper and sigh,  
The wild geese all have northward flown,  
The fir trees shake their limbs and moan,  
For winter is hovering nigh.

Sweet summer would be eternal, Dear,  
If I were there, or you were here!

### PASSION

Night is come; and the dream again—  
The olden dream of love's sweet rapture—  
I seek to hold it. Lo! 'tis dawn,  
A vision fleet, evading capture.  
Thus ever and ever it lures us on  
Up dizzy heights, down steep abysses,  
And duty's call is lost anon  
In the drowning roar of passion's kisses.

### THE LOVE VIGIL

Softly the sun sinks to rest,  
The hills are shrouded in gloom,  
The moon as it glides o'er the mountain crest  
Is silent and chaste as a tomb.  
My garden so bright and fragrant  
Is chill and shadowed with rue,  
Covered close by the garments of night  
And the flowers are drenched in dew.  
It is there I await your coming  
Though I know you never will,  
And the sunbeams that disturb my dreams  
Find me broken and still.

### WHEN I HAVE CROSSED THE BAR

When I have gone to my home above,  
And no one on earth shall see my face,  
I wonder if those who loved me best,  
Those who clasped me to their breasts;

When on some sad and silent day, I lie  
With folded hands and lips that smile no more,  
I wonder will some hearts grieve sincere,  
And for my memory drop a tear, when I have crossed  
the bar.

Will there be sadness in their hearts,  
Because I have gone to meet my Saviour face to face,  
Left a pleasant fireside where I loved to sit,  
My home, my loved ones whom I loved to serve.

My home and loved here I leave behind  
To meet the loved on the other side.  
The flowers that bloom for me so fresh and fair—  
Will these dear blossoms miss my tender care?

Perhaps my children, whose eager pattering feet  
Have hastened my outstretched arm to greet  
Will lay some flowers upon my silent heart,  
When my chair is vacant by the fireside glow.  
My many faults they will forget today,  
Or, if remembered, some kind gentle friend,  
Will say, "They were mistakes and not harshly meant  
She tried to do her life work well, I know."

### I LOVE A STORM

I love a storm, yes, I, who all my life  
Have courted harmony, sought quietude;  
Who cringe at every cruel word and rude,  
Avoid unpleasantness; hate brawl and strife,  
And all harsh scenes with noise and discord rife.  
Yet awed, I unafraid, exultant stand  
And view with ecstasy the storm-god's hand  
That devastates and spoils with ruthless knife.  
Some primal impulse answers to the storm;  
My spirit welcomes in the threatening air  
The conquering force it lacks but fain would share  
In elemental strength, it sees the form  
Of God, who glories in the conqueror's song  
And bids faint hearts have courage and be strong.

### MIRAGE

The early twilight of a dull, November day—  
Rain, mist, a deepening fog.  
Blurred bulks and ghostly trees loom phantom-like.  
In the background, long, dejected, leafless vines  
Droop on splotched and weather-beaten prison walls.  
But look, a shaft of light!  
On the buttressed walls, a beautiful three-arched portal  
appears,  
Leading back, back into dim shadowy depths.  
Almost we hear the strains of the evening chant  
And glimpse the forms of kneeling worshippers.  
We gaze in awe.

A long, low, drab roadster glides slowly through the  
gloom  
And silently disappears into the night;  
The mysterious portal fades and vanishes.  
Night, deep, dark, impenetrable settles relentlessly.  
The prison walls show fainter, fainter;  
Then merge into the all enveloping grayness.  
But in my soul—cathedral doors swing wide.

### ON THE THRESHOLD

"She is gone," they said. "She has lost life's breath.  
She has passed to the desolate realm of death."

A whisper was wafted—or was it a sigh?  
"I enter new life, for the soul cannot die.

"I go to the realm of love and of truth—  
I go to the home of Immortal Youth."

### HATE

To fall on thieves we need not go  
The rambling route to Jericho.  
They walk in city crowds today,  
Pretend to help men while they prey.

The hardest thing that we can know  
Is seeing saints to sinners grow.  
When trusted friends are turned to foes  
Earth has no solace for our woes.

### LOVE

To meet the best we go not far.  
Where love abides all blessings are.  
Abiding with us, side by side  
Are friends of old, the true and tried.

They bring us hope and faith anew;  
Make roses bloom among the rue.  
They are on earth the blessed sign  
Of love and light and peace divine.

## THERE IS A BEAUTY IN LATE SUMMER DAYS

There is a beauty in late summer days  
After wild storms and burning suns are spent,  
A tranquil beauty breathing of content  
And strange new peace; a quiet song of praise  
For golden light, for light that ceaseless plays  
On hills and fields and gently-moving streams,  
Turning the day's monotony to dreams  
Of sheer delight; in Nature's happy ways  
No hint obtains, no least disturbing fear  
Of winds unleashed, of golden splendor fled  
Into the realm of black, unfathomed mystery.  
Such beauty, held so wonderfully dear  
Will come again and things accounted dead  
Once more proclaim their ancient destiny.

## EARLY SUMMER

This is the hour  
When miracles unfold in earth and skies—  
The hour of vivid light and shade,  
Of deepening blue and green and gold;  
After the winter's blight,  
Fierce, chilling winds,  
The long, dark Night,  
Morning is here—and Song—the crimson bird  
Singing with glorious abandonment is heard.  
All things are glad—the very stones in praise unite,  
Hearing Creation's God proclaim  
'Let there be Light'.

### THE OAKS

I sat me down beneath the old oaks' shade,  
And watched the brooklet shimmer 'neath the sun;  
A thousand years, 'twas said, had passed them o'er  
Since at their feet its silver sands had run.  
I listened then to days when acorns fell  
Amidst the silence of the forest wild,  
Perchance were dropped in haste by squirrels small  
When fleeing arrow of the Redman's child.  
I saw the tiny shoots when first they came,  
A promise then of naught more passing strange  
Than all young dreams of life,—the years begun,  
Begun,—a record of the centuries' change:  
And half their life was spent in forest deep,  
Their dreams unheard save by the mountains steep.

But hark! The solitude they called their own  
Now echoes faint the footfalls of new deeds;  
A people strange, and with them hopes unheard  
Have come! . . . The quiv'ring forest bleeds—  
'Tis gone! And down the centuries' wake  
The old oaks still their silent vigil keep,  
Unheard, unmoved, aloof in splendor tall,  
The brooklet gliding on unto the deep.

I asked those oak-trees for their message true,  
One thought from them that down my life should last,  
The brooklet hushed its murmur,—“In Thy sight  
A thousand years as yesterday . . . when passed!”  
A thousand years—as hist'ry's leaves unroll,  
A thousand years—strong courage to endure,  
A thousand years—fierce gales and summer suns,  
A thousand years—Eternity more sure!  
And then the oak-trees with their grandeur piled  
Looked on the brooklet's glory red, and smiled.

### UNAWARE

You cannot know that your neglect  
Withered my white faith in you  
As cold wind chills a lily.  
You, who walk your careless way,  
Laughing and strong, in the warm sunshiné,  
How can *you* know that in the garden of my soul  
A flower is dead?

### THE SKYSCRAPER

You push your shoulders up against the sky,  
But cannot reach the glistening stars of night,—  
Reminding us of men who strive and climb,  
And almost reach their gleaming goals,—not quite.

### WALLS

All night, I beat my hands against the wall  
That death had reared between us two, but failed  
To hear your voice or see you smile; and all  
Of you, I knew, was shut within the pale  
Of that grim wall, so long and thick and high.  
It is a weary, woeful thing to die.

But just today I passed a great stone wall  
That kept for years a garden from my sight,  
And found a loosened stone about to fall.  
Then, through the aperture, I saw the light.  
So much is done by time, which is so brief;  
Shall long eternity not bring relief?

### To THE VIOLET

Ah, modest bloom—since now I've learned thou art  
Of Life's organic plan, a kindred part;  
I understand the sympathy that flows  
From mental-light toward every bud that grows;  
And thus 'tis more than fragrance, form, or hue  
Which in this dell directs my step to you.  
Full charming is thy smile, sweet Violet.  
And oh I prize you so, Fair Queen, and yet  
We soon must part—though memory's fond hour  
Within my heart crowns you a fadeless flower.

### THE NUPTIAL HOUR

As now the law has set its kindly seal  
Upon the vow I've made to God and thee;  
And since thine eyes—twin gems of Beauty's crown—  
Have flashed the light for which man strives to live;  
And lips grown fond accepting marriage rights,  
That placed thy life and virtue at my feet,  
I name this hour a sacred, holy date  
To which for time my conscious life shall cling;  
And thereby prove that treasures of the heart  
Can twine two souls and make them truly one!

### HOPE

Oh, fadeless hour—that morn we met—  
It mocks my heart, and yet, and yet  
I seem to prize that hour the most  
Which gives the pain of which I boast.

Some day, mayhap, my star will shine  
And lead him home as mine—as mine  
To smile again as long ago  
And kill the pain and drown the woe!

### THE EXILE

Though puritan born of a straight laced breed  
Where duty was law and worship a creed;  
In a small brown house with a clean scrubbed floor  
And a tall white lilac guarding the door,  
He lives in a land of passion and hate,  
Of doing one's will and trusting to fate;  
In a goat hair tent with a hot sand floor  
And a cocoanut palm stands guard at the door.

### SIC TRANSIT

This moment is mine—  
This infinitesimal fragment of time,  
This most irrepressible purposeful Now.  
This pinpoint between all the eons that were  
And the nebulous years yet to be;  
A favor that's snatched from the lap of the gods  
And means—nothing whatever to me.

### SUNRISE

Sunrise  
And a new day dawning!  
A thrill of warmth  
Runs through the sod,  
Earth trembles into flower  
For the sunlight  
And God.

Sunrise  
And a new day dawning!  
Faith thrills humanity's clod  
And he blossoms into love,  
Because of  
His God.

### THE ANSWER

And the moon only half looked at me.  
And the waters whispered softly, lapping, lapping.  
But I could not hear.  
And the moonlight's path on the ebony waters  
Broke into silver hieroglyphics  
To tell me of Thee.  
And I looked above at the star-sky  
And beyond to the east where clouds lie  
And I could only pray,  
Let me but go your way.

### POPLAR TREE

Round tower of the night  
I see  
Your silent sentry  
Looking down  
At me.

### FUTILITY

Like a spring torrent, you came  
And filled the waiting heart of mine  
With your wild, wild love  
That killed like all wild things.

Like the perfect song of a hidden bird, you came  
But we could not know my heart would close  
With your secret, secret love  
That chilled like all cold things.

Like a warm wind that dries rain  
After winter's pain, you came  
With your gentle, gentle love  
That grew like all good things.

## HOPE

Hope that is magic,  
Healing the bruised  
And oft-broken thought,  
Giving back to the storm-swept human,  
Peace that no money  
Ever has bought.

Crying aloud  
To a body that's broken,  
Urging it on, ever on.  
For a life that has found  
In the peace of a morning,  
Hope renewed, can go on.

For him who can see  
The glory of the sunset,  
The blue of the sky,  
The gold of the sun,  
There'll be no returning  
To thoughts that are burning,  
But always the urge  
To go on.

## HURT

And there are times, in the run of life,  
When the days are born of pain;  
When the friendships one has harbored,  
Are valueless, empty, and vain;  
When the soul stands barred in loneliness,  
As the derelict stranded at sea;  
When the house thou hast carefully builded,  
Has shifted, and fallen on thee.

### PASSION

Colorful as a crimson heart,  
Yet crushed to a shattered hope  
In a storm of ruthless haste departs:  
Swept over a canyon of desires  
Into a heaven of paradise true:  
Through drifting clouds  
Out over vast stretches blue:

Caught in a gust of wind  
And hurled headlong through space:  
Down, down to what's below;  
Still with hopes to win the race,  
But with a dash of life  
In a race for wealth it led.  
We find the cavern shed  
Where the meteor fled.

### ASHES OF MEMORY

How fond is the memory  
Of great and noble deeds done:  
As they live on through ages  
Such as these souls have won.

Each one a part to fill  
In life's great world of drama:  
Pain, hate, sorrow, and joy,  
Shuffled together from around the corner.

With the ashes of memory  
A living soul is born,  
Which brings vividly to mind  
The robes of accomplishment worn.

### PICTURES

From my hilltop,  
The lake lies far below,  
Royal blue.  
The rosy hills  
Hold it lovingly,  
As I have seen  
Cupped in your hands  
Spring's first violets.

### REMINISCENCE

The perfume of a sun-drenched field,  
The pine-grove's aromatic scent,  
With memories of days of youth  
How strongly and how sweetly blent!

Tho field and forest disappear  
As golden years go fleetly by,  
These recollections shall I hold  
Warm in my breast, till I may die.

### ALONE

The awesome sweetness of the end of day  
Descends o'er ocean, as the gentle hand  
Of God. The last faint gold that tints the wave,  
The aura of benign Divinity,  
Permeates all my being, and I feel  
Close to the Unknown. Ne'er alone am I;  
Eternal beauties here keep faithful tryst.

### MOUNT PISGAH

What other mountain peak, than Pisgah's site  
Gives from associations, though forlorn,  
So cheery promises; though Moses worn,  
Like Aaron, was denied the great delight,  
To enter Canaan. Views did God bedight  
With beauty, from the peak. Of glory shorn;  
His grave unknown, when those below did mourn;  
He passed to highest rapture, from the height.

For just one sin, with humbleness forborn,  
He climbed to top alone, his heart-strings torn,  
The object of his trials, now in sight,  
To die: in majesty, his soul took flight.  
He, with Elijah was with Jesus seen,  
In the Transfiguration of bright sheen.

### ISLES OF SHOALS

Composed of mass of tumbled granite strong,  
The largest of the group is Appledore,  
While Star's inhabitants are numbered more  
And is the star resort in summer long;  
While others to the Isles of Shoals belong.  
The steamer counts in whistles, guests for shore  
In tens, and after dinner they explore  
And wish their pleasure trip they might prolong.  
Here, buried treasure is supposed to be.  
A hiding place of Captain Kidd. A Cave  
Called Betty's; tragic lore a plenty, we  
Were told. From seat, Miss Underhill, by wave  
Was rudely swept, with book she read, while she  
Unconscious was of rising tide, and watery grave.

### THE SONG OF THE WEAVER

All day I weave my silvering dreams,  
Whilst the corded shuttle flies;  
Fast and straight through the loom;  
And the linsey-woolsey cord that binds  
My colored rags soon fashions  
Quaint patterns and designs within the rug.  
Ever and ever, to and fro,  
The shuttle spins in ceaseless haste;  
Whilst dreams are built upon its course,  
And fancy weaves a joyous song,  
As fair and bright as are the tunes,  
My fingers play upon the rattling beam.  
Full many a year I've plied my trade,  
And gnarled hands and fingers bent,  
Proclaim me master of the loom,  
That weaves the rugs of olden days.  
Bent is my form, and dulled my eye,  
Yet, sings my soul its song of joy;  
"I am the Weaver of the Rug"  
And dreamer, too, of songs unsung.  
Songs unsung, like luscious pearls,  
Drop from my lips as though in prayer;  
Endless threads of vari-colored weaves,  
That bind me to my weaver's chair.  
Endless ribbons, too, that span the Time  
'Twixt Life and Death, a Master span,  
That weaves me tight into the rug,  
Spread forth upon the floor,  
Of God's vast domicile.

### THE END

When angel trumpets sound the world's last sun  
With such superb alarum, and the flash  
Of clanging cymbals dazzles as they clash,  
And come to call me, since my sands have run;  
I pray that they may find me not among  
Such sentries on the walls where light's waves wash,  
Nor hither or yon where shining angels dash,  
But in some book of sonnets, when day's done:  
There in eternal twilight, may they read  
Encountering my immortal parts, so bright,  
For any such I have from earth's clay freed;  
Divested of its faulty feeble seed  
Dwelling as some slight good, like endless light  
In souls of others, that's all the end I need.

### LABORARE EST ORARE

One day I chanced to find myself among  
A busy, bustling, surging city crowd;  
The rich, the poor, the humble, and the proud,  
A never ceasing, eager, anxious throng.  
And as they hurried, hustling me along,  
All with the same activity endowed,  
I wondered what they sought with clamor loud  
And questioned: Could it be they toiled for wrong?  
But as the evening came, I often passed  
A happy home where little children played,  
And where I learned why all this toil began.  
Then having reached my 'humble home at last,  
I laid me down to rest and softly prayed,  
"Thank heaven today I toiled with brother man."

### KANSAS PETE

Sometimes I sit in the old arm chair,  
My Parker and coat and shells are there;  
All but the setter I held so dear,  
And he's been gone full many a year.  
Black was his coat, but his heart was white,  
Why did he leave me—it doesn't seem right!  
At twelve we're young and dogs are old—  
Three score and ten ere our tale is told.

Sometimes I dream that once again  
I'll follow him on through stubble and fen,  
And perhaps in that Happy Hunting Ground,  
Where quail and partridge must abound,  
Old Pete has found a bird or two,  
And is holding a point as he used to do,  
Waiting to hear my well-known feet—  
“Hold steady, old fellow! I'm a-comin' Pete.”

### ENGLISH IVY

A trellis of English ivy  
In my window stands  
Basking in the sunshine,  
Trained by my own hands  
The leaves lift gaily upward  
Their shining morning faces,  
With tendrils clinging snugly,  
All in their proper places.

Thus, womanlike, it wanders,  
Where it listeth ever,  
Yielding to tender guidance,  
But roughness, never, never;  
And thou, so like the ivy,  
Your tendrils, woman's art,  
Have woven a flaxen girdle,  
Around my very heart.

### PASTEL—MARCH

Beyond my lattice lies a land impearled,  
No single gem of emerald Spring inlays,  
Though all the harsh, bright pride of Winter's world  
Is spent, and we are waiting vernal days.

Within, we hold a secret of the Spring,  
A captured fragrance on its road to May,—  
Rose blooms of hyacinth that gaily fling  
Their colours on the window's background gray.

Lo! you are here before my happy eyes,  
In mood to match the sweet transition hours:  
The silver paleness in your gown's surprise,  
Your ribbon's whim a hint of lilac flowers.

### THE RIDE

Daylong the brightness of the fields,  
The blueness of the skies,  
Were but the bounty of your smile,  
The beauty of your eyes.

Until at night, a lamp-lit house,  
Along a roadway scanned  
By one, far-journeyed, was, at last,  
The comfort of your hand.

### RETURN

Oh, miracle that brought her back!  
Persephone the ancients knew,—  
What Winters might they not endure  
Who waited Spring and you!

Remembrance, now, alone may bring  
Persephone to warmth of sun,  
Love only glimpse her on the hill,  
But all her seasons, one.

### AMINA

Aloewood and ambergris  
Burn Amina's tapers;  
Past gold arras to Astarte  
Rise erotic vapors.

Aloewood and ambergris  
Leave her cold and stately—  
Amina should see your eyes  
As I've seen them lately.

### JANUARY MOON

Dusk lies lilac on the snow  
Deepening to indigo;  
Famished sparrows, puffed and chill  
Seek a clement window-sill.

Since her rising, slim and cold  
As the white hands of Isolde,  
Who dares ask a mortal boon  
Of the January moon!

### SOMEWHERE

White cherry blossoms falling in the night,  
The snow-cold moon, the ragged dew-wet grass,  
All portents, suddenly, to pain-sharp sight  
That will not let the smallest detail pass.  
Not once again through earth's glad panoply  
Of swelling life to sense its pulsing thrill,  
But evermore to look on spring and see  
A gray nun standing on a barren hill.  
  
To listen through an apathy of pain  
For some remembered word that nevermore  
Will bring back beauty where your lips have lain. . .  
A voice shrilled by the widely open door—  
“I told her, but she didn't seem to care;  
She stared and went out suddenly—somewhere.”

## OUR GARDEN

Our minds are our gardens,  
To do with as we please.  
Will they be filled with roses fair,  
Or will it be weeds that we'll plant there?

Our thoughts we'll use as seed,  
A rose will spring from some kind deed.  
A seed of malice will surely bring,  
A thistle there, an ugly thing.

A stately lily, with its head hung low,  
Would it bloom from a thought of hatred?—no.  
Or do you like poppies of a crimson hue?  
Then watch closely your seeds—I answer you.

The gardens we pass along our way,  
We always notice from day to day.  
The one which is kept, oh, so neat,  
Never ceases to give us a thrilling treat.

But have you noticed how we become,  
When we see a garden which is slovenly done?  
“The man is lazy,” we exclaim,  
Of course, we’re right—the result is plain.

What of our minds to the passer-by?  
It will well behoove us, you and I,  
To pick with care these thoughts, our seeds,  
And always be watchful to keep out the weeds.

O, WOULD THAT WE COULD E'ER RECALL

O, would that we could e'er recall  
That crosses are but as shadows that fall  
Along life's transcendent way.

And would that we could e'er recall  
That sorrows are but as clouds, after all  
Soon passing with the fleeting day.

Then would that we could ever know  
That all Life's ills and cries of woe  
Fade and disappear as melting flakes of snow,  
Propelled by a force that destines them to go  
When Love is given sway.

LOVE

Winds blow,  
Storms rage,  
Fate strikes  
With its countless twists.  
It may be stunned,  
Hindered, wounded,  
Oft to mortal concept—  
Destroyed.  
Yet, Love goes on,  
Lives, remains—  
Raises its bruised head,  
Struggles,  
Now undaunted,  
Until it *conquers*,  
For—  
It cannot die;  
It is *eternal*.

### CAVELL AND DAWN

Nursing was her avowed profession,  
Yet they said she made digressions  
Violating certain laws of war;  
Helped prisoners escape by a secret door.  
Was it her head or her heart that led?  
Deny it she did not, was proud instead!  
She did as her conscience told her;  
They did as their laws told them.  
To those she served a heroine;  
To the others a traitress from within.  
'Tis best to stick to a noble trade,  
Patriotic transgressions be left unmade.  
So she was shot at break of dawn,  
Like Mata Hari, Early Dawn.  
Her life misspent, a soul forlorn!

### MATA HARI, EARLY DAWN

Mata Hari, Eye of Dawn,  
Eurasian dancer, graceful brawn;  
Went to France  
And by her gestures and her glances  
Captured many in her dances.  
Said not to have lived of virtue;  
Her profession had no church-hue,  
For her heaven did not yawn,  
Though her name meant Early Dawn.  
Had she stuck to her profession,  
Might yet head her great procession;  
But they said she learned the secret  
Of an officer quite indiscreet.  
So she died by firing-squad  
Like an ordinary soldier-clod.  
Did she work for common gold;  
Or fanatic was quite bold?  
As a spy shot 'fore the dawn,  
Mata Hari now is gone,  
Life misspent, a soul forlorn!

### Poets

Dreams are theirs and hunger—cold;  
Aspirations, love untold.  
Music throbbing softly sweet  
In each heart's tempestuous beat.  
Calm and storm, the keenest pain;  
Sunshine, clouds, and April rain.  
Peace is theirs—and sorrow, too.  
Morning light and hope anew.  
Toil is theirs—and recompense—  
In dreams fulfilled—  
And joy intense.

### Smiles

Smiles, like wayside flowers,  
Shedding a fragrance rare,  
Are beauty spots that border  
The roads of everywhere.  
When dark gave way to light—  
And God proclaimed it morn,  
The sun in robes of saffron  
Smiled and made the dawn.  
Each trembling flower blushed—  
With many coquettish wiles;  
The sunbeams kissed the roses—  
And the world was full of smiles.

### Flowers OMITTED

A funeral today—  
And the heart of me draped in black,  
To hold the last sad rites  
For dreams that will never come back.  
Dead! the dreams I had cherished  
Through all the bitter years.  
Better that I had perished  
Than stood at their grave in tears.

### To MY FATHER'S VIOLIN

Of all the things he knew but never voiced  
You sang for him. With you alone he shared  
His secret thoughts. You knew the joy that flared  
At the first flower of cotton, you rejoiced  
With him for each hope looking to tomorrow.  
For one attuned your slender form could fashion  
A mirror for each mood, the sweep of passion,  
The low, sweet, purple symphony of sorrow.

Perhaps if I might dare to take you now,  
Your bow-strings still a-quiver with your grief,  
You might consent to teach me from the brief  
But ageless lore, dwelling alone in you,  
Of one who had no sceptre save a plow,  
His field a kingdom, yet who knew . . . who knew.

### SILHOUETTE

Skyward  
Cypress trees turn  
From tangled mangrove marsh,  
Where every knotted root shelters  
Struggle.

Silence,  
Save one frail leaf  
Scraping over the grass,  
And every startled form gazing  
Tensely  
Poolward,  
Where dull orbs stare  
Into red saurian eyes.  
One crimson cry, pressed out . . . again  
Silence.

### BELLS

Circumstances buried me in that deep  
Of a great city where no church bells blare:  
Necessity (or was it urge of heart?)  
Forced a return to discordant clamor,  
With absence and lack of finality,  
And yet the clash, to me, was music sweet;  
Hungrily I quaffed the peal—lived again.

### AWAY FROM THE TOWN

Give me a castle on a high hill,  
Where I may go when the wind is still,  
Where the sun strikes full from a cloudless sky,  
Where the bald eagle nests because it's high.

Where I may see far the land below,  
Bosoming a river's gentle flow  
To a white cascade aglow with light,  
A plunging, plashing, sparkling delight.

Where I may look down on the flight of birds,  
And yet deeper down on the pastured herds,  
And the growing corn, and the verdant fields,  
And feel God's nearness in a heart that yields.

### ON RUSSIA'S PURE NEGATION

Art thou but brawn, inured to the dawn  
Of a decadent civilization?  
This fault abjure! spurn to inure  
To that begat of aberration.

'Tis false philosophy doth shape  
Interpretation  
First to rape,  
And then to mock, benign creation.

### THE WINDS OF SPRING

Don't you hear the impulsive song they sing?  
Don't you hear the warm winds whispering low  
As gently o'er the wooded hills they blow  
In the glorious moonlit nights of spring?  
Isn't your heart warmed by the winds of spring  
As they come strumming a tune soft and low,  
So filled with the mystery of life they know,  
Isn't your soul touched by the glad songs they sing?  
Don't you feel the thrill of the winds of spring  
That call to the flower beneath the snow  
Again to awaken to life's pulsing flow—  
A beautiful, fragrant, and lovely thing?  
Doesn't your heart beat glad to the winds of spring  
And the message of life they always bring?

### ROSES OF YESTERDAY

Red roses came like crimson tides  
Faded, and now are torn apart;  
Roses in which rare beauty abides—  
Heralded emblems of a loving heart.  
Sweet white roses that have extolled  
The fair purity of the bride,  
Are now returned to earthly mold;  
Lived their swift fragrant life and died.  
Sweet roses of enchanting June,  
Smiling with the dawn's early kiss,  
Smiling when dusk and golden moon  
Made this a shadowland of bliss.  
Still the birds sing and breezes strum  
For us a low sweet melody,  
A theme of moonlit nights to come  
Filled with summer's serenity.

### TAEDIUM VITAE

These are sad murmurings  
Of shadows  
    melting into my soul;  
Whispering—  
    not of love,  
    of tangled shreds of music  
    or of beauty,  
But of death!

This would I have—  
Dark monster  
    called bringer of peace!  
Only this,  
For which I stretch my arms,  
    yearning to caress.  
Come and soothe my brow  
And whisper thy litanies  
    softly and quietly,  
    forever.

### ASSURANCE

Some day,  
Under the eagle's wing  
I shall find a treasure.

Under the eagle's wing,  
Deep in the sunlit bay,  
In remembered pleasure,

Some day,  
I shall find a treasure.

### IN THE GARDEN

Cooling gray showers  
On pulsing flowers,  
Gleaming dewy rays  
Singing sunny lays.  
Golden blossoms gay  
Turning heads away.  
Grasses tall and green  
Growing stars unseen.  
Insects, birds, 'mid trees  
Busy, buzzing bees,  
Drawing honey here  
Flying far and near.  
Twilight comes with sleep  
Birds and blossoms peep  
Through the peaceful haze,  
Shining flies in maze  
Break the darkness deep  
Faithful vigil keep.

### AT THE BAY

Fishes white and fishes gray  
Skipping through the balmy air  
Splash amid the waters blue,  
Meeting driftwood on their way.  
Coming boldly from afar  
Sooty boatlets sail along  
Towing barges in their wake  
Bags and barrels full of tar.

Sea-gulls flying to and fro  
Wings a-flutter black and white  
Youngsters wading 'mong the rocks  
Seeking treasures, whistling low.  
Purplish sky and orange sun  
Breezes blowing far and wide  
Break the quiet of the day,  
Foamy wavelets wildly run.

### THE WRITTEN MESSAGE

If I should go with you into the night  
With a candle burning  
I could not show you the way;  
For I have lost my sight.

If I should sing you a song  
You would not be thrilled;  
For the beauty of my voice was spilled  
When I dropped the chalice  
Of the light.

If you should behold my life again  
You might be conscious  
Of a guarded breath;  
For the menopause of the light  
Is the dark of a conscious death.

### REPETITION

A maniple of dust  
Of common clay  
Thrown into the air  
And feathers of a rara avis  
To be whisked down by the wind  
To be reclaimed by the earth—  
Is the story of life retold.

### THE CONSUMMATION

The mortal life of me is very great:  
The earth and all the hosts of heaven  
Have entered it with beauty and with fate  
And time has blessed it with its leaven.  
But, when I gaze upon infinity,  
The vastness of the mood of sages,  
I feel that life will not have fashioned me,  
Till I am numbered with the ages.

### LOVE

Love is such a virile thing  
Though so very shy,  
Stays behind and flourishes,  
When it's free to fly.

Love is just a wilding bird,  
Never will it be tame;  
Catch it, cage it, feed it—  
Never is it the same.

Love is such a fragile thing  
It is sure to die  
If you grasp or strive to hold it—  
Better let it fly.

### STORM

I wake. The sighing night wind sweeps  
Through pines that line the darkened steeps;  
The moon sails on across the stars,  
But my soul pants within its bars.

Where are my glorious dreams of youth,  
My passionate yearning after truth?  
All buried 'neath the trifles of life,  
And lost, lost in a futile strife!

The moon, the stars, melt into dark,  
The wild wind moans through pine trees stark;  
With thunder of the sea waves leap,  
Conscience has called my Soul from sleep.

Merciless, it probes my Soul tonight.  
Before that bar, my Soul must answer right.  
Twisted and tossed, my body of clay  
With my anguished Soul writhes till break of day.

### THE CAPTIVE CANARY

Beautiful bird, how can you so sweetly sing  
Deprived of your rightful freedom of the wing?  
How can you in such melodious songs engage  
Locked within the limits of your little cage?

Perhaps you sing to cheer your blighted life,  
Your dulcet tones may soothe your inward strife  
While within these cruel bars you are confined  
And make your heart more easily resigned.

Perhaps you sing to please the saddened heart  
Of those poor souls whose joys are far apart;  
The sweetness of your ever charming voice  
Can make the saddest of sad hearts rejoice.

You do not languish, nor repine, nor mope,  
Though of freedom you may have lost all hope,  
And no sign have you shown of dull dispair  
Though your bondage may seem to you unfair.

Prison bars do not a prison make  
When such as you can freely undertake  
To lift your spirit up to realms on high  
And thus your rude captivity defy.

Like you in your too restricted round  
Man also by circumstance is bound,  
Held firmly captive in its embrace  
Quite like you in your unwanted place.

And, like you, man oft for freedom longs—  
To fly away from vexatious wrongs,  
Away from every ill and care  
To other spheres more free and fair.

But, like you, man may his woe suppress  
With fresh hope and joy and cheerfulness,  
And sing through life in calm content  
Though captured by environment.

## AUTUMN

There's a gleam of rippling silver  
On the surface of the stream,  
And the countryside is drowsing  
As if rapt in some fair dream;  
While the earth is bathed in sunlight,  
Of a mellow golden cast,  
That reflects the wealth and splendor  
Of a summer that is past.

Hills and woods are like a canvas,  
Where an unseen Artist's hand  
Adds the glorious tints of Autumn  
To a sylvan wonderland;  
For the maples' gold and russet,  
And the oaks' deep bronze and red,  
Blend their richness with the azure  
In the great vault overhead.

Then the whispering breezes frolic  
In the twilight's deepening shade,  
As they join the evening chorus  
In an Autumn serenade  
To the harvest moon that's smiling  
With a pale enchanting light,  
While fantastic forms are dancing  
To the music of the night.

In the splendor that surrounds us  
On an Indian Summer day,  
Are the tokens of the goodness  
That attends our earthly way;  
For the gracious Queen of Autumn  
Walks in beauty, undefiled,  
As she spreads the earth with bounties—  
Gifts from Nature to her child.

### MID-CHANNEL

I have attained serenity;  
(Monsters lie on the floor of a smooth, green sea)  
My hands have found repose—  
(Pulses are leaping still that would be free)  
I, who followed the mad, mad gods,  
(Oh, music of Pan that throbs unceasingly)  
I, who loved the rose.

### CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Little yellow chrysanthemums, you hold  
All of a vanished summer's hoarded gold  
And now you spend it in the frosty air;  
Lavish you are, reckless, devil-may-care.

Lusty and spicy! You know how to give,  
How meet the wind and ice and gaily live!  
The others died or begged that they be housed;  
Laughing, you took November and caroused.

### UNTAMED

He's leashed and trained;  
He goes through his paces;  
He bows politely,  
Correctly grimaces.

Under his glove  
Are talons gleaming,  
Under his eyelids  
a jungle dreaming.

### THE GOLDEN WEDDING

Hark! the sound of golden bells—  
Faint and sweet their music wells—  
Through the ghostly ages swelling  
As their tale of love they're telling.  
Love that's lasted fifty years,  
Pulsed and thrilled through smiles and tears.

Through the mists of creeping time  
Called to life by that golden chime,  
See the bride in virgin white,  
Her earnest face with love alight  
Turned on her groom that happy night.  
All their future seemed so bright.

They were happy and so young,  
Their lives as yet a song unsung.  
That brilliant, festive wedding night  
Was graced by many faces bright—  
Long since buried from our sight.  
As time has sped on its ceaseless flight.

Now as evening shadows fall,  
Long years together they recall.  
Their wedded hands each other seek,  
Their hearts hold more than they can speak.  
Together on life's stony road  
They've helped each other bear the load.

And now 'tis fifty years ago,  
The bitter and the sweet they know.  
That bride and groom of long ago  
Knew not the deep and sacred flow  
Of love that's grown through bitter tears,  
The married love of fifty years.

### BODY-AUTUMN

If only I might reach out to your hand, and find  
The same responsive prickling as you give me from  
your mind.  
Are you really so absorbed in each eager thought of  
ours,  
That you do not feel a kindred body's sympathy?  
O, passion's courage, press my love into her side, be-  
fore the hours  
Reconcile my longing with her indifference to me.

### SKY-BRIDGE

A cap of fog  
Lies on the night,  
Dimming lights, hushing sounds,  
But bringing a clairvoyance  
That sets your face  
Shining through the mist,  
And separates your thoughts  
Like the beads of water  
That gather on my window pane,  
So that I may see and understand them  
And return them to you,  
Warmed by my heart,  
On the morning sun.

### SILENCE

You made such a little noise  
As you went away,  
That I couldn't bear to cry  
And pierce the silence.

You were so calm—  
Only the hollow of your throat  
Was sunk between taut muscles.

### TEACHERS

What profits crown your labor unceasing,  
What lasting glory lights your humble lot?  
What if the most of us still unknowing  
Bedim your worth, defiantly care not  
What destiny your plodding feet may reach?  
The joy of service rendered in sheer love  
Of all that's noble, virtuous, and great;  
The creed unshakeable that stirs to move  
Your soul to intense love for soul; the fate  
Of growing minds left with you to teach,—  
These give kindlier answers than minds sedate  
Care more the love of wisdom's lore to preach.

O Teacher, will not the birth of a genius' brain  
Under your touch pay you for all your pain?

### TO A GIRL WITH SWEET SMILES

Little shafts of sunshine  
On a dreary winter day  
Drive out my gloomy thoughts  
And make my sad heart gay.

The sweetness of your smiles  
My gloomy mood disarms;  
I find my soul and heart  
Poor captives to your charms.

### WITCH-DOCTOR

There is evil in the fire-light,  
Its gleam is savage and bright.  
There is evil in the shadows gray,  
The evil of a cunning brain.  
There is evil in the deadly eyes,  
The evil glitter of a snake  
Attracting by its magic orbs  
The prey thus rendered helpless.  
The muttered words enchant—  
The outflung hand compels—  
In Africa he reigns supreme,  
Secure in mystic knowledge.  
A mighty warrior: the witch doctor.

### SUNSET HOUR

There is crashing in the underbrush  
The forest life is waking,  
It is stirring as the sun sinks low.  
Down to water—single file—  
Dusky elephants are coming,  
First the bulls and then the young  
Into the muddy water-hole.  
Flaming gulls and sacred ibis  
Westward to the sinking sun  
Fly into the dying day.  
The king of beasts is waking  
You can hear his sleepy voice  
Growing stronger with the pangs of hunger,  
Growing in the knowledge of his strength.  
There is evil air prevailing  
As the day gives place to night.  
Can't you feel the hidden meaning,  
Vague uneasiness returning,  
As the moon begins to glimmer  
At the fading of the day.

### FETISH

Of carven jade an elephant  
Flings up his trunk, defiant, proud,  
Majestic and symbolical  
Of pleasant portents—true love vowed.

Maha-pudma supports the world  
Of heart's desires—a vigilance  
That warns adhesion to the sign  
Of purity (and temperance).  
But Chukwa—tortoise that upholds  
The Maha-pudma—beckons down  
The towering trunk which, lowered, stays,  
Reversing thus the portent found  
In Kama's lore. Dejected is  
The omen that once buoyed dreams.

This symbol thus is given him  
Who plants his scroll beneath the beams  
Of Mammon's treacherous, mystic moon.  
He goes to that Green Bird that told  
Fairstar was daughter of the king  
For with its wisdom questions hold  
No mystery—the Bird knows all.  
But, fronted with a burning dart  
It bows its head, there falls a pall,  
And woman's constancy remains  
Hid—cloaked in royal purple rags  
Through which hypocrisy is shown.

But hid is Cestus (worn by hags)  
And he who wrote a wavering scroll  
Stalks up and parts the purple gloss  
Which covers infidelity  
And all of Eden's glittering dross:  
Symbolical—femininity.

## THE ANGELUS

### I. MORNING

In the eastern sky, rosy dawn  
Proclaims to us a new day born.  
Soon on the clear sweet morning air  
The Angelus will call to prayer.  
A moment's pause, new strength to gain  
To meet the day's joy, work or pain,  
And fill the heart with sweetest poise,  
Calm and serene amid the world's noise.

### II. NOON

Once more the sweet chimes are ringing;  
Once more quiet and peace bringing,  
As we pause in the day's hard toil  
Turning our backs on its turmoil.  
Just a moment out of its strife;  
A moment's prayer, and again life  
Seems new, sweet, meanings to assume  
As our tasks we once more resume.

### III. NIGHT

Gently the dusky night veil falls.  
Once again the Angelus calls  
Softly, all work to lay aside  
And in our homes safely abide.  
Then sinking in sweet, dreamless sleep  
Safe our Maker our souls will keep,  
With all strife, trouble and sorrow  
Forgotten until the morrow.

### TEA TIME

Will there be tea things in Heaven  
And a corner, quaint and cozy—  
With the gold glare of harps and streets  
Turned, at twilight, softly rosy?

My hands might not be so lonely—  
Might not miss your hands so much,  
If they had fragile cups to fill with tea  
And old silver things to touch.

This, I think, perhaps would leaven  
Grief of Death, make it less grim—  
If I could sit at five o'clock,  
Talking friendly-like with Him.

### SONNET TO KANSAS

Comrades in spirit with the pioneers,  
Each generation of our Kansas youths  
Captains a Ship of State that never veers  
Its forward course of fundamental truths.

Where Quantrill sacked a town, a College, here,  
Proclaims Youth's progress from Mt. Oread;  
While halls of Art and museums hold dear  
The simple beauty their ancestors had.

Where prairie schooners lumbered on the trail,  
Now cities shoot steel towers to the sky;  
And man-made birds wing passengers and mail  
More swiftly than the fiercest eagles fly.

Yet still symbolic of the State we prize,  
The sturdy Sunflowers, unattended, rise.

### MYSTIC

Often I have seen him sit  
Crossed and bowed with Holy Writ  
Opened wide upon his knee  
He could neither feel or see;  
Lost within another self,  
High, suspended on a shelf  
'Twixt two worlds, this one and that;  
Watching him there as he sat  
One would never think or see  
He was in Infinity.

### UNDER THE SPELL

Under the spell of a few magic strings  
Muted down to snare my soul  
I can forget the taunting things  
I can perceive the burden roll.  
I can go on facing the goal  
I can bear up under the stings  
I can believe—I can lose fear  
I too—Great God—can persevere!

### ROSARY

I went to buy a loaf of bread  
And found her there with bowed head  
Telling her beads.  
Her bony fingers moved along  
Caressingly and lingered long  
Upon the worn and shiny bits  
While ever from her muttering lips  
Her soul rushed in relief.  
And all the while she counted change  
Her fingers rested on those chains.  
And when I paid the stated cost  
I saw them slip on to the cross.  
Ah surely nothing seems a wraith  
To such a soul with such a faith!

### THE TENANTS

In winter now, I feel warm steam  
Come through the pipes in early morn.  
For breakfast a green melon ripe  
Is served on amber, in my room.

When on an errand to a shop  
I need not trudge, but ride en route,  
And to a play, where my eyes weep,  
I'm ushered to the finest seat.

But O, all this bewilders me,  
For I have shivered in the dark,  
For I have seen stark pantry bare  
Stare in my face—grim sepulchre.

If I shall live one hundred years,  
I never can be warm or fed:  
Once Chill and Hunger stalked without,  
Now they have moved within my heart.

### SHADOWTIDE

Yellow dawn, world wide and pure,  
Trusting heart with faith as sure—  
Scene serene—love smiles, secure.

O, rustling wind and distant dart,  
Come lightening stroke—O dying heart  
Tell not the Soul the dawn is dark!

### Do YOUR DUTY

Your duty do whate'er befall,  
Whate'er may be reward;  
To God you should be giving all,  
As all belongs to Lord;  
He's purchased us with heavy price,  
By shedding precious blood;  
He'll give you heaven, all that's nice,  
With joy your soul will flood.

Your duty do whate'er may come,  
Rewards be great or small;  
Our debt to Lord is heavy sum,  
We ne'er could pay it all;  
But Jesus hath the debt all paid,  
To pay there's nought to do;  
To Christ, should always give our aid,  
What duty comes to you.

Your duty do, 'tis all He'll ask,  
For what He's done for you;  
Your duty ne'er is heavy task,  
He helps you duty do;  
He's always with you to the end,  
He never will forsake;  
To purpose everything can bend,  
He e'er will undertake.

### WHEN I DIE

I, being young,  
Find death no problem yet,  
But were I old,  
Respectable with fame,  
I fancy then 'twould be the same;

For when I die just bury me,  
And bury me not deep  
But shallowly  
Where sun can warm my loneliness.

Nor bother with a tombstone cool,  
Conventionally rhymed,  
But rather let a tree stand there  
With questing roots to hug me close  
And suck me up its height each spring  
To see man's newest wonder wing.

If weeds abound upon this mound  
Wherein I lie,  
Just let them flourish, go to seed  
And spring up fresh in season;  
Because my final bed  
Must be in Nature's setting, free  
From stinting cemetery,  
Aside a clamorous road  
Wheron life surges swift and changing by.

And when the knoll is leveled off,  
Is choked tumultuously with growth,  
The tree is fallen rot—  
Then know I lie, what's left of me,  
You know not where,  
Content if but a word, a phrase,  
A thought still lingers echoing.

### OFF CANTERBURY ROAD

Off Canterbury Road we found a lane,—  
    Crooked, steep, and with birches all the way.  
    Or ferns and junipers; close to earth they  
Heard the patter of merry truant rain.  
The trees sang “WELCOME” in their glad refrain.  
    A brook joined in to make dull moments gay,  
    For not one cloud was golden; all were gray;  
Yet our glad hearts were free from every chain.

With arms encircled 'round each other's waist  
    We climbed the hill, and birds sang jestly wise.  
    They knew that we had found our Paradise  
And here we wished to stay; not flee in haste  
From this new-found sweetness,—our first taste  
    Of primeval beauty 'neath clouded skies.  
Our hearts swelled with rapture and happy eyes  
Closed out the entire world when we embraced.

Coming Night, fast riding when all is gay,  
    Would seal this haven with darkness and soon  
    There'd be no escape for there'd be no moon  
To guide us. We'd come back another day!  
Slowly down the steep lane we made our way.  
    We did not bid adieu. We would return!  
Days slowly passed. Deep did the memory burn!  
Loud was the call to come for longer stay!

Once more that wooded hill stretched out its hand.  
    We went in sunshine and stayed until stars  
    Blinked smiling eyes 'neath Sunset's crimsoned bars  
And crescent moon rode high to light the land  
That our loves might converge divinely grand  
    To lift us heavenward, erase all scars,  
    Unite our very souls as long as stars  
Do shine and we seek rest, Dear, hand in hand.

### BLACK POOLS

Black pools  
Of autumn rain  
Reflecting the tall trees,  
Have gathered into their far depths  
One star.

### SHEET-MIST

Sheets of mist are crawling—snowy drifters  
From the valley up the mountain side.  
Far off homes of men are buried under  
Arctic plains that stretch out far and wide.  
Vagrant wispy mist is flying eastward  
Turning into winding sheets of gray.  
Wildly clutching arms that seem to smother  
Every vital thing which comes their way.  
Primal waves engulf—and clammy fingers  
Coil and grip. The sky above us falls.  
Shrouded ghosts come weaving darkest magic  
Symphonies of dawn—are choked to drawls.  
  
Sun—which lifts the curtain slowly upward!  
Pines and cedars—chaparral—and grass  
(Hung with jewels—flung as recompense,)  
Merge in preludes.—Morning mists—that pass.

### MUTED VOICES

An old man digging,—digging in his garden.  
The hole grows deeper, until his knees are hidden.  
Ashes and tin cans are dumped into the place,  
Rotted leaves and dirt, more leaves and dirt.  
His hands and face, his clothes are streaked with sweat  
and mud.  
He plants his seed and watches them grow,  
Tiny green shoots, leaves, flower buds,—  
Then lovely blossoms that sway and nod in the wind.  
I speak to him,—he cannot hear my voice.  
He bends lower—and talks to the flowers.

### FRAGMENT

I, Lahee, teller of tales,  
Sit and listen to your voice,  
That is a jade flute  
Giving out melodies of sound,  
Clearer than the tone of blue water  
Dripping on seed pearls of white sand.  
You sigh—I hear the rustle of silk,  
Embroidered with the silver thread  
Of many moons.

Tonight when I go to the temple of the Green Twilight  
To weave a tale for the Most High,  
A wind will stir through the mango trees  
And a fragrance, cool as moonlight  
And sweet as lotus flowers,  
Will blossom into sad little pearls of sound  
Like the dripping of blue water,  
On white sand.

### DAY'S END

The sun, a red hibiscus,  
Closed its petals;  
Flying birds traced a pattern in the sky.  
Across the lake  
Black trees hammered the sunset's gold  
Like figures on a Japanese vase.  
A ripple passed over the water,  
Night's breath trembled in the darkness  
Like a sigh;  
When the dream was shattered  
By a wild bird's cry.

## DUST

"Feet track dust into the house,"  
Whispered the woman to herself  
As she shuffled back and forth upon her threshold—  
"Even the feet of friends—" "  
She stooped to brush a footprint  
From her bare hall floor.

"I see it dancing in upon the sunbeams,"  
She muttered, and closed the windows of her room. . .

"My neighbors' children are a grimy, noisy crew,"  
She would grumble, as she drove them from her  
lawn. . . .

And so, immured, she passed her days  
Within an old, dark house  
That was crumbling into dust  
As swiftly and inevitably as she.

## FROM THE BRIDGE

The shadow of the bridge abides though ripples flow  
Across the surface with the tides in amber glow;  
The tawny waters of the stream are seen opaque,  
But quivers play and shadows teem in curves that make  
A changing pattern through it all.  
Though waters rise or waters fall,  
The shadow of the bridge abides  
Beneath the changes of the tides.

### RURALE

Last night a young new moon hung low  
Behind the larch trees in the lane,  
And my pained heart was stilled to hear  
Your footsteps, which I thought were near;  
The sounds were tricks of night, I know  
You will not come this way again.

On other nights as calm and still,  
You've come along this lane to me,  
And held my trembling heart awhile—  
The grace of you, your kiss, your smile,  
Inclined me gladly to your will—  
Why must I unremembered be?

Now I am penalized by fate,  
And grief is my affinity,  
Bound by unhappy circumstance  
To suffer much, while you perchance,  
In other lane, with other mate,  
Express your dear divinity.

### WAY SIDE SHRINES

Birthdays are way side shrines  
That mark the stations of appointed years,  
Still shelters, where the heart may kneel  
And breathe its orisons, and feel  
Renewed and rested and released from fears.

The mind in retrospect  
Reviews Life's very complicated episode,  
Unfolds each memoried yesterday;  
Recalls the triumphs of the way,  
And treasures friends encountered on the road.

And so from shrine to shrine  
The lifting path leads out across the lea  
Of promised years. Each day shall bring  
Its own strength to the traveling;  
Rejoice and know 'the best is yet to be'.

## PEACE

The peace that we all covet  
Whose hands are wrinkled and worn,  
The most wanted thing in the world,  
The kind that prophets speak of,  
That comes from heaven above,  
The purpose of all hope and effort,  
Which passeth all understanding,  
Comes to us merely in dreams.

## MAIN STREET

Crowds of people pass me by—  
Coming, going to and fro.  
Always walking here and there,  
Some are gay, some bowed with care.  
No one knows just where they go  
Walking along  
Onward.

Some are wearing fancy clothes—  
Others have on naught but rags.  
Some are women, young and fair;  
Strong young men, so debonair,  
Some old men and wrinkled hags  
Hobbling along  
Slowly.

So I wonder where they go—  
Pawns held in the hand of fate?  
Main Street of a busy town;  
People passing up and down;  
Rich and poor, and small and great  
Walking along  
Main Street.

### A TREE

I commune with you, O tree,  
In God's reflected glory there,  
The scars men have carved on your body  
And to you, their secrets bear.  
You stand the heat, the ice and furious storm,  
But in time go back straight to your stately form.  
You waft the sweetness of your foliage  
To man, roaming or resting in the wood.  
We find shelter beneath your loving arms  
And look to God to make our souls as good.

### HERO

She did not dream that he,  
lying impatient in her womb,  
would be someday  
only a man of bronze  
standing motionless in a park  
with arms folded,  
that birds would light upon his hair,  
that lovers would pause behind him  
to exchange futile promises,  
that small boys  
would make a target of his face  
someday.

### DESIGN

Knowing I may never find the hill  
and the one lonely tree  
that lies along the wind  
and knows the tops of clouds,  
I think the sky laughs and mourns a little,  
knowing I shall sow many footsteps  
searching.

### AFTERNOON ON A HILL

Will the trees remember?  
eucalyptus trees with warm frost  
on their leaves,  
defying the wind but trembling.  
Will they remember  
that you slept with open eyes  
and called yourself a stone?  
Will the trees remember  
and brood over a halfpainted picture?  
a wine bottle, the cork somewhere,  
the hamper forgotten and footsteps  
measuring the distance to the road  
too swiftly and without joy.

### EMPTINESS

There are still flowers—but I can know no fragrance.  
There are still bright lights and dancing through the  
swift, sweet autumn hours.

These can never gladden me, for I can know no gaiety.  
I—who count tears falling with the dying leaves of  
flowers.

There are still days—for going and returning.  
There is still adventuring—but none of it is mine;  
There is still flame, but I am past all burning.  
There is still youth—I have forgotten time.

### RATHER WOULD I—

Rather would I love came as it has come;  
Raining from heaven for a month or two;  
Knowing the fullest ecstasy of desire—  
Being loved and left alone by you.  
Rather the hand of pain around my heart  
For years unending, than the placid fire  
Of love that grows an inch or two a year  
And endures forever, like a solemn tree.

### ON AUTUMN TWILIGHT

On Autumn twilight; warm evenings I have known—  
I think South Texas comes into her own.  
The last years passing, are as a dark bird flown  
From the present back to where it was before.

A Mexican sits at ease beside his door;  
A naked child rolls laughing on the floor.  
A burro walks with slowly tinkling bell  
Back to his master and his log corral.  
This is the life to me—  
I know and love it well!

### GRATITUDE

I was too old in love's account, and you  
Too young with life's fresh curiouosity;  
I gave you more than any love's just due  
To cherish, when you sought but to let free  
The prisoned lust the world had yet denied:  
I knew your passion was but fire of youth,  
I knew your sweetly-murmured love-words lied,  
But dared not face the future with the truth.  
I knew not then how wisely I seemed blind,  
How memories through agony would weave  
The only threads of solace life could find  
And cause me still with clinging hope believe  
You may yet seek my pleading, grateful hands . . .  
No soul that's scarred but loves the iron that brands.

### GHOSTS

Imprisoned in my soul's deep, secret hiding-place,  
I cherish wraiths of ne'er-forgotten happiness;  
Dim, haunting ghosts that rise to walk the rutted road  
My mind has journeyed in a ceaseless pilgrimage . . .  
They tread not there the rocks our spleen has cut,  
Nor feel the stinging ash our love has burned away . . .  
Dry tears blot out the sight of eyes now blind to see  
The pulse that beats, yet does not stir the temple's  
throb,  
Like to the silent rippling of the dried-up stream  
That flowed from out our hearts with passion  
stirred . . .  
They linger in the closed-up door, forever sealed,  
And wait the sound of vanished love they knew;  
The hollow bodies in the dear-remembered room  
In silence cry aloud to deaf, unheeding walls  
No longer holding echo of once-spoken words . . .  
Their only resting-place is buried in my soul,  
Where rusting knives of agony will slowly pierce  
The helpless, fleshless hearts until they beat no more.

### THE DREAM THAT NEVER WAS

Somewhere on the highest star, the one from which the  
dreams are sent,  
the gods whose task and gift is loveliness were gathered  
to plan for the dream that never was. All ineffability  
was amassed into a heap before them, to be weighed  
and sorted.

They said, "We'll carve it out of ecstasy, the dream  
that never was,  
and it shall be our splendid gift.

"Let the wordlessness of love's own content  
be its utterance. Cull from every beauty the moment  
of its birth, and press them all into the space  
of a heartbeat. Drench the blended whole in moonlight.  
Color it with dawn."

When the dream was finished the gods looked on  
in mute breathlessness till one cried out,  
"We cannot let it go, this dream that never was!"  
And there was a quick echo of assent,  
but one of the company did not speak, a kind goddess  
mortal-born: In trembling secrecy she resolved  
to break the edict, to steal the dream that never was,  
and send it earthward. "Each century or so (she  
planned)

I'll find a hidden casement, and release the dream that  
never was  
to dance along the ramparts of a mortal mind  
for the pause of a breath, and then  
restore it safely back again. The gods will never  
know."

Last night from the hands of the goddess who was  
kind  
the dream that never was came careening down the  
skies  
and shot obliquely through a woman's sleep.  
Last night I dreamed a glimpse of you.

### DAWN

Lift up your heads, oh ye hills,  
To greet the coming dawn.  
A new born day approaches,  
Riding on wings of song.  
The tree tops tinted golden,  
By sun's first morning rays,  
The sky deep dyed in colors,  
Proclaim the coming day.

Lift up your heads, oh ye hills,  
To greet the coming dawn.  
The night departed in silence,  
Before the approach of morn.  
And when you follow your own heart,  
As daylight follows the dark.  
No priceless pearls are needed,  
To bring happiness to your heart.

### THE MOON

The moon is big and round and bright,  
And floats up in the air,  
Like my new toy orange balloon  
That I bought at the Fair.

What holds the moon up in the sky,  
I wonder when I wake.  
Where do you suppose the moon would go,  
If it's little string should break?

### MY GARDEN FLOWERS

I'm sending you garden flowers,  
That they may a truth unfold.  
The red, of passionate beauty,  
The yellow, jealously bold.  
The white, a purity symbol,  
The blue, truth's petals entwined.  
The pink, my choice of the blossoms,  
Carries love's sweet message divine.

### SHADOWS

Tonight I have seen many shadows . . .  
Some were knocked about by the wind  
And careened drunkenly along the sidewalk;  
Even the distant shadows on the Moon  
Moved in uncertain course across her face,  
As though they knew the way none too well.  
There were shadows on a window blind,  
Seeking, groping for each other.

I've watched shadows dance like elves  
Reflecting moods of our gay selves;  
Also I've seen shadows crawl  
Like a ghost along a wall.  
Seen them lag and mince and strut,  
Seen them blur, then smoothly cut  
The stillness of the night into  
Shadows, gray and black and blue,  
Shadows. . . . .

### MUSINGS

Pearly pasts tremble  
On the margin of my dreams,  
Like sham ghosts  
To haunt realities.

### NIGHT

Night is bathing her ebony body in moonlight,  
Flashes of scintillating silver  
Play over her voluptuous form,  
Making a glamorous Goddess of the Nocturnal hour.  
Showers of stars shimmer  
In homage to her dusky charms.  
Ah, Night, a million illusive perfumes  
Escape from your favored fingers,  
And drug my dreams with avenues of Delight. . . .

FETTERED

Ah! Could I come to you  
Across this chasm deep  
That yawns, so steep, between our lives,  
Through the interminable years,  
I'd throw myself upon my knees,  
And kiss your hands,  
And wet them with my tears,  
If I were free  
To say, "I love you,"  
And to know—that you love me.

Ah! Could I come to you  
Across this chasm wide,  
The memory of blighted years,  
Of cherished hope that died,  
The longing and the yearning  
For that which could not be,  
Should all be swept aside;  
If I could say, "I love you,"  
If I could know—  
That you love me.

Yet, might I come to you  
Across this chasm vast;  
In written words of song  
I could confess  
My passion strong,  
Though time and space  
Conspire to thwart me  
To the last,  
And I'm not free  
To say, "I love you,"  
And may only guess  
That you love me.

### SLEET

The sleet that drives the wanderer home,  
Is bending low my pine trees tall,  
Their weight so great, I fear they moan  
But bowed in silence, solemnly fall.

To see some straining near the ground,  
Others broken, never to sway again  
Soft southern winds blow 'round,  
Hurts deeply, as in prayer helpless I remain.

So like majestic pines, some souls break,  
When earthly burdens fall as sleet,  
While others, twisted and bent, slowly make  
The grade, to laugh again at life and defeat.

### CAPE ELIZABETH

I have feasted tonight without meat,  
And filled to the brim am I,  
With a rocky coast, and waves that beat,  
On a lighthouse signalling ships nearby.

Thus through the years that follow I find,  
Pockets frayed and empty of means,  
For bread to strengthen faint body and mind,  
My soul will depart to these nourishing scenes.

I will feast and departing pay homage,  
Seeking my fortune, the failures to cope,  
With a heart heaped high with courage,  
And a soul overflowing with hope.

### HANDS—JUST HANDS

The world is full of hands  
Just hands  
Some work—some play all day  
Those hands

Some weave silk in long strands  
Deft hands  
Some build the busy way  
Strong hands

Some soothe the fevered brow  
Cool hands  
Some fight our bloody wars  
Torn hands

Some guide the horse and plow  
Brown hands  
Some reach out to the stars  
Tired hands

Some have much overcome  
Firm hands  
Some shut out misery  
Kind hands

And so ad infinitum  
More hands  
Each writes a history  
Of hands

Some put themselves in thine  
My hands  
Some clasp in love divine  
Our hands

All point to God on high  
Their hands  
And reach to bring Him nigh  
**ALL HANDS!**

### SHOE-STRINGS

Up hill and down on the highway,  
A poet-philosopher swings,  
In his heart is the pulsing of music,  
And of strange, unknowable things;  
In his soul is the gleam of the artist,  
In his hands he holds shoe-strings.

He roams in the town and the country,  
A poet whose blithesome heart sings,  
A man who must trudge for a pittance,  
While his eager fancy takes wings;  
A painter of words, ever throbbing,  
Soul-tied by paltry shoe-strings.

The heart of the poet is dreaming  
And lives in the presence of kings,  
It soars into regions unchartered  
And faint echoes to mortals it brings;  
But today the poet is hungry,  
Won't somebody buy his strings?

### APRIL

April, the whimsey, has fluttered in,  
A saucy, flirting queen;  
She smiles; and sunshine floods the world,  
She weeps, and showers are seen.

When gay, her fairies dance with joy  
On trembling boughs of spring,  
And when she frowns, as a queen may do,  
Damp perfumes, like tears, they bring.

But the other night this young queen died,  
At the close of a changeful day,  
Yet dying, she left the earth all warm  
For her baby—the month of May.

### ASPIRATION

I trust that somehow, somewhen and somewhere,  
In the spring-time's bloom or the summer's glow,  
In the autumn's haze or the winter's snow,  
I shall find my love, sought year after year.

In dreams I call and no voice replies,  
Her sweet low voice that I knew of old,  
And gain no glimpse of her tresses' gold,  
No kindly glance of her soft brown eyes.

In vain I yearn for her form and face  
Whose grace and beauty held my heart in thrall;  
For pitiless death has hidden all  
And the phantom years have left no trace.

I trust that her charms, long my life and pride,  
In fancy will stay to solace and cheer,  
Until somehow, somewhen and somewhere  
We shall meet again, whatever betide.

When death shall come to me, soon or late,  
To end the parting of her life from mine,  
My soul will pray the All-Father benign  
To unite us again at eternity's gate.

I trust yet that in some other sphere,  
With selves transfigured, we'll live anew  
Forever and ever, when dreams come true,  
With never a parting someotherwhere.

### FROTH ON THE MELTING-POT

Now let the children  
Of the people dance. Now let  
African and white,  
Jew, Gentile, clean and unclean,  
Dance. It is America.

The joy of living,  
The strength of wide communion,  
Be theirs forever.  
Victors of Rome and Athens  
Behold these young, rejoicing.

### NO FLOWERS

No flowers when I die, except from those  
Who have sincerely loved me. I shall know  
If but one bloom, falling apart, shall throw  
Petals of pride before the foot that goes,  
All white and chastened, all unshod, at close  
Of my brief hour, down the ordained way.  
Make smooth my path to that enfolding gray  
Twilight. Let no bright leaf or fragrant rose

Wither in that hot blast of fetid air  
Which dies a-straining for elysian spots,  
The lovely isles. Godspeed me with sweet care.  
I shall feel, as hard cobbles, those roughened  
thoughts  
Of pomp and circumstance, as I go down  
To my swift shallop to embark—alone.

### STILL PLACES

Poetry should be read in still places,  
Where trees are, and ivy, and ferns.  
On September afternoons,  
When the sun is like silver,  
Shining through gold leaves,  
In a park.

Poetry should be written in quiet spots,  
Where the hum of the city is far,  
Accenting the stillness;  
Where the only life is that of wings in the sunshine  
And the hidden life under the ivy.

Poetry should be written for toilers,  
For those who live in the clamor and bustle  
Of cities.  
For those whose souls need rest and a vision,  
And, needing those things,  
Crave greenness—and sunlight—and trees.

### LOST HOME

A little path goes twisting  
Uphill among the firs.  
In grass around the cabin  
A wistful, lost wind stirs.

Black firs in sky of silver  
Ring close about the place  
When twilight comes in purple.  
Then—I may muse a space

In woods that, shadow haunted,  
Guard white anemones,  
Till velvet night hides gently  
Our house among the trees.

### THE KEEPSAKE

This stone, its worth I cannot tell,  
Set in this clutch of dull old gold,  
But he, I shall remember well,  
Gave it the day his love he told.

Oh, blue is heaven and blue the sea,  
And blue this sapphire in my hand;  
So high, so deep, so boundlessly,  
My love answered every demand.

And now this stone—and memory  
Are all relentless fate has left;  
But none who know my constancy  
Dare say, or think, I am bereft.

### How I HAVE LOVED THEE

How I have loved thee none shall ever know,  
Save God. How in His sight shall my love be?  
Surely what came not of myself to me,  
But out of boundless space was not for woe.  
I stand alone at eventide, and lo!  
From out the chords of heavenly harmony,  
When sounds of day are hushed and night sets free  
The music of the spheres, I know it so.  
I know, dear heart, your love was sent to bless;  
For all my higher self rose at your call.  
Love is of God, while human loneliness  
Kills, as lovely bloom blighted by pall  
In drought. Sweetheart, my love, I thus confess.  
Not I, but only God, could tell it all.

### A REPROACH

You forgot  
But I remembered.  
And now my senses offer  
Things you no longer proffer;  
Yet in all my revelry  
I can trace your deviltry—  
And you know I have no resistance  
For such, though it end existence.

### MY LOVE

All this  
You told me—  
“My love is like the wind,  
Unceasing; sometimes hot—sometimes cold  
Yet always my love.  
My love is like the sea tide  
Going in and out—in and out  
Yet always there.  
My love is like the sun and moon  
One comes and then the other—  
Yet both must always come.  
My love is like my life—  
Yours—as long as it is mine.”

### A MEASURE OF LOVE

“Not I myself know all my love for thee.”  
The stars—the round world and the measureless  
distance  
Hold for me but thee and me  
Compassed round my adoration  
Of thee—All my life that I command  
Awaits but your demand.

### SPRING

As I gaze upon the cloud banks  
My heart with rapture thrills.  
I look at them and laugh . . .  
And shout to the highest hills.

Spring is here . . . Spring is here!  
Come, throw all care away . . .  
Forget that you are rich, are poor . . .  
Come out with me . . . and play.

### SONG

As I wander in this city . . . alone . . . forlorn  
Within my heart a song is born;  
A song of joy and mirth . . . and tears,  
A song of high hopes . . . and fears.

### THE GLORY OF THE SEA

Behold the glory of the pulsing sea at twilight  
When the sky and sea are one,  
And lines of misty surf come marching into sight  
From the land of setting sun.  
Mighty throbbing from the mighty deep—  
A soul ne'er done a-sobbing,  
Grief too deep for sleep!  
Lonely stretches into distance  
Where vast power reaches down  
And crushes out the life of sea and sky  
Within her sable gown.

Oh, the changing beauty of the twilight sea,  
So beautiful it smothers me!

### MOON DREAM

I laughed in ecstasy of delight,  
Gay as a sprite,  
Watching a new moon's flight—  
A slim white rainbow, pendant-pearled  
To weight an arch of light!

I dreamed in a maize-gold sea,  
Wooed by an amber tide,  
Led by a shimmering wisp of mist-lure  
Flung from a full moon's side!

I wept, and sought to clasp  
A faded dream  
That shrank from appealing arms  
Lifted hungrily!  
For a waning moon dropped to the sea  
And forgot to return—and kept—  
The heart of me.

### THE FOG

The fog—it came out of the sea;  
The sky—it reached down to the sea.

And the misty veil of nowhere  
Reached out and enveloped the mountains  
And cloaked the harbors and the ships  
In a coat of dull milky-white.

The fog—it rose up to the sky;  
The sky—it reached down to the sea.  
The sea and the sky were one.

### FREEDOM

I envied all things I thought were free:  
The clouds and the stars and the wind. . . .  
I hungered to see—to flee  
My armored existence; not to pretend,  
But to be.

Certain that I was right,  
I strained with all my might.  
The chains loosened; they broke!  
I cast off my yoke. . . .  
I was free!

And now my freedom is but a chain round my neck,  
While I toss from rock to rock like a withered wre.

### PROSTRATE I LIE

Prostrate I lie  
As evening draws nigh;  
Darkness spreads its wings;  
Gloomy shadows come stealing  
Softly, and bedeck all things.  
Then begins a silent whispering—  
A brooding melody that sings  
Your name—of you it sings!

### SONG BESIDE THE SEA

I am here beside the sea again,  
Recalling days of pleasure and pain . . . .

Pushing ten fretful fingers in the moist loam;  
Watching young seagulls flirt with the shifting foam.

Brooding over words of love that never were said;  
Puzzling why sundown at sea turns the sky so red.

Carving formless altars of longing in the cool sands;  
Viewing nameless ships questing cargo from alien  
lands.

Wondering Who gave this rolling expanse its vagrant  
grace;  
Hungering anew for the sight of a fair vanished  
face . . . .

I'm beside the sea with trembling eye,  
But where is the boy that once was I?

### REQUIEM

Turn not the sweet earth over,  
Let me sleep among the clover.

Where woodland whispers quicken love anew;  
And ageless skylarks populate the blue,  
Above flower gardens unknown to dew;  
There would I oft in happy silence go,  
And try to find where lazy rivers flow.

Where every lover greets his lass;  
And mournful hours never come to pass,  
Beside the fount where Spring holds fond mass;  
There I'd lie teasing a leafy braid,  
And hear no gardener ply his spade.

Turn not the sweet earth over,  
Let me sleep among the clover.

### THE MOUNTAIN

What a great sight is the mountain,  
Standing stately, huge and still.  
Yet all ages love and praise it;  
Praise it, future ages will.

What if, like a lot of people,  
It should feel it had to boast,  
Lest perchance the passing public  
Might not see its size and worth.

It would lose its former grandeur,  
Men would not admire it then.  
They would see alone its roughness;  
Hope they'd not see it again.

Men of greatness are not boastful;  
Self is not their chief delight,  
But to praise good deeds of others  
And to do their own work right.

If our deeds are good and honest,  
If our work has been done well,  
Like the mountain, men will see it.  
We should leave to them to tell.

Sham and untruth are detected.  
There's no way to hide them long.  
He who tries to fool his fellows  
Does himself an awful wrong.

If you're not with your condition  
Satisfied as being right,  
Find the reason for your failure,  
If it takes some hours each night.

Keep your head upon your shoulders,  
Sell yourself your way is right.  
Set yourself a high ambition,  
Then wade in prepared to fight.







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